SELECTED POEMS OF WILLIAM BLAKE

WILLIAM BLAKE

After the painting by Thomas Phillips, R.A.

'It is the distinction of Blake, even among the poets, that the freshness of his early joys was never for an instant dulled or clouded by the inevitable ills of life.'—Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

The World's Classics

Recent and Forthcoming

FICTION: ENGLISH

Collins (Wilkie). The Moonstone.
Dickens. Barnaby Rudge; Christmas Books; Edwin Drood; Hard Times; Old Curiosity Shop.
Disraeli (Benjamin). Sybil.
Le Fanu (J. S.). Uncle Silas.
Lytton. The Coming Race, &c.
Peacock (T. L.). Misfortunes of Elphin and Crotchet Castle.
Stevenson (R. L.).
Treasure Island.
Kidnapped and Catriona.
Trollope (Anthony). Barchester Towers; Belton Estate; Claverings; Doctor Thorne; Doctor Wortle's School; Framley Parsonage; Miss Mackenzie; Rachel Ray; Three Clerks; Vicar of Bullhampton; The Warden.

FICTION: AMERICAN

Hawthorne. House of the Seven Gables; The Scarlet Letter.
Melville (Herman). Moby Dick; Omoo; Typee; White Jacket.

FICTION: GERMAN

Meinhold (W.). The Amber Witch.
Moritz (C. P.). Anton Reiser.

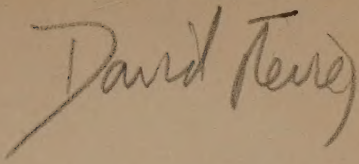
FICTION: RUSSIAN

Aksakoff. A Russian Gentleman; A Russian Schoolboy; Years of Childhood.
Tolstoy. Anna Karenina (2 vols.); The Cossacks, &c.; Kreutzer Sonata, &c.; Resurrection; Twenty-three Tales; War and Peace (3 vols.).

SHORT STORIES

Crime and Detection.
English (Three Series); Czech; Persian; Polish; Russian; Spanish.
Ghosts and Marvels. Two Series.
Bret Harte. Hawthorne.
Washington Irving.

James Revere.



The World's Classics

CCCXXIV

POEMS BY WILLIAM BLAKE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
London Edinburgh Glasgow Copenhagen
New York Toronto Melbourne Capetown
Bombay Calcutta Madras Shanghai
HUMPHREY MILFORD
Publisher to the University

SELECTED POEMS BY
WILLIAM BLAKE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
BASIL DE SÉLINCOURT

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
HUMPHREY MILFORD

WILLIAM BLAKE

Born, 28 Nov. 1757 — 28 Broad Street, Golden Square
Died, 12 Aug. 1827 — 3 Fountain Court, Strand

This volume of 'Selected Poems' was first published in the 'World's Classics' in 1927.

Printed in Great Britain

INTRODUCTION

IT is narrated of Blake, that, in the happy days of his early married life, when he was a regular visitor at Mrs. Matthews's unpretentious salon, he would sing his lyrics to the assembled company to tunes of his own invention. Traces of the instinctive completeness of his artistry survive in the otherwise uninviting pages of *An Island in the Moon*, where he puts several lovely pieces published later among *Songs of Innocence* into the mouths of Mrs. Gittipin, Mrs. Nannicantipot, and others. Dr. Clash, the pianist, and Signor Falalasole, the fiddler, give us, even, a fragment of one of his tunes: fa me la sol, la me fa sol: from which we see that his musical knowledge included the names of the degrees of the scale and that he could use them with effect; for this 'la me fa sol' leads back to the verse enticingly and makes us wish that he had recorded its melody.

The strength of the moving current in many of Blake's songs, their care-free tunefulness, give substance to the belief that they were born with a tune. The gay words of 'The Laughing Song', in which the word 'laugh' is used as a 'motif', have a lilt which brims over into music; the words suggest a tune and may have been suggested by one:

> When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
> And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
> When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
> And the green hill laughs with the noise of it.

There must surely have been a 'ha-ha' chorus after every verse. Because tune and words come now as

a rule from different sources and are brought together artificially, we tend to forget that the lyric cannot dispense with music, express or implied. The freshness of Blake's lyricism, his disdain of logic, his delight in repetitions, his tolerance of expletives, the faults as well as the merits of his verse, are explained if we imagine his attention divided between words and melody.

> Sweet dreams, form a shade
> O'er my lovely infant's head;
> Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
> By happy, silent, moony beams.

The last line is hardly more than sound, a mother's murmur as she rocks the cradle and croons over it with slumberous voice; and soon the crooning and the slumber possess themselves of the words more deeply still, and we have:

> Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
> Chase not slumber from thy eyes.
> Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,
> All the dovelike moans beguiles.

where the victory is all with the music.

The sense of melody as the musician understands it, including, as in music it must include, all kinds of delicate surprises and subtleties of rhythmical interchange, was one of Blake's greatest gifts as a poet. Here was the secret of his affinity with the Elizabethan song-writers, themselves musicians, prepared at least to sing a madrigal, if not to compose one. In those first masterpieces of his, 'Mad Song' and 'Memory, hither come', and 'My silks and fine array', the music is always as good as the words, sometimes better; and is now and then a sustaining influence helping us to

glide over rough joints, that would else cause pain. The little song 'To the Muses' has a delicious *cantando*, flowing and wandering in seeming unconcern through three stanzas, and hardly admitting us to a suspicion of the strength locked up in it, till the thread breaks with the words 'forsaking Poetry', and the lament, which has been the inspiration of all, pours forth at last:

> How have you left the ancient love
> That bards of old enjoy'd in you!
> The languid strings do scarcely move!
> The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!

This is a specifically musical effect, and there is another in the beautiful 'Divine Image' of the *Songs of Innocence*, where the words 'Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love' figure as a theme, repeated three times, then divided for emphasis and analysis, then reasserted in new cadence, with just such a change as the musician delights in when his movement is nearing its conclusion:

> Then every man, of every clime,
> That prays in his distress,
> Prays to the human form divine,
> Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

Blake's affinities with music are discernible, yet again, in the fervour with which his inspiration seizes him and to which it compels him. All creative work involves, no doubt, the concentration of a man's powers, but with different men and different kinds of work this concentration is obtained with more or less of nervous and emotional expense. Comparing poetry with music, we recognize that it is a wide-ranging art, nourished by genial commerce with the world. But the more lyrical it grows the more intense

is it, and the more typical its expression, as it still strives to realize the ideal of Blake's most famous quatrain:

> To see a world in a grain of sand,
> And a heaven in a wild flower . . .

The exultancy of his conviction, his passionate grip of the object upon which for the nonce all truths converge, is the most compelling of his poetic attributes:

> I wander thro' each charter'd street,
> Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
> And mark in every face I meet
> Marks of weakness, marks of woe.
>
> In every cry of every man,
> In every infant's cry of fear,
> In every voice, in every ban,
> The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

The concentration of the expression here, felt in the repetitions of the words and of the word-sounds, is terrifying. Blake himself, in his last years, described his inspiration as either 'terrific' or 'mild and gentle', and one is conscious in his work, very early, of an alternating or reciprocating pulse, as of tension and release:

> To find the Western path,
> Right thro' the Gates of Wrath
> I urge my way;
> Sweet Mercy leads me on
> With soft repentant moan:
> I see the break of day.

Where he is consistently mild, as in the first part of the *Book of Thel*, the mesmeric meanderings of his thought have a concessional flavour, as of weakness indulged; and often over these mild moods there

floats a kind of languorous aspiration after the energies that are in abeyance, the sense of a weariness weary of itself. He is thus, as it were, mesmerizer and mesmerized in turn. There is a hypnotic quality in his riveted regard, which seizes the unwary and throws a spell upon them; he fascinates as the great snake fascinates. But he is master also of the very music by which the snake is charmed, and finds a solvent for his own terrors in the notes of his persistent, pensive flute.

The lyrical virtue of his inspiration was so deep and instinctive, that his thought itself is lyrical. Its power is in its detached and visionary moments, not in its ordered sequences. This seems self-evident and, perhaps because it is self-evident, has not always been allowed. Raleigh himself, in the beautiful and finely balanced appreciation and criticism of Blake's work and spirit, which forms the preface to Dr. Sampson's edition of the *Lyrical Poems*, calls Blake's consistency a merit of his thinking, though it might better be called its chief defect. Blake's consistency, so far as it was a virtue, and so far as he *was* consistent, was the consistency of the artist who having seen truth immediately recognizes it immediately. Words like 'genius' or 'imagination' or even 'Christianity' glow with prismatic colours in his ecstatic prose, and the drawing of a line becomes the creative activity itself. His vision emits the light it sees by, and the charmed circle it happens to illuminate is co-extensive with the world. Nature, when she is within it, is imagination, and the work of the devil, when she is not. His mind, working by organic assimilation and not by analysis, had no material for argument. But it was not enough for Blake to be an artist. He thought it

was incumbent on him to tie his intuitions together and solidify them into symbols and systems. In vain he denounced the hollow pretensions of the deity of Reason; half his own activity was rationalist without the excuses of rationalism; and he could idolize his reasonings without suspecting what they were. 'I must create a system', he cries out, 'or be enslaved by another man's. I will not reason and compare. My business is to create.' But systems are the product of reason and comparison and Blake's is no exception to the rule. The coherence and incoherence of his Prophetic Books, and his contentment with them, give us the measure of his weakest faculty, the intellectual. Their elaborate occultism expresses nothing that he has not better expressed in simple English. It is when he thinks lyrically, as in his famous letter to Dr. Trusler, or in the great *Descriptive Catalogue*, that his utterance becomes authoritative. ' "What", it will be questioned, "when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire somewhat like a guinea?" Oh! no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying "Holy, holy, holy".' Sentences like this are the poems of thought and are unanswerable. Blake abounds in them.

Lyricism is concentrated power, and a man can only concentrate what he possesses. Blake had limitless reserves. He 'worked on, whether ill or not', and when he went out, walked forty miles. As a painter he suffered from excessive fecundity in image-making, and even lost the faculty of distinguishing between what he saw with his eyes and with his mind. Miraculous literary aptitudes are displayed on every page of his *Poetical Sketches*, which are all imitations, often of models that have not been understood. Spenser com-

pletely defeats him. His blank verse is chaotic. He does not feel the line as a line, and as often as not writes a kind of iambic prose, with here and there a verse or series of verses interspersed. Yet the minstrel's song at the end of *King Edward the Third* and the speech of Brutus in which it culminates have the tone and pressure of great poetry, and a rich Elizabethan emancipation of manner:

> Our sons shall rise from thrones in joy,
> Each one buckling on his armour; Morning
> Shall be prevented by their swords gleaming,
> And Evening hear their song of victory.

In spite of technical ingenuousness, the *Poetical Sketches* are the work of a poet who is measuring himself against the greatest and is not shamed in the comparison. Reading Shakespeare, he feels a summons within him to write like Shakespeare and can catch not only his wild wood-notes, but even the heroic voice of his patriotism. Reading the great books of the Bible, he feels the same answering summons, and strains of mystery and awe flow from him:

> My ways are sinful, how should I raise my eyes?
> My breath is loathsome, how should He not be offended?
> If I lay my face in the dust, the grave opens its mouth for me;
> If I lift up my head, Sin covers me as a cloak.

In all this—and literature, of course, was merely Blake's pastime in his youth—there is evidence of the driving force of a genius of the first magnitude; but on what material, one asks, is this force to be exercised? For, naturally, it can only grow and take form on condition of meeting such resistance, such

an experience, as will prevent it from preying upon itself.

When we face the question of Blake's capacity for experience, a prevailing weakness is revealed; and here everything was against him. He was like a man born in a maze. He lifted his eyes to the free heavens, but never won through to freedom, and at the end of his life was still between hedges, the stiffer and closer hedges of his own making. In his home he encountered the kind and degree of intelligence, which, mixed with narrow principle, freezes into the cruder religious dogmatisms. The sweet pieties of childhood possessed themselves of his affections, and before he knew them limited, their limitations had become a part of him. Beginning in this way with his great heart in chains, he found, as he grew to manhood, that his sympathies were all with the recorded activities of men of other ages than his own; and when he expressed his tastes before his contemporaries, the response was ridicule. This ridicule only nursed his conscious superiority. The conventionality of judgement which he observed on every side opened his eyes to the rigid conventionalities of the social order; and it was not long before he found himself surrounded by hotheads whom the long reign of propriety had driven to schemes of revolution. But his was a very different heat from theirs; for already when he met them, he was a man whose activities were divided, a man to whom the world was so little congenial that he had ceased to think of it as an arena for the play of living forces. He was convinced that he was inspired, and who will gainsay him? but his sense of his inspiration had intoxicated him. As a prophet, he must dethrone Swedenborg, as a poet, Milton.

He has seen truth, they have not. For him it is reserved to write the ultimate poem, fusing religion and art and revealing the mysteries of creation in the quiet passage of to-day. Revolution to him is an idea; it belongs to an internal, a spiritual world. In the natural world he was as ready to settle into the grooves of the proprieties as any eighteenth-century formalist could wish. The outward man, with his exaggerated courtliness and deference, was a product of the age he despised; it moulded him because of the extremity of his antagonism to it.

The course of his life was determined by an excessive susceptibility, which, mixed with excessive pride, inflamed and distorted his artistic expression and in the end crippled his genius, because it condemned him to unnatural repressions. His wrathful advocacy of free love misleads nobody to-day. Had he really known the conditions of freedom, he would have celebrated it less insistently; not being free, he proclaims he must be so. The discrepancy appears quite clearly at last in his address 'To the Christians' in *Jerusalem*: 'What is mortality but the things relating to the body, which dies? what is immortality but the things relating to the spirit, which lives eternally?' For the more the body urges, the more obvious this truth becomes. All his vehemence about his ideals, his prophecies, his visions, was the outcome, not so much of his disdain of the world that ignored him, as of an inability, realized in his subconsciousness and perhaps not there alone, to place them in the world. There are indications from the first of the existence within him of blind forces which he controlled only by detaching them entirely from his daily life. A pastoral love-song in the *Poetical Sketches*, which begins

with the 'sober grey of early morn', touches in its later strains the chord of jealousy, and we have the ominous words:

> Oh should she e'er prove false, his limbs I'd tear
> And throw all pity on the burning air—

a threat the more significant, because we know that he would never in fact have hurt a fly. His mind, even in artistic creation, moved against a background of sombre frenzy, and the frenzy remained with him to the end. It overcame him when, in helpless choking fury, he turned the soldier, Schofield, out of his garden at Felpham, and that cry of 'False!', with which he electrified the court during Schofield's evidence, was a flash from the thundercloud.

Already in Blake's earliest poetical work, the strong side tends to weakness; he has the form rather than the substance of the terrific; he does not know what to be terrific about. Take the admirable 'War Song to Englishmen', justly praised by Raleigh:

> Prepare your hearts for Death's cold hand! prepare
> Your souls for flight, your bodies for the earth;
> Prepare your arms for glorious victory;
> Prepare your eyes to meet a holy God!
> Prepare, prepare.

Splendid as it is, it has not the fullness of strength it affects to have, and the same trouble haunts Blake's displays of spiritual muscularity everywhere, and haunts them increasingly. They have, of course, always or almost always an irrelevance bordering upon absurdity; but more than this, or because of it, they suggest a standard of power which they do not fulfil. Their strength is a desire of strength, a hunger of the imagination too tempestuous to seek and find its proper food. One cannot conjecture to what an

achievement Blake's cloud-compelling ardour might have conducted him, had his energy found earth. But he was alone with his intensities. Even as an apprentice he had to be separated from his fellow-students and sent to copy tombs in churches, and throughout his life, in his intercourse with artists as with other men, we find him incapable of living in any world but his own.

His soundest hold on reality was the gift to him of the infinite tenderness of his nature. *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, which he announced with drums and trumpets, was after all a barren contract. What he undertook to do in that prophecy was just what he was least capable of doing. From *Songs of Innocence*, *Songs of Experience* seemed to proceed by logical necessity; but when they came, they were, at best, songs of bewilderment, of innocence outraged. The lasting appeal of Blake's poetry springs from the purity of his faith and trust in the loving goodness of God, his child-like confidence in the beauty of the celestial mansions that await us beyond the gates of death. Like the child of the Land of Dreams we hear him saying:

> Father, O father! what do we here
> In this land of unbelief and fear?
> The Land of Dreams is better far,
> Above the light of the Morning Star;

and his voice has such a magic in it that we are fain to listen to him whatever he says. More deliberate still and not less beautiful is his assertion in 'The Little Black Boy':

> Look on the rising sun,—there God does live,
> And gives His light, and gives His heat away;
> And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
> Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

> And we are put on earth a little space,
> That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
> And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
> Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.
>
> For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
> The cloud will vanish . . .

But he is himself intolerant of the cloud. He does not care to live anywhere but in Heaven, and the Heaven he imagines is a Heaven in which all is impulse and every impulse is fulfilled, forgiveness being the only law.

Heaven cannot be so easily compassed or so easily contrived as that; if it were so, it would be hard indeed to explain all the bitternesses of our schooling and preparation for it here. Yet, mystery of mysteries, every living thing seems formed of a confidence like Blake's; life proceeds on the presumption of hospitable kindness in a universe to which it believes itself akin. More than this, the confidence is somehow justified. Most creatures, it is true, perish before their time, but while they live, and while learning what they must avoid if they are to go on living, they love their life and have happiness in it and even ecstasy. Disillusion waits for man. He alone faces the question, whether a world in which life feeds on death can be a friendly world; and before that question Blake withdrew. Wars and rumours of wars troubled his early manhood:

> The American war began. All its dark horrors passed before my face
> Across the Atlantic to France. Then the French Revolution commenced in thick clouds,
> And my Angels told me that, seeing such visions, I could not subsist on the earth . . .

He ceased to subsist on it. He compassed himself about with a defensive ingenuousness, falling back on the belief that half our experience, the rivalries and unfriendliness, the struggle for life, was illusion; it would have paralysed him could he have known that he himself, in his enforced retreat, was exhibiting, in his very revulsion, the same unfriendliness. For, after all, the value of our innocence is not in itself, but in what it gives us. By it, we see the angels at sunrise; and when storms come and the day darkens, the angels, if they were indeed angels, are angels still. Or did we only dream we saw them? There is the test.

Yet none can blame Blake, if he shut up his heaven in his heart. He had everything to protest against. The complacencies of his age drove most of its poets into melancholy solitudes or the madhouse. Him they drove into a kind of celestial Bethlehem, where, hidden in clouds of denunciation, he maintained his intercourse with the eternal. Loneliness turned his devotion into a suffering which expressed itself alternately in ravings and in dreams. He raved against the world as men mistake and mismake it, and against the false gods by which they suppose it to be ruled, and dreamed of a real world, a world of pure skies and singing birds, the world as it would be if all the sullenness and all the mechanical stupidities were wiped away. It would be impossible in such a world for love to be unrequited:

> Dost thou truly long for me?
> And am I thus sweet to thee?
> Sorrow now is at an end,
> O my Lover and my Friend!

It would be impossible to refuse sympathy to sorrow:

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share? . . .
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

These were the feelings to which his life was dedicated. Whatever the prophet said, the man cared more for the self-denying than for the self-assertive love; in 'William Bond' he proclaims what was in fact his ultimate loyalty.

His 'Auguries of Innocence' are in the same vein, his richest. They show not only the penetrative power of his brooding sympathy, and the checks and barriers to which his sensitiveness exposed him. They have also, at their best, an aptitude given only to the imagination steeped in truth:

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage.

A horse misused upon the road
Calls to Heaven for human blood.

The wild deer, wand'ring here and there,
Keeps the human soul from care.

Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the Last Judgement draweth nigh.

Each of these little jewels is as full of beauty and reality as a dewdrop that flashes a ray of pure colour and mirrors the world.

The problem of life is still to make the Lion lie down with the Lamb, to draw Innocence through the web of Experience, to preserve love, not by escaping or ignoring the enemy, but by meeting and suffering and surmounting him. Blake had the key and did not use it. For Love itself is initially the Lion; it is

not only confidence, it is energy and action. The artist, who is only the lover under another name, 'marches on in fearless dependence upon the Divine decrees'; in the fervour of creation, thoughts of accommodation and apology are far from him. And Love is also the Lamb; the spirit of energy and the spirit of sacrifice unite in it, and both are of universal application. In the works of the imagination embodying truth, in the activities of the mind contemplating it, in the thousand occupations by which we weave it into the fabric of our lives, the impulse to seize and express and realize only matures when truth is known as transcending every single vision or experience or realization, and when the quality of sacrifice, or self-denial, colours our whole relation to it with this sense of its transcendence.

BASIL DE SÉLINCOURT.

CONTENTS

POEMS FROM *POETICAL SKETCHES*

To Spring 1
To Summer 1
To Autumn 2
To Winter 3
To the Evening Star 3
To Morning 4
Song: 'How sweet I roam'd' 4
Song: 'My silks and fine array' . . . 5
Song: 'Love and harmony combine' . . . 5
Song: 'I love the jocund dance' . . . 6
Song: 'Memory, hither come' 7
Mad Song 7
Song: 'Fresh from the dewy hill' . . . 8
To the Muses 9
An Imitation of Spenser 9
Blind Man's Buff 11
King Edward the Third 14
Prologue for King Edward the Fourth . . 35
A War Song to Englishmen 36

FROM *AN ISLAND IN THE MOON*

'This city and this country' 37

SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND OF EXPERIENCE:

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Introduction 38
The Echoing Green 38
The Lamb 39
The Shepherd 40
Infant Joy 40
The Little Black Boy 41
Laughing Song 42
Spring 42
A Cradle Song 43

Nurse's Song 44
Holy Thursday 45
The Blossom 46
The Chimney-Sweeper 46
The Divine Image 47
Night 48
A Dream 49
On Another's Sorrow 50
The Little Boy lost 51
The Little Boy found 52

SONGS OF EXPERIENCE

Introduction 53
Earth's Answer 53
Nurse's Song 54
The Fly 55
The Tiger 55
The Little Girl lost 56
The Little Girl found 58
The Clod and the Pebble 60
The Little Vagabond 60
Holy Thursday 61
A Poison Tree 61
The Angel 62
The Sick Rose 63
To Tirzah 63
The Voice of the Ancient Bard 64
My Pretty Rose-Tree 64
Ah, Sun-Flower! 64
The Lily 65
The Garden of Love 65
A Little Boy lost 65
Infant Sorrow 66
The Schoolboy 66
London 67
A Little Girl lost 68
The Chimney-Sweeper 69
The Human Abstract 70

APPENDIX TO THE *SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND OF EXPERIENCE*

A Divine Image 71

POEMS FROM THE ROSSETTI MS.

Never seek to tell thy Love 72
I laid me down upon a Bank 72
I saw a Chapel all of Gold 73
I asked a Thief 73
A Cradle Song 74
Silent, Silent Night 74
Why should I care for the Men of Thames . 75
To my Myrtle 75
Are not the Joys of Morning Sweeter . . 76
The Wild Flower's Song 76
Day 76
Motto to the Songs of Innocence and of Experience 76
My Spectre around me Night and Day . . 77
Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau . . 79
I saw a Monk of Charlemaine 80
Morning 82
The Birds 83
You don't believe 84
Why was Cupid a Boy? 84
Now Art has lost its Mental Charms . . 85
I rose up at the Dawn of Day 85
The Caverns of the Grave I've seen . . . 86
To the Queen 87
The Everlasting Gospel 88

POEMS FROM THE PICKERING MS.

The Smile 99
The Golden Net 99
The Mental Traveller 100
The Land of Dreams 104
Mary 104
The Crystal Cabinet 106

Auguries of Innocence 107
William Bond 111

POEMS FROM LETTERS

To my Dear Friend, Mrs. Anna Flaxman . . 114
To Thomas Butts 114
To Thomas Butts 117

GNOMIC VERSES 120

ON ART AND ARTISTS 123

ON FRIENDS AND FOES 126

MISCELLANEOUS EPIGRAMS . . . 128

THE BOOK OF THEL 130

THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL . 138

FROM *THE FRENCH REVOLUTION* . . 154

FROM *THE VISIONS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF ALBION* 157

FROM *THE FOUR ZOAS*

Why wilt thou examine 158
The Lamentation of Enion 158
The Building of the Mundane Shell . . 159
The Song of Enitharmon 164
The Lament of Enion 165
The Birth of Orc 167
The Terrors of the Abyss 169
The Caverns of the Grave 172
The Ploughing of Urizen 173
The Song of Vala 176
Man 180
The End of Mystery 181
The Eternal Man 184

FROM *MILTON*

Preface 188
Invocation 189

The Descent of Milton 190
Heart and Brain 194
Rintrah speaks of the Churches . . . 195
Los and Enitharmon 196
The Wine-Press of Los 197
The Creation 199
Birds and Flowers 202
The Gods 204
Milton, Satan, and Albion 205
The Challenge of Milton 208
The Shadowy Female lamenting over Milton . 210
States 212

FROM *JERUSALEM*

To the Public 213
The Fall of Albion 215
The Reasoning Power 217
The Saying of Los 218
The Building of Golgonooza 218
The Children of Los 222
The Halls of Los 223
'Man, a little grovelling Root' 223
Albion 224
To the Jews 225
The Prayer of Los 229
The Lament of Los 230
The Great Selfhood 230
A Vision of England 231
Satan and Adam 234
Traps 235
The Cities 236
Mortal Man 238
Agnus Dei 239
To the Deists 239
In Great Eternity 242
The Spectre of Albion 243
Minute Particulars 244
The Ancient World of Urizen 244

Daughters of Los 245
The Vision of Jerusalem 245
The Arts of Death 249
'A Little Moony Night' 250
To the Christians 251
The Lament of Jerusalem 254
The Song of Los 256
The Maxim of Los 258
Albion and Jesus 259
They are named Jerusalem 264

VERSES FROM *THE GATES OF PARADISE*

Prologue 266
The Keys 266
Of the Gates 266
To the Accuser who is the God of this World . 268

THE GHOST OF ABEL 269

APPENDIX TO THE PROPHETIC BOOKS

There is no Natural Religion 273
All Religions are One 275
From the Engraving of the Laocoon . . 276
On Homer's Poetry 279
On Virgil 280

FROM BLAKE'S *DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE*

Sir Geffrey Chaucer and the Pilgrims . . 281
The Golden Rule 295

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS 297

INDEX OF FIRST LINES 303

POEMS FROM *POETICAL SKETCHES*

TO SPRING

O THOU with dewy locks, who lookest down
Thro' the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the list'ning
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turnèd
Up to thy bright pavilions: issue forth,
And let thy holy feet visit our clime.

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumèd garments; let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls
Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour
Thy soft kisses ón her bosom; and put
Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head,
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee.

TO SUMMER

O THOU who passest thro' our valleys in
Thy strength, curb thy fierce steeds, allay the heat
That flames from their large nostrils! thou, O
Summer,
Oft pitched'st here thy golden tent, and oft
Beneath our oaks hast slept, while we beheld
With joy thy ruddy limbs and flourishing hair.

Beneath our thickest shades we oft have heard
Thy voice, when noon upon his fervid car
Rode o'er the deep of heaven; beside our springs
Sit down, and in our mossy valleys, on
Some bank beside a river clear, throw thy
Silk draperies off, and rush into the stream:
Our valleys love the Summer in his pride.

Our bards are fam'd who strike the silver wire:
Our youth are bolder than the southern swains:
Our maidens fairer in the sprightly dance:
We lack not songs, nor instruments of joy,
Nor echoes sweet, nor waters clear as heaven,
Nor laurel wreaths against the sultry heat.

TO AUTUMN

O Autumn, laden with fruit, and stainèd
With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit
Beneath my shady roof; there thou may'st rest,
And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,
And all the daughters of the year shall dance!
Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers.

'The narrow bud opens her beauties to
The sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins;
Blossoms hang round the brows of Morning, and
Flourish down the bright cheek of modest Eve,
Till clust'ring Summer breaks forth into singing,
And feather'd clouds strew flowers round her head.

'The spirits of the air live on the smells
Of fruit; and Joy, with pinions light, roves round
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees.'
Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat;
Then rose, girded himself, and o'er the bleak
Hills fled from our sight; but left his golden load.

TO WINTER

'O WINTER! bar thine adamantine doors:
The north is thine; there hast thou built thy dark
Deep-founded habitation. Shake not thy roofs,
Nor bend thy pillars with thine iron car.'

He hears me not, but o'er the yawning deep
Rides heavy; his storms are unchain'd, sheathèd
In ribbèd steel; I dare not lift mine eyes,
For he hath rear'd his sceptre o'er the world.

Lo! now the direful monster, whose skin clings
To his strong bones, strides o'er the groaning rocks:
He withers all in silence, and in his hand
Unclothes the earth, and freezes up frail life.

He takes his seat upon the cliffs,—the mariner
Cries in vain. Poor little wretch, that deal'st
With storms!—till heaven smiles, and the monster
Is driv'n yelling to his caves beneath mount Hecla.

TO THE EVENING STAR

THOU fair-hair'd angel of the evening,
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
Smile on our loves, and while thou drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,
And the lion glares thro' the dun forest:
The fleeces of our flocks are cover'd with
Thy sacred dew: protect them with thine influence.

TO MORNING

O HOLY virgin! clad in purest white,
Unlock heav'n's golden gates, and issue forth;
Awake the dawn that sleeps in heaven; let light
Rise from the chambers of the east, and bring
The honey'd dew that cometh on waking day.
O radiant morning, salute the sun
Rous'd like a huntsman to the chase, and with
Thy buskin'd feet appear upon our hills.

SONG

How sweet I roam'd from field to field
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He show'd me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
And Phoebus fir'd my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

SONG

My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languish'd air,
By love are driv'n away;
And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave;
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heav'n
When springing buds unfold;
O why to him was 't giv'n
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all-worshipp'd tomb,
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding-sheet;
When I my grave have made
Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I'll lie as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away!

SONG

Love and harmony combine,
And around our souls entwine
While thy branches mix with mine,
And our roots together join.

Joys upon our branches sit,
Chirping loud and singing sweet;
Like gentle streams beneath our feet
Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear,
I am clad in flowers fair;
Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,
And the turtle buildeth there.

There she sits and feeds her young,
Sweet I hear her mournful song;
And thy lovely leaves among,
There is love, I hear his tongue.

There his charming nest doth lay,
There he sleeps the night away;
There he sports along the day,
And doth among our branches play.

SONG

I LOVE the jocund dance,
The softly breathing song,
Where innocent eyes do glance,
And where lisps the maiden's tongue.

I love the laughing vale,
I love the echoing hill,
Where mirth does never fail,
And the jolly swain laughs his fill.

I love the pleasant cot,
I love the innocent bow'r,
Where white and brown is our lot,
Or fruit in the mid-day hour.

I love the oaken seat,
Beneath the oaken tree,
Where all the old villagers meet,
And laugh our sports to see.

I love our neighbours all,
But, Kitty, I better love thee;
And love them I ever shall;
But thou art all to me.

SONG

Memory, hither come,
And tune your merry notes:
And, while upon the wind
Your music floats,
I'll pore upon the stream
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream,
And hear the linnet's song;
And there I'll lie and dream
The day along:
And when night comes, I'll go
To places fit for woe,
Walking along the darken'd valley
With silent Melancholy.

MAD SONG

The wild winds weep,
And the night is a-cold;
Come hither, Sleep,
And my griefs unfold:
But lo! the morning peeps
Over the eastern steeps,
And the rustling beds of dawn
The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault
Of pavèd heaven,
With sorrow fraught
My notes are driven:
They strike the ear of night,
Make weep the eyes of day;
They make mad the roaring winds
And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud,
With howling woe
After night I do crowd,
And with night will go;
I turn my back to the east
From whence comforts have increas'd;
For light doth seize my brain
With frantic pain.

SONG

Fresh from the dewy hill, the merry year
Smiles on my head and mounts his flaming car;
Round my young brows the laurel wreathes a shade,
And rising glories beam around my head.

My feet are wing'd, while o'er the dewy lawn,
I meet my maiden risen like the morn:
O bless those holy feet, like angels' feet;
O bless those limbs, beaming with heav'nly light.

Like as an angel glitt'ring in the sky
In times of innocence and holy joy;
The joyful shepherd stops his grateful song
To hear the music of an angel's tongue.

So when she speaks, the voice of Heaven I hear;
So when we walk, nothing impure comes near;
Each field seems Eden, and each calm retreat;
Each village seems the haunt of holy feet.

But that sweet village where my black-eyed maid
Closes her eyes in sleep beneath night's shade,
Whene'er I enter, more than mortal fire
Burns in my soul, and does my song inspire.

TO THE MUSES

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceas'd;

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea
Wand'ring in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoy'd in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move!
The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!

AN IMITATION OF SPENSER

Golden Apollo, that thro' heaven wide
Scatter'st the rays of light, and truth's beams,
In lucent words my darkling verses dight,
And wash my earthy mind in thy clear streams,

That wisdom may descend in fairy dreams,
All while the jocund hours in thy train
Scatter their fancies at thy poet's feet;
And when thou yields to night thy wide domain,
Let rays of truth enlight his sleeping brain.

For brutish Pan in vain might thee assay
With tinkling sounds to dash thy nervous verse,
Sound without sense; yet in his rude affray,
(For ignorance is Folly's leasing nurse
And love of Folly needs none other's curse)
Midas the praise hath gain'd of lengthen'd ears,
For which himself might deem him ne'er the worse
To sit in council with his modern peers,
And judge of tinkling rimes and elegances terse.

And thou, Mercurius, that with wingèd brow
Dost mount aloft into the yielding sky,
And thro' Heav'n's halls thy airy flight dost throw,
Entering with holy feet to where on high
Jove weighs the counsel of futurity;
Then, laden with eternal fate, dost go
Down, like a falling star, from autumn sky,
And o'er the surface of the silent deep dost fly:

If thou arrivest at the sandy shore
Where nought but envious hissing adders dwell,
Thy golden rod, thrown on the dusty floor,
Can charm to harmony with potent spell.
Such is sweet Eloquence, that does dispel
Envy and Hate that thirst for human gore;
And cause in sweet society to dwell
Vile savage minds that lurk in lonely cell.

O Mercury, assist my lab'ring sense
That round the circle of the world would fly,

As the wing'd eagle scorns the tow'ry fence
Of Alpine hills round his high aëry,
And searches thro' the corners of the sky,
Sports in the clouds to hear the thunder's sound,
And see the wingèd lightnings as they fly;
Then, bosom'd in an amber cloud, around
Plumes his wide wings, and seeks Sol's palace high.

And thou, O warrior maid invincible,
Arm'd with the terrors of Almighty Jove,
Pallas, Minerva, maiden terrible,
Lov'st thou to walk the peaceful solemn grove,
In solemn gloom of branches interwove?
Or bear'st thy Aegis o'er the burning field,
Where, like the sea, the waves of battle move?
Or have thy soft piteous eyes beheld
The weary wanderer thro' the desert rove?
Or does th' afflicted man thy heav'nly bosom move?

BLIND MAN'S BUFF

When silver snow decks Susan's clothes,
And jewel hangs at th' shepherd's nose,
The blushing bank is all my care,
With hearth so red, and walls so fair;
'Heap the sea-coal, come, heap it higher,
The oaken log lay on the fire.'
The well-wash'd stools, a circling row,
With lad and lass, how fair the show!
The merry can of nut-brown ale,
The laughing jest, the love-sick tale,
Till, tir'd of chat, the game begins.
The lasses prick the lads with pins;
Roger from Dolly twitch'd the stool,
She, falling, kiss'd the ground, poor fool!

She blush'd so red, with sidelong glance
At hob-nail Dick, who griev'd the chance.
But now for Blind Man's Buff they call;
Of each encumbrance clear the hall—
Jenny her silken 'kerchief folds,
And blear-eyed Will the black lot holds.
Now laughing stops, with 'Silence! hush!'
And Peggy Pout gives Sam a push.
The blind man's arms, extended wide,
Sam slips between:—'O woe betide
Thee, clumsy Will!'—but titt'ring Kate
Is penn'd up in the corner straight!
And now Will's eyes beheld the play;
He thought his face was t'other way.
'Now, Kitty, now! what chance hast thou,
Roger so near thee!—Trips, I vow!'
She catches him—then Roger ties
His own head up—but not his eyes;
For thro' the slender cloth he sees,
And runs at Sam, who slips with ease
His clumsy hold; and, dodging round,
Sukey is tumbled on the ground!—
'See what it is to play unfair!
Where cheating is, there 's mischief there.'
But Roger still pursues the chase,—
'He sees! he sees!' cries, softly, Grace;
'O Roger, thou, unskill'd in art,
Must, surer bound, go thro' thy part!
Now Kitty, pert, repeats the rimes,
And Roger turns him round three times,
Then pauses ere he starts—but Dick
Was mischief bent upon a trick;
Down on his hands and knees he lay
Directly in the blind man's way,

Then cries out 'Hem!' Hodge heard, and ran
With hoodwink'd chance—sure of his man;
But down he came.—Alas, how frail
Our best of hopes, how soon they fail!
With crimson drops he stains the ground;
Confusion startles all around.
Poor piteous Dick supports his head,
And fain would cure the hurt he made;
But Kitty hasted with a key,
And down his back they straight convey
The cold relief; the blood is stay'd,
And Hodge again holds up his head.
Such are the fortunes of the game,
And those who play should stop the same
By wholesome laws; such as all those
Who on the blinded man impose
Stand in his stead; as, long a-gone,
When men were first a nation grown,
Lawless they liv'd, till wantonness
And liberty began t' increase,
And one man lay in another's way;
Then laws were made to keep fair play.

KING EDWARD THE THIRD

PERSONS.

King Edward.
The Black Prince.
Queen Philippa.
Duke of Clarence.
Sir John Chandos.
Sir Thomas Dagworth.
Sir Walter Manny.
Lord Audley.
Lord Percy.
Bishop.
William, Dagworth's Man.
Peter Blunt, a common Soldier.

SCENE. *The Coast of France. King Edward and Nobles before it. The Army.*

King. O thou, to whose fury the nations are
But as dust, maintain thy servant's right!
Without thine aid, the twisted mail, and spear,
And forgèd helm, and shield of seven-times beaten brass,
Are idle trophies of the vanquisher.
When confusion rages, when the field is in a flame,
When the cries of blood tear horror from heav'n,
And yelling Death runs up and down the ranks,
Let Liberty, the charter'd right of Englishmen,
Won by our fathers in many a glorious field,
Enerve my soldiers; let Liberty
Blaze in each countenance, and fire the battle.
The enemy fight in chains, invisible chains, but heavy;
Their minds are fetter'd, then how can they be free?
While, like the mounting flame,
We spring to battle o'er the floods of death!
And these fair youths, the flow'r of England,
Venturing their lives in my most righteous cause,
O sheathe their hearts with triple steel, that they
May emulate their fathers' virtues.

And thou, my son, be strong; thou fightest for a crown
That death can never ravish from thy brow,
A crown of glory—but from thy very dust
Shall beam a radiance, to fire the breasts
Of youth unborn! Our names are written equal
In fame's wide-trophied hall; 'tis ours to gild
The letters, and to make them shine with gold
That never tarnishes: whether Third Edward,
Or the Prince of Wales, or Montacute, or Mortimer,
Or ev'n the least by birth, shall gain the brightest fame,
Is in His hand to whom all men are equal.
The world of men are like the num'rous stars
That beam and twinkle in the depth of night,
Each clad in glory according to his sphere;
But we, that wander from our native seats
And beam forth lustre on a darkling world,
Grow larger as we advance: and some, perhaps
The most obscure at home, that scarce were seen
To twinkle in their sphere, may so advance
That the astonish'd world, with upturn'd eyes,
Regardless of the moon, and those that once were bright,
Stand only for to gaze upon their splendour.

[*He here knights the Prince, and other young Nobles.*

Now let us take a just revenge for those
Brave Lords, who fell beneath the bloody axe
At Paris. Thanks, noble Harcourt, for 'twas
By your advice we landed here in Brittany,
A country not yet sown with destruction,
And where the fiery whirlwind of swift war
Has not yet swept its desolating wing.—
Into three parties we divide by day,
And separate march, but join again at night;
Each knows his rank, and Heav'n marshal all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *English Court. Lionel, Duke of Clarence; Queen Philippa; Lords; Bishop, &c.*

Clarence. My Lords, I have by the advice of her
Whom I am doubly bound to obey, my Parent
And my Sovereign, call'd you together.
My task is great, my burden heavier than
My unfledg'd years;
Yet, with your kind assistance, Lords, I hope
England shall dwell in peace; that, while my father
Toils in his wars, and turns his eyes on this
His native shore, and sees commerce fly round
With his white wings, and sees his golden London
And her silver Thames, throng'd with shining spires
And corded ships, her merchants buzzing round
Like summer bees, and all the golden cities
In his land overflowing with honey,
Glory may not be dimm'd with clouds of care.
Say, Lords, should not our thoughts be first to commerce?
My Lord Bishop, you would recommend us agriculture?

Bishop. Sweet Prince, the arts of peace are great,
And no less glorious than those of war,
Perhaps more glorious in the philosophic mind.
When I sit at my home, a private man,
My thoughts are on my gardens and my fields,
How to employ the hand that lacketh bread.
If Industry is in my diocese,
Religion will flourish; each man's heart
Is cultivated and will bring forth fruit:
This is my private duty and my pleasure.
But, as I sit in council with my Prince,
My thoughts take in the gen'ral good of the whole,

And England is the land favour'd by Commerce;
For Commerce, tho' the child of Agriculture,
Fosters his parent, who else must sweat and toil,
And gain but scanty fare. Then, my dear Lord,
Be England's trade our care; and we, as tradesmen,
Looking to the gain of this our native land.

Clar. O my good Lord, true wisdom drops like honey
From your tongue, as from a worshipp'd oak.
Forgive, my Lords, my talkative youth, that speaks
Not merely what my narrow observation has
Pick'd up, but what I have concluded from your lessons.
Now, by the Queen's advice, I ask your leave
To dine to-morrow with the Mayor of London:
If I obtain your leave, I have another boon
To ask, which is the favour of your company.
I fear Lord Percy will not give me leave.

Percy. Dear Sir, a prince should always keep his state,
And grant his favours with a sparing hand,
Or they are never rightly valuèd.
These are my thoughts; yet it were best to go:
But keep a proper dignity, for now
You represent the sacred person of
Your father; 'tis with princes as 'tis with the sun;
If not sometimes o'er-clouded, we grow weary
Of his officious glory.

Clar. Then you will give me leave to shine sometimes,
My Lord?

Lord. Thou hast a gallant spirit, which I fear
Will be imposèd on by the closer sort. [*Aside.*

Clar. Well, I'll endeavour to take

Lord Percy's advice; I have been usèd so much
To dignity that I'm sick on 't.
Queen Phil. Fie, fie, Lord Clarence! you proceed not to business,
But speak of your own pleasures.
I hope their Lordships will excuse your giddiness.
Clar. My Lords, the French have fitted out many
Small ships of war, that, like to ravening wolves,
Infest our English seas, devouring all
Our burden'd vessels, spoiling our naval flocks.
The merchants do complain and beg our aid.
Percy. The merchants are rich enough;
Can they not help themselves?
Bish. They can, and may; but how to gain their will
Requires our countenance and help.
Percy. When that they find they must, my Lord, they will:
Let them but suffer awhile, and you shall see
They will bestir themselves.
Bish. Lord Percy cannot mean that we should suffer
This disgrace: if so, we are not sovereigns
Of the sea—our right, that Heaven gave
To England, when at the birth of nature
She was seated in the deep; the Ocean ceas'd
His mighty roar, and fawning play'd around
Her snowy feet, and own'd his awful Queen.
Lord Percy, if the heart is sick, the head
Must be aggriev'd; if but one member suffer,
The heart doth fail. You say, my Lord, the merchants
Can, if they will, defend themselves against
These rovers: this is a noble scheme,

Worthy the brave Lord Percy, and as worthy
His generous aid to put it into practice.

Percy. Lord Bishop, what was rash in me is wise
In you; I dare not own the plan. 'Tis not
Mine. Yet will I, if you please,
Quickly to the Lord Mayor, and work him onward
To this most glorious voyage; on which cast
I'll set my whole estate,
But we will bring these Gallic rovers under.

Queen Phil. Thanks, brave Lord Percy; you have the thanks
Of England's Queen, and will, ere long, of England.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *At Cressy. Sir Thomas Dagworth and Lord Audley meeting.*

Audley. Good morrow, brave Sir Thomas; the bright morn
Smiles on our army, and the gallant sun
Springs from the hills like a young hero
Into the battle, shaking his golden locks
Exultingly: this is a promising day.

Dagworth. Why, my Lord Audley, I don't know.
Give me your hand, and now I'll tell you what
I think you do not know. Edward 's afraid of Philip.

Aud. Ha! Ha! Sir Thomas! you but joke;
Did you e'er see him fear? At Blanchetaque,
When almost singly he drove six thousand
French from the ford, did he fear then?

Dagw. Yes, fear—that made him fight so.

Aud. By the same reason I might say 'tis fear
That makes you fight.

Dagw. Mayhap you may: look upon Edward's face,

No one can say he fears; but when he turns
His back, then I will say it to his face;
He is afraid: he makes us all afraid.
I cannot bear the enemy at my back.
Now here we are at Cressy; where to-morrow,
To-morrow we shall know. I say, Lord Audley,
That Edward runs away from Philip.

Aud. Perhaps you think the Prince too is afraid?

Dagw. No; God forbid! I'm sure he is not.
He is a young lion. O! I have seen him fight
And give command, and lightning has flashèd
From his eyes across the field: I have seen him
Shake hands with death, and strike a bargain for
The enemy; he has danc'd in the field
Of battle, like the youth at morris-play.
I'm sure he 's not afraid, nor Warwick, nor none—
None of us but me, and I am very much afraid.

Aud. Are you afraid too, Sir Thomas?
I believe that as much as I believe
The King 's afraid: but what are you afraid of?

Dagw. Of having my back laid open; we turn
Our backs to the fire, till we shall burn our skirts.

Aud. And this, Sir Thomas, you call fear? Your fear
Is of a different kind then from the King's;
He fears to turn his face, and you to turn your back.
I do not think, Sir Thomas, you know what fear is.

Enter Sir John Chandos.

Chand. Good morrow, Generals; I give you joy:
Welcome to the fields of Cressy. Here we stop,
And wait for Philip.

Dagw. I hope so.

Aud. There, Sir Thomas, do you call that fear

Dagw. I don't know; perhaps he takes it by fits.
Why, noble Chandos, look you here—
One rotten sheep spoils the whole flock;
And if the bell-wether is tainted, I wish
The Prince may not catch the distemper too.
Chand. Distemper, Sir Thomas! what distemper?
I have not heard.
Dagw. Why, Chandos, you are a wise man,
I know you understand me; a distemper
The King caught here in France of running away.
Aud. Sir Thomas, you say you have caught it too.
Dagw. And so will the whole army; 'tis very catching,
For, when the coward runs, the brave man totters.
Perhaps the air of the country is the cause.
I feel it coming upon me, so I strive against it;
You yet are whole; but, after a few more
Retreats, we all shall know how to retreat
Better than fight.—To be plain, I think retreating
Too often takes away a soldier's courage.
Chand. Here comes the King himself: tell him your thoughts
Plainly, Sir Thomas.
Dagw. I've told him before, but his disorder
Makes him deaf.

Enter King Edward and Black Prince.

King. Good morrow, Generals; when English courage fails,
Down goes our right to France.
But we are conquerors everywhere; nothing
Can stand our soldiers; each man is worthy
Of a triumph. Such an army of heroes
Ne'er shouted to the Heav'ns, nor shook the field.

Edward, my son, thou art
Most happy, having such command: the man
Were base who were not fir'd to deeds
Above heroic, having such examples.
Prince. Sire, with respect and deference I look
Upon such noble souls, and wish myself
Worthy the high command that Heaven and you
Have given me. When I have seen the field glow,
And in each countenance the soul of war
Curb'd by the manliest reason, I have been wing'd
With certain victory; and 'tis my boast,
And shall be still my glory, I was inspir'd
By these brave troops.
Dagw. Your Grace had better make
Them all generals.
King. Sir Thomas Dagworth, you must have your joke,
And shall, while you can fight as you did at
The Ford.
Dagw. I have a small petition to your Majesty.
King. What can Sir Thomas Dagworth ask that Edward
Can refuse?
Dagw. I hope your Majesty cannot refuse so great
A trifle; I've gilt your cause with my best blood,
And would again, were I not forbid
By him whom I am bound to obey: my hands
Are tièd up, my courage shrunk and wither'd,
My sinews slacken'd, and my voice scarce heard;
Therefore I beg I may return to England.
King. I know not what you could have ask'd, Sir Thomas,
That I would not have sooner parted with
Than such a soldier as you have been, and such a friend:

Nay, I will know the most remote particulars
Of this your strange petition; that, if I can,
I still may keep you here.

Dagw. Here on the fields of Cressy we are settled
Till Philip springs the tim'rous covey again.
The wolf is hunted down by causeless fear;
The lion flees, and fear usurps his heart,
Startled, astonish'd at the clam'rous cock;
The eagle, that doth gaze upon the sun,
Fears the small fire that plays about the fen.
If, at this moment of their idle fear,
The dog doth seize the wolf, the forester the lion,
The negro in the crevice of the rock
Doth seize the soaring eagle; undone by flight,
They tame submit: such the effect flight has
On noble souls. Now hear its opposite:
The tim'rous stag starts from the thicket wild,
The fearful crane springs from the splashy fen,
The shining snake glides o'er the bending grass;
The stag turns head and bays the crying hounds,
The crane o'ertaken fighteth with the hawk,
The snake doth turn, and bite the padding foot.
And if your Majesty 's afraid of Philip,
You are more like a lion than a crane:
Therefore I beg I may return to England.

King. Sir Thomas, now I understand your mirth,
Which often plays with Wisdom for its pastime,
And brings good counsel from the breast of laughter.
I hope you'll stay, and see us fight this battle,
And reap rich harvest in the fields of Cressy;
Then go to England, tell them how we fight,
And set all hearts on fire to be with us.
Philip is plum'd, and thinks we flee from him,
Else he would never dare to attack us. Now,

Now the quarry 's set! and Death doth sport
In the bright sunshine of this fatal day.

Dagw. Now my heart dances, and I am as light
As the young bridegroom going to be marrièd.
Now must I to my soldiers, get them ready,
Furbish our armours bright, new-plume our helms;
And we will sing like the young housewives busièd
In the dairy: my feet are wing'd, but not
For flight, an please your grace.

King. If all my soldiers are as pleas'd as you,
'Twill be a gallant thing to fight or die;
Then I can never be afraid of Philip.

Dagw. A raw-bon'd fellow t' other day pass'd by me;
I told him to put off his hungry looks—
He answer'd me, ' I hunger for another battle '.
I saw a little Welshman with a fiery face;
I told him he look'd like a candle half
Burn'd out; he answer'd, he was ' pig enough
To light another pattle '. Last night, beneath
The moon I walk'd abroad, when all had pitch'd
Their tents, and all were still;
I heard a blooming youth singing a song
He had compos'd, and at each pause he wip'd
His dropping eyes. The ditty was ' If he
Return'd victorious, he should wed a maiden
Fairer than snow, and rich as midsummer '.
Another wept, and wish'd health to his father.
I chid them both, but gave them noble hopes
These are the minds that glory in the battle,
And leap and dance to hear the trumpet sound.

King. Sir Thomas Dagworth, be thou near our person;
Thy heart is richer than the vales of France:

I will not part with such a man as thee.
If Philip came arm'd in the ribs of death,
And shook his mortal dart against my head,
Thou'dst laugh his fury into nerveless shame!
Go now, for thou art suited to the work,
Throughout the camp; inflame the timorous,
Blow up the sluggish into ardour, and
Confirm the strong with strength, the weak inspire,
And wing their brows with hope and expectation:
Then to our tent return, and meet to council.
[*Exit Dagworth.*

Chand. That man 's a hero in his closet, and more
A hero to the servants of his house
Than to the gaping world; he carries windows
In that enlargèd breast of his, that all
May see what 's done within.

Prince. He is a genuine Englishman, my Chandos,
And hath the spirit of Liberty within him.
Forgive my prejudice, Sir John; I think
My Englishmen the bravest people on
The face of the earth.

Chand. Courage, my Lord, proceeds from self-dependence.
Teach man to think he 's a free agent,
Give but a slave his liberty, he'll shake
Off sloth, and build himself a hut, and hedge
A spot of ground; this he'll defend; 'tis his
By right of Nature: thus set in action,
He will still move onward to plan conveniences,
Till glory fires his breast to enlarge his castle;
While the poor slave drudges all day, in hope
To rest at night.

King. O Liberty, how glorious art thou!
I see thee hov'ring o'er my army, with

Thy wide-stretch'd plumes; I see thee
Lead them on to battle;
I see thee blow thy golden trumpet, while
Thy sons shout the strong shout of victory!
O noble Chandos, think thyself a gardener,
My son a vine, which I commit unto
Thy care: prune all extravagant shoots, and guide
Th' ambitious tendrils in the paths of wisdom;
Water him with thy advice; and Heav'n
Rain fresh'ning dew upon his branches! And,
O Edward, my dear son! learn to think lowly of
Thyself, as we may all each prefer other—
'Tis the best policy, and 'tis our duty.

[*Exit King Edward.*

Prince. And may our duty, Chandos, be our pleasure.
Now we are alone, Sir John, I will unburden,
And breathe my hopes into the burning air,
Where thousand Deaths are posting up and down,
Commission'd to this fatal field of Cressy.
Methinks I see them arm my gallant soldiers,
And gird the sword upon each thigh, and fit
Each shining helm, and string each stubborn bow,
And dance to the neighing of our steeds.
Methinks the shout begins, the battle burns;
Methinks I see them perch on English crests,
And roar the wild flame of fierce war upon
The throngèd enemy! In truth I am too full
It is my sin to love the noise of war.
Chandos, thou seest my weakness; strong Nature
Will bend or break us: my blood, like a springtide,
Does rise so high to overflow all bounds
Of moderation; while Reason, in her
Frail bark, can see no shore or bound for vast

Ambition. Come, take the helm, my Chandos,
That my full-blown sails overset me not
In the wild tempest: condemn my venturous youth,
That plays with danger, as the innocent child
Unthinking plays upon the viper's den:
I am a coward in my reason, Chandos.

Chand. You are a man, my Prince, and a brave man,
If I can judge of actions; but your heat
Is the effect of youth, and want of use:
Use makes the armèd field and noisy war
Pass over as a summer cloud, unregarded,
Or but expected as a thing of course.
Age is contemplative; each rolling year
Brings forth fruit to the mind's treasure-house:
While vacant youth doth crave and seek about
Within itself, and findeth discontent,
Then, tir'd of thought, impatient takes the wing,
Seizes the fruits of time, attacks experience,
Roams round vast Nature's forest, where no bounds
Are set, the swiftest may have room, the strongest
Find prey; till tired at length, sated and tired
With the changing sameness, old variety,
We sit us down, and view our former joys
With distaste and dislike.

Prince. Then, if we must tug for experience,
Let us not fear to beat round Nature's wilds,
And rouse the strongest prey: then, if we fall,
We fall with glory. I know the wolf
Is dangerous to fight, not good for food,
Nor is the hide a comely vestment; so
We have our battle for our pains. I know
That youth has need of age to point fit prey,
And oft the stander-by shall steal the fruit

Of th' other's labour. This is philosophy;
These are the tricks of the world; but the pure soul
Shall mount on native wings, disdaining
Little sport, and cut a path into the heaven of glory,
Leaving a track of light for men to wonder at.
I'm glad my father does not hear me talk;
You can find friendly excuses for me, Chandos.
But do you not think, Sir John, that if it please
Th' Almighty to stretch out my span of life,
I shall with pleasure view a glorious action
Which my youth master'd?

Chand. Considerate age, my Lord, views motives,
And not acts; when neither warbling voice
Nor trilling pipe is heard, nor pleasure sits
With trembling age, the voice of Conscience then,
Sweeter than music in a summer's eve,
Shall warble round the snowy head, and keep
Sweet symphony to feather'd angels, sitting
As guardians round your chair; then shall the pulse
Beat slow, and taste and touch and sight and sound
and smell,
That sing and dance round Reason's fine-wrought
throne,
Shall flee away, and leave them all forlorn;
Yet not forlorn if Conscience is his friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *In Sir Thomas Dagworth's Tent. Dagworth, and William his Man.*

Dagw. Bring hither my armour, William.
Ambition is the growth of ev'ry clime.

Will. Does it grow in England, sir?

Dagw. Aye, it grows most in lands most cultivated.

Will. Then it grows most in France; the vines here are finer than any we have in England.

Dagw. Aye, but the oaks are not.

Will. What is the tree you mentioned? I don't think I ever saw it.

Dagw. Ambition.

Will. Is it a little creeping root that grows in ditches?

Dagw. Thou dost not understand me, William.
It is a root that grows in every breast;
Ambition is the desire or passion that one man
Has to get before another, in any pursuit after glory;
But I don't think you have any of it.

Will. Yes, I have; I have a great ambition to know everything, Sir.

Dagw. But when our first ideas are wrong, what follows must all be wrong, of course; 'tis best to know a little, and to know that little aright.

Will. Then, Sir, I should be glad to know if it was not ambition that brought over our King to France to fight for his right?

Dagw. Tho' the knowledge of that will not profit thee much, yet I will tell you that it was ambition.

Will. Then, if ambition is a sin, we are all guilty in coming with him, and in fighting for him.

Dagw. Now, William, thou dost thrust the question home; but I must tell you that, guilt being an act of the mind, none are guilty but those whose minds are prompted by that same ambition.

Will. Now, I always thought that a man might be guilty of doing wrong without knowing it was wrong.

Dagw. Thou art a natural philosopher, and knowest truth by instinct, while reason runs aground, as we have run our argument. Only remember, William, all have it in their power to know the motives of their own actions, and 'tis a sin to act without some reason.

Will. And whoever acts without reason may do a great deal of harm without knowing it.

Dagw. Thou art an endless moralist.

Will. Now there 's a story come into my head, that I will tell your honour if you'll give me leave.

Dagw. No, William, save it till another time; this is no time for story-telling. But here comes one who is as entertaining as a good story!

Enter Peter Blunt.

Peter. Yonder 's a musician going to play before the King; it 's a new song about the French and English; and the Prince has made the minstrel a squire, and given him I don't know what, and I can't tell whether he don't mention us all one by one; and he is to write another about all us that are to die, that we may be remembered in Old England, for all our blood and bones are in France; and a great deal more that we shall all hear by and by; and I came to tell your honour, because you love to hear war-songs.

Dagw. And who is this minstrel, Peter, dost know?

Peter. O aye, I forgot to tell that; he has got the same name as Sir John Chandos, that the Prince is always with—the wise man that knows us all as well as your honour, only ain't so good-natured.

Dagw. I thank you, Peter, for your information; but not for your compliment, which is not true. There 's as much difference between him and me as between glittering sand and fruitful mould; or shining glass and a wrought diamond, set in rich gold, and fitted to the finger of an Emperor; such is that worthy Chandos.

Peter. I know your honour does not think anything of yourself, but everybody else does.

Dagw. Go, Peter, get you gone; flattery is delicious, even from the lips of a babbler. [*Exit Peter.*

Will. I never flatter your honour.

Dagw. I don't know that.

Will. Why, you know, Sir, when we were in England, at the tournament at Windsor, and the Earl of Warwick was tumbled over, you ask'd me if he did not look well when he fell; and I said no, he look'd very foolish; and you was very angry with me for not flattering you.

Dagw. You mean that I was angry with you for not flattering the Earl of Warwick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *Sir Thomas Dagworth's Tent. Sir Thomas Dagworth—to him enter Sir Walter Manny.*

Sir Walter. Sir Thomas Dagworth, I have been weeping
Over the men that are to die to-day.

Dagw. Why, brave Sir Walter, you or I may fall.

Sir Walter. I know this breathing flesh must lie and rot,
Cover'd with silence and forgetfulness.—
Death wons in cities' smoke, and in still night,
When men sleep in their beds, walketh about!
How many in wallèd cities lie and groan,
Turning themselves upon their beds,
Talking with Death, answering his hard demands!
How many walk in darkness, terrors are round
The curtains of their beds, destruction is
Ready at the door! How many sleep
In earth, cover'd with stones and deathy dust,
Resting in quietness, whose spirits walk
Upon the clouds of heaven, to die no more!
Yet death is terrible, tho' borne on angels' wings.

How terrible then is the field of Death,
Where he doth rend the vault of heaven,
And shake the gates of hell!
O Dagworth, France is sick! the very sky,
Tho' sunshine light it, seems to me as pale
As the pale fainting man on his death-bed,
Whose face is shown by light of sickly taper
It makes me sad and sick at very heart,
Thousands must fall to-day.

Dagw. Thousands of souls must leave this prison-house,
To be exalted to those heavenly fields,
Where songs of triumph, palms of victory,
Where peace and joy and love and calm content
Sit singing in the azure clouds, and strew
Flowers of heaven's growth over the banquet-table.
Bind ardent Hope upon your feet like shoes,
Put on the robe of preparation,
The table is prepar'd in shining heaven,
The flowers of immortality are blown;
Let those that fight fight in good steadfastness,
And those that fall shall rise in victory.

Sir Walter. I've often seen the burning field of war,
And often heard the dismal clang of arms;
But never, till this fatal day of Cressy,
Has my soul fainted with these views of death.
I seem to be in one great charnel-house,
And seem to scent the rotten carcases;
I seem to hear the dismal yells of Death,
While the black gore drops from his horrid jaws;
Yet I not fear the monster in his pride—
But O! the souls that are to die to-day!

Dagw. Stop, brave Sir Walter; let me drop a tear,
Then let the clarion of war begin;

I'll fight and weep, 'tis in my country's cause;
I'll weep and shout for glorious liberty.
Grim War shall laugh and shout, deckèd in tears,
And blood shall flow like streams across the meadows,
That murmur down their pebbly channels, and
Spend their sweet lives to do their country service:
Then shall England's verdure shoot, her fields shall smile,
Her ships shall sing across the foaming sea,
Her mariners shall use the flute and viol,
And rattling guns, and black and dreary war,
Shall be no more.

Sir Walter. Well, let the trumpet sound, and the drum beat;
Let war stain the blue heavens with bloody banners;
I'll draw my sword, nor ever sheathe it up
Till England blow the trump of victory,
Or I lay stretch'd upon the field of death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *In the Camp. Several of the Warriors meet at the King's Tent with a Minstrel, who sings the following Song:*

O sons of Trojan Brutus, cloth'd in war,
Whose voices are the thunder of the field,
Rolling dark clouds o'er France, muffling the sun
In sickly darkness like a dim eclipse,
Threatening as the red brow of storms, as fire
Burning up nations in your wrath and fury!

Your ancestors came from the fires of Troy,
Like lions rous'd by light'ning from their dens,
Whose eyes do glare against the stormy fires),

Heated with war, fill'd with the blood of Greeks,
With helmets hewn, and shields coverèd with gore,
In navies black, broken with wind and tide:

They landed in firm array upon the rocks
Of Albion; they kiss'd the rocky shore;
'Be thou our mother and our nurse,' they said;
'Our children's mother, and thou shalt be our grave,
The sepulchre of ancient Troy, from whence
Shall rise cities, and thrones, and arms, and awful
pow'rs.'.

Our fathers swarm from the ships. Giant voices
Are heard from the hills, the enormous sons
Of Ocean run from rocks and caves, wild men,
Naked and roaring like lions, hurling rocks,
And wielding knotty clubs, like oaks entangled
Thick as a forest, ready for the axe.

Our fathers move in firm array to battle;
The savage monsters rush like roaring fire,
Like as a forest roars with crackling flames,
When the red lightning, borne by furious storms,
Lights on some woody shore; the parchèd heavens
Rain fire into the molten raging sea.

The smoking trees are strewn upon the shore,
Spoil'd of their verdure. O how oft have they
Defy'd the storm that howlèd o'er their heads!
Our fathers, sweating, lean on their spears, and view
The mighty dead: giant bodies streaming blood,
Dread visages frowning in silent death.

Then Brutus spoke, inspir'd; our fathers sit
Attentive on the melancholy shore:
Hear ye the voice of Brutus—'The flowing waves

Of time come rolling o'er my breast,' he said;
'And my heart labours with futurity:
Our sons shall rule the empire of the sea.

'Their mighty wings shall stretch from east to west.
Their nest is in the sea, but they shall roam
Like eagles for the prey; nor shall the young
Crave or be heard; for plenty shall bring forth,
Cities shall sing, and vales in rich array
Shall laugh, whose fruitful laps bend down with fullness.

'Our sons shall rise from thrones in joy,
Each one buckling on his armour; Morning
Shall be prevented by their swords gleaming,
And Evening hear their song of victory:
Their towers shall be built upon the rocks,
Their daughters shall sing, surrounded with shining spears.

'Liberty shall stand upon the cliffs of Albion,
Casting her blue eyes over the green ocean;
Or, tow'ring, stand upon the roaring waves,
Stretching her mighty spear o'er distant lands;
While, with her eagle wings, she covereth
Fair Albion's shore, and all her families.'

PROLOGUE, INTENDED FOR A DRAMATIC PIECE OF KING EDWARD THE FOURTH

O FOR a voice like thunder, and a tongue
To drown the throat of war! When the senses
Are shaken, and the soul is driven to madness,
Who can stand? When the souls of the oppressèd
Fight in the troubled air that rages, who can stand?

When the whirlwind of fury comes from the
Throne of God, when the frowns of his countenance
Drive the nations together, who can stand?
When Sin claps his broad wings over the battle,
And sails rejoicing in the flood of Death;
When souls are torn to everlasting fire,
And fiends of Hell rejoice upon the slain,
O who can stand? O who hath causèd this?
O who can answer at the throne of God?
The Kings and Nobles of the Land have done it!
Hear it not, Heaven, thy Ministers have done it!

A WAR SONG TO ENGLISHMEN

Prepare, prepare the iron helm of war,
Bring forth the lots, cast in the spacious orb;
Th' Angel of Fate turns them with mighty hands,
And casts them out upon the darken'd earth!
Prepare, prepare!

Prepare your hearts for Death's cold hand! prepare
Your souls for flight, your bodies for the earth;
Prepare your arms for glorious victory;
Prepare your eyes to meet a holy God!
Prepare, prepare!

Whose fatal scroll is that? Methinks 'tis mine!
Why sinks my heart, why faltereth my tongue?
Had I three lives, I'd die in such a cause,
And rise, with ghosts, over the well-fought field.
Prepare, prepare!

The arrows of Almighty God are drawn!
Angels of Death stand in the louring heavens!
Thousands of souls must seek the realms of light,
And walk together on the clouds of heaven!
Prepare, prepare!

Soldiers, prepare! Our cause is Heaven's cause;
Soldiers, prepare! Be worthy of our cause:
Prepare to meet our fathers in the sky:
Prepare, O troops, that are to fall to-day!
Prepare, prepare!

Alfred shall smile, and make his harp rejoice;
The Norman William, and the learnèd Clerk,
And Lion Heart, and black-brow'd Edward, with
His loyal queen, shall rise, and welcome us!
Prepare, prepare!

FROM *AN ISLAND IN THE MOON*

This city and this country has brought forth many mayors
To sit in state, and give forth laws out of their old oak chairs,
With face as brown as any nut with drinking of strong ale—
Good English hospitality, O then it did not fail!

With scarlet gowns and broad gold lace, would make a yeoman sweat;
With stockings roll'd above their knees and shoes as black as jet;
With eating beef and drinking beer, O they were stout and hale—
Good English hospitality, O then it did not fail!

Thus sitting at the table wide the mayor and aldermen
Were fit to give law to the city; each ate as much as ten:
The hungry poor enter'd the hall to eat good beef and ale—
Good English hospitality, O then it did not fail!

SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND OF EXPERIENCE

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

INTRODUCTION

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

'Pipe a song about a Lamb!'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again';
So I piped: he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:'
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.'
So he vanish'd from my sight,
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

THE ECHOING GREEN

The Sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;

The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound.
While our sports shall be seen
On the Echoing Green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say:
'Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth time were seen
On the Echoing Green.'

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green.

THE LAMB

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead;

Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
  Little Lamb, who made thee?
  Dost thou know who made thee?

  Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
  Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
  Little Lamb, God bless thee!
  Little Lamb, God bless thee!

THE SHEPHERD

How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

INFANT JOY

'I HAVE no name:
I am but two days old.'
What shall I call thee?
'I happy am,
Joy is my name.'
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty Joy!
Sweet Joy, but two days old.
Sweet Joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee!

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O! my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissèd me,
And, pointing to the east, began to say:

'Look on the rising sun,—there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away;
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

'And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

'For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish; we shall hear His voice,
Saying: "Come out from the grove, My love and care,
And round My golden tent like lambs rejoice."'

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd me;
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

LAUGHING SONG

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing 'Ha, Ha, He!'

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of 'Ha, Ha, He!'

SPRING

Sound the flute!
Now it 's mute.
Birds delight
Day and night;
Nightingale
In the dale,
Lark in sky,
Merrily,
Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the year.

Little boy,
Full of joy;
Little girl,
Sweet and small;
Cock does crow,
So do you;
Merry voice,
Infant noise,
Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the year.

Little lamb,
Here I am;
Come and lick
My white neck;
Let me pull
Your soft wool;
Let me kiss
Your soft face:
Merrily, merrily, we welcome in the year.

A CRADLE SONG

Sweet dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head;
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown.
Sweet sleep, Angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight;
Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thy eyes.
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child,
All creation slept and smil'd;
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe, once like thee,
Thy Maker lay and wept for me,

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small.
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee,

Smiles on thee, on me, on all;
Who became an infant small.
Infant smiles are His own smiles;
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

NURSE'S SONG

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

'Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies.'

'No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all cover'd with sheep.'

'Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.'
The little ones leapèd and shoutèd and laugh'd
And all the hills echoèd.

HOLY THURSDAY

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
The children walking two and two, in red and blue and green,
Grey-headed beadles walk'd before, with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters flow.

O what a multitude they seem'd, these flowers of London town!
Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to Heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of Heaven among.
Beneath them sit the agèd men, wise guardians of the poor;
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

THE BLOSSOM

Merry, merry sparrow!
Under leaves so green,
A happy blossom
Sees you, swift as arrow,
Seek your cradle narrow
Near my bosom.

Pretty, pretty robin!
Under leaves so green,
A happy blossom
Hears you sobbing, sobbing,
Pretty, pretty robin,
Near my bosom.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry ' 'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!'
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There 's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shav'd: so I said
' Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head 's bare
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.'

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight!—
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an Angel who had a bright key,
And he open'd the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind;
And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm;
So if all do their duty they need not fear harm.

THE DIVINE IMAGE

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
All pray in their distress;
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is God, our Father dear,
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew;
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too.

NIGHT

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower,
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are cover'd warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm.
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.

But if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying 'Wrath, by His meekness,
And, by His health, sickness
Is driven away
From our immortal day.

'And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep;
Or think on Him who bore thy name
Graze after thee and weep.
For, wash'd in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold.'

A DREAM

Once a dream did weave a shade
O'er my Angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wilder'd, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke I heard her say:

'O, my children! do they cry?
Do they hear their father sigh?
Now they look abroad to see:
Now return and weep for me.'

Pitying, I dropp'd a tear;
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied: 'What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night?

'I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round:
Follow now the beetle's hum;
Little wanderer, hie thee home.'

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast;
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear;

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
O, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all;
He becomes an infant small;
He becomes a man of woe;
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

O! He gives to us His joy
That our grief He may destroy;
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

THE LITTLE BOY LOST

'FATHER! father! where are you going?
O, do not walk so fast.
Speak, father, speak to your little boy,
Or else I shall be lost.'

The night was dark, no father was there;
The child was wet with dew;
The mire was deep, and the child did weep,
And away the vapour flew.

THE LITTLE BOY FOUND

The little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wand'ring light,
Began to cry; but God, ever nigh,
Appear'd like his father, in white.

He kissèd the child, and by the hand led,
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, thro' the lonely dale,
Her little boy weeping sought.

SONGS OF EXPERIENCE

INTRODUCTION

Hear the voice of the Bard!
Who present, past, and future, sees;
Whose ears have heard
The Holy Word
That walk'd among the ancient trees,

Calling the lapsèd soul,
And weeping in the evening dew;
That might control
The starry pole,
And fallen, fallen light renew!

'O Earth, O Earth, return!
Arise from out the dewy grass;
Night is worn,
And the morn
Rises from the slumberous mass.

'Turn away no more;
Why wilt thou turn away?
The starry floor,
The wat'ry shore,
Is giv'n thee till the break of day.'

EARTH'S ANSWER

Earth rais'd up her head
From the darkness dread and drear.
Her light fled,
Stony dread!
And her locks cover'd with grey despair.

'Prison'd on wat'ry shore,
Starry Jealousy does keep my den:
Cold and hoar,
Weeping o'er,
I hear the Father of the Ancient Men.

'Selfish Father of Men!
Cruel, jealous, selfish Fear!
Can delight,
Chain'd in night,
The virgins of youth and morning bear?

'Does spring hide its joy
When buds and blossoms grow?
Does the sower
Sow by night,
Or the ploughman in darkness plough?

'Break this heavy chain
That does freeze my bones around.
Selfish! vain!
Eternal bane!
That free Love with bondage bound.'

NURSE'S SONG

When the voices of children are heard on the green
And whisp'rings are in the dale,
The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,
My face turns green and pale.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Your spring and your day are wasted in play,
And your winter and night in disguise.

THE FLY

Little Fly,
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brush'd away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance,
And drink, and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
And strength and breath,
And the want
Of thought is death;

Then am I
A happy fly,
If I live
Or if I die.

THE TIGER

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

THE LITTLE GIRL LOST

In futurity
I prophetic see
That the earth from sleep
(Grave the sentence deep)

Shall arise and seek
For her Maker meek;
And the desert wild
Become a garden mild.

In the southern clime,
Where the summer's prime
Never fades away,
Lovely Lyca lay.

Seven summers old
Lovely Lyca told;
She had wander'd long
Hearing wild birds' song.

'Sweet sleep, come to me
Underneath this tree.
Do father, mother, weep?
Where can Lyca sleep?

'Lost in desert wild
Is your little child.
How can Lyca sleep
If her mother weep?

'If her heart does ache
Then let Lyca wake;
If my mother sleep,
Lyca shall not weep.

'Frowning, frowning night,
O'er this desert bright,
Let thy moon arise
While I close my eyes.'

Sleeping Lyca lay
While the beasts of prey,
Come from caverns deep,
View'd the maid asleep.

The kingly lion stood,
And the virgin view'd,
Then he gamboll'd round
O'er the hallow'd ground.

Leopards, tigers, play
Round her as she lay,
While the lion old
Bow'd his mane of gold

And her bosom lick,
And upon her neck
From his eyes of flame
Ruby tears there came;

While the lioness
Loos'd her slender dress,
And naked they convey'd
To caves the sleeping maid.

THE LITTLE GIRL FOUND

All the night in woe
Lyca's parents go
Over valleys deep,
While the deserts weep.

Tired and woe-begone,
Hoarse with making moan,
Arm in arm seven days
They trac'd the desert ways.

Seven nights they sleep
Among shadows deep,
And dream they see their child
Starv'd in desert wild.

Pale, thro' pathless ways
The fancied image strays
Famish'd, weeping, weak,
With hollow piteous shriek.

Rising from unrest,
The trembling woman prest
With feet of weary woe:
She could no further go.

In his arms he bore
Her, arm'd with sorrow sore;
Till before their way
A couching lion lay.

Turning back was vain:
Soon his heavy mane
Bore them to the ground.
Then he stalk'd around,

Smelling to his prey;
But their fears allay
When he licks their hands,
And silent by them stands.

They look upon his eyes
Fill'd with deep surprise;
And wondering behold
A spirit arm'd in gold.

On his head a crown;
On his shoulders down
Flow'd his golden hair.
Gone was all their care.

'Follow me,' he said;
'Weep not for the maid;
In my palace deep
Lyca lies asleep.'

Then they followèd
Where the vision led,
And saw their sleeping child
Among tigers wild.

To this day they dwell
In a lonely dell;
Nor fear the wolfish howl
Nor the lions' growl.

THE CLOD AND THE PEBBLE

'Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair.'

So sung a little Clod of Clay,
Trodden with the cattle's feet,
But a Pebble of the brook
Warbled out these metres meet:

'Love seeketh only Self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite.'

THE LITTLE VAGABOND

Dear mother, dear mother, the Church is cold,
But the Ale-house is healthy and pleasant and warm;
Besides I can tell where I am used well,
Such usage in Heaven will never do well.

But if at the Church they would give us some ale,
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,
We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day,
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach, and drink, and sing,
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring;
And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at church,
Would not have bandy children, nor fasting, nor birch.

And God, like a father, rejoicing to see
His children as pleasant and happy as He,
Would have no more quarrel with the Devil or the barrel,
But kiss him, and give him both drink and apparel.

HOLY THURSDAY

Is this a holy thing to see
In a rich and fruitful land,
Babes reduc'd to misery,
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?
Can it be a song of joy?
And so many children poor?
It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine,
And their fields are bleak and bare,
And their ways are fill'd with thorns:
It is eternal winter there.

For where'er the sun does shine,
And where'er the rain does fall,
Babe can never hunger there,
Nor poverty the mind appal.

A POISON TREE

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I water'd it in fears,
Night and morning with my tears;
And I sunnèd it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright;
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole
When the night had veil'd the pole:
In the morning glad I see
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

THE ANGEL

I DREAMT a dream! what can it mean?
And that I was a maiden Queen,
Guarded by an Angel mild:
Witless woe was ne'er beguil'd!

And I wept both night and day,
And he wip'd my tears away,
And I wept both day and night,
And hid from him my heart's delight.

So he took his wings and fled;
Then the morn blush'd rosy red;
I dried my tears, and arm'd my fears
With ten thousand shields and spears.

Soon my Angel came again:
I was arm'd, he came in vain;
For the time of youth was fled,
And grey hairs were on my head.

THE SICK ROSE

O Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy;
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

TO TIRZAH

Whate'er is born of mortal birth
Must be consumèd with the earth,
To rise from generation free:
Then what have I to do with thee?

The sexes sprung from shame and pride,
Blow'd in the morn; in evening died;
But Mercy chang'd death into sleep;
The sexes rose to work and weep.

Thou, Mother of my mortal part,
With cruelty didst mould my heart,
And with false self-deceiving tears
Didst bind my nostrils, eyes, and ears;

Didst close my tongue in senseless clay,
And me to mortal life betray:
The death of Jesus set me free:
Then what have I to do with thee?

THE VOICE OF THE ANCIENT BARD

Youth of delight, come hither,
And see the opening morn,
Image of truth new-born.
Doubt is fled, and clouds of reason,
Dark disputes and artful teasing.
Folly is an endless maze,
Tangled roots perplex her ways.
How many have fallen there!
They stumble all night over bones of the dead,
And feel they know not what but care,
And wish to lead others, when they should be led.

MY PRETTY ROSE-TREE

A flower was offer'd to me,
Such a flower as May never bore;
But I said ' I've a pretty Rose-tree ',
And I passèd the sweet flower o'er.

Then I went to my pretty Rose-tree,
To tend her by day and by night,
But my Rose turn'd away with jealousy,
And her thorns were my only delight.

AH, SUN-FLOWER!

Ah, Sun-flower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

THE LILY

THE modest Rose puts forth a thorn,
The humble Sheep a threat'ning horn;
While the Lily white shall in love delight,
Nor a thorn, nor a threat, stain her beauty bright.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE

I WENT to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen:
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And ' Thou shalt not ' writ over the door;
So I turn'd to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore;

And I saw it was fillèd with graves,
And tombstones where flowers should be;
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

A LITTLE BOY LOST

' NOUGHT loves another as itself,
Nor venerates another so,
Nor is it possible to Thought
A greater than itself to know:

' And, Father, how can I love you
Or any of my brothers more?
I love you like the little bird
That picks up crumbs around the door.'

The Priest sat by and heard the child,
In trembling zeal he seiz'd his hair:
He led him by his little coat,
And all admir'd the priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,
'Lo! what a fiend is here,' said he,
'One who sets reason up for judge
Of our most holy Mystery.'

The weeping child could not be heard,
The weeping parents wept in vain;
They stripp'd him to his little shirt,
And bound him in an iron chain;

And burn'd him in a holy place,
Where many had been burn'd before:
The weeping parents wept in vain.
Are such things done on Albion's shore?

INFANT SORROW

My mother groan'd, my father wept,
Into the dangerous world I leapt;
Helpless, naked, piping loud,
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands,
Striving against my swaddling-bands,
Bound and weary, I thought best
To sulk upon my mother's breast.

THE SCHOOLBOY

I love to rise in a summer morn
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the skylark sings with me.
O! what sweet company.

But to go to school in a summer morn,
O! it drives all joy away;
Under a cruel eye outworn,
The little ones spend the day
In sighing and dismay.

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour,
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn thro' with the dreary shower.

How can the bird that is born for joy
Sit in a cage and sing?
How can a child, when fears annoy,
But droop his tender wing,
And forget his youthful spring?

O! father and mother, if buds are nipp'd
And blossoms blown away,
And if the tender plants are stripp'd
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and care's dismay,

How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy,
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear?

LONDON

I WANDER thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the chimney-sweeper's cry
Every black'ning church appals;
And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

A LITTLE GIRL LOST

Children of the future age,
Reading this indignant page,
Know that in a former time,
Love, sweet Love, was thought a crime!

In the Age of Gold,
Free from winter's cold,
Youth and maiden bright
To the holy light,
Naked in the sunny beams delight.

Once a youthful pair,
Fill'd with softest care,
Met in garden bright
Where the holy light
Had just remov'd the curtains of the night.

There, in rising day,
On the grass they play;
Parents were afar,
Strangers came not near,
And the maiden soon forgot her fear.

Tired with kisses sweet,
They agree to meet
When the silent sleep
Waves o'er heaven's deep,
And the weary tired wanderers weep.

To her father white
Came the maiden bright;
But his loving look,
Like the holy book,
All her tender limbs with terror shook.

'Ona! pale and weak!
To thy father speak:
O! the trembling fear.
O! the dismal care,
That shakes the blossoms of my hoary hair!'

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER

A LITTLE black thing among the snow,
Crying ''weep! 'weep!' in notes of woe!
'Where are thy father and mother, say?'—
'They are both gone up to the church to pray

'Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smil'd among the winter's snow,
They clothèd me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

'And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and His Priest and King,
Who make up a Heaven of our misery.'

THE HUMAN ABSTRACT

Pity would be no more
If we did not make somebody poor;
And Mercy no more could be
If all were as happy as we.

And mutual fear brings peace,
Till the selfish loves increase:
Then Cruelty knits a snare,
And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with holy fears,
And waters the ground with tears;
Then Humility takes its root
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade
Of Mystery over his head;
And the caterpillar and fly
Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of Deceit,
Ruddy and sweet to eat;
And the raven his nest has made
In its thickest shade.

The Gods of the earth and sea
Sought thro' Nature to find this tree;
But their search was all in vain:
There grows one in the Human brain.

[END OF THE SONGS OF EXPERIENCE]

APPENDIX TO
THE SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND OF EXPERIENCE

A DIVINE IMAGE

Cruelty has a human heart,
And Jealousy a human face;
Terror the human form divine,
And Secrecy the human dress.

The human dress is forgèd iron,
The human form a fiery forge,
The human face a furnace seal'd,
The human heart its hungry gorge.

POEMS FROM THE ROSSETTI MS.

NEVER SEEK TO TELL THY LOVE

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart;
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,
Ah! she doth depart.

Soon as she was gone from me,
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly:
He took her with a sigh.

I LAID ME DOWN UPON A BANK

I laid me down upon a bank,
Where Love lay sleeping;
I heard among the rushes dank
Weeping, weeping.

Then I went to the heath and the wild,
To the thistles and thorns of the waste;
And they told me how they were beguil'd,
Driven out, and compell'd to be chaste.

I SAW A CHAPEL ALL OF GOLD

I saw a Chapel all of gold
That none did dare to enter in,
And many weeping stood without,
Weeping, mourning, worshipping.

I saw a Serpent rise between
The white pillars of the door,
And he forc'd and forc'd and forc'd;
Down the golden hinges tore,

And along the pavement sweet,
Set with pearls and rubies bright,
All his shining length he drew,
Till upon the altar white

Vomiting his poison out
On the Bread and on the Wine.
So I turn'd into a sty,
And laid me down among the swine.

I ASKED A THIEF

I asked a thief to steal me a peach:
He turnèd up his eyes.
I ask'd a lithe lady to lie her down:
Holy and meek, she cries.

As soon as I went
An Angel came:
He wink'd at the thief,
And smil'd at the dame;

And without one word said
Had a peach from the tree,
And still as a maid
Enjoy'd the lady.

A CRADLE SONG

Sleep! sleep! beauty bright,
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;
Sleep! sleep! in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet Babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart does rest.

O! the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep.
When thy little heart does wake
Then the dreadful lightnings break,

From thy cheek and from thy eye,
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.
Infant wiles and infant smiles
Heaven and Earth of peace beguiles.

SILENT, SILENT NIGHT

Silent, silent Night,
Quench the holy light
Of thy torches bright;

For possess'd of Day,
Thousand spirits stray
That sweet joys betray.

Why should joys be sweet
Usèd with deceit,
Nor with sorrows meet?

But an honest joy
Does itself destroy
For a harlot coy.

WHY SHOULD I CARE FOR THE MEN OF THAMES?

Why should I care for the men of Thames,
Or the cheating waves of charter'd streams;
Or shrink at the little blasts of fear
That the hireling blows into my ear?

Tho' born on the cheating banks of Thames,
Tho' his waters bathèd my infant limbs,
The Ohio shall wash his stains from me:
I was born a slave, but I go to be free!

TO MY MYRTLE

To a lovely Myrtle bound,
Blossoms show'ring all around,
O how sick and weary I
Underneath my Myrtle lie!
Why should I be bound to thee,
O my lovely Myrtle-tree?

ARE NOT THE JOYS OF MORNING SWEETER

Are not the joys of morning sweeter
Than the joys of night?
And are the vigorous joys of youth
Ashamèd of the light?

Let age and sickness silent rob
The vineyards in the night;
But those who burn with vigorous youth
Pluck fruits before the light.

THE WILD FLOWER'S SONG

As I wander'd the forest,
The green leaves among,
I heard a Wild Flower
Singing a song.

'I slept in the earth
In the silent night,
I murmur'd my fears
And I felt delight.

'In the morning I went,
As rosy as morn,
To seek for new joy;
But I met with scorn.'

DAY

The sun arises in the East,
Cloth'd in robes of blood and gold;
Swords and spears and wrath increas'd
All around his bosom roll'd,
Crown'd with warlike fires and raging desires.

MOTTO TO THE SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND OF EXPERIENCE

The Good are attracted by men's perceptions,
And think not for themselves;
Till Experience teaches them to catch
And to cage the fairies and elves.

And then the Knave begins to snarl,
And the Hypocrite to howl;
And all his good friends show their private ends,
And the eagle is known from the owl.

MY SPECTRE AROUND ME NIGHT AND DAY

My Spectre around me night and day
Like a wild beast guards my way;
My Emanation far within
Weeps incessantly for my sin.

'A fathomless and boundless deep,
There we wander, there we weep;
On the hungry craving wind
My Spectre follows thee behind.

'He scents thy footsteps in the snow,
Wheresoever thou dost go,
Thro' the wintry hail and rain.
When wilt thou return again?

'Dost thou not in pride and scorn
Fill with tempests all my morn,
And with jealousies and fears
Fill my pleasant nights with tears?

'Seven of my sweet loves thy knife
Has bereavèd of their life.
Their marble tombs I built with tears,
And with cold and shuddering fears.

'Seven more loves weep night and day
Round the tombs where my loves lay,
And seven more loves attend each night
Around my couch with torches bright.

'And seven more loves in my bed
Crown with wine my mournful head,
Pitying and forgiving all
Thy transgressions great and small.

'When wilt thou return and view
My loves, and them to life renew?
When wilt thou return and live?
When wilt thou pity as I forgive?'

'O'er my sins thou sit and moan:
Hast thou no sins of thy own?
O'er my sins thou sit and weep,
And lull thy own sins fast asleep.

'What transgressions I commit
Are for thy transgressions fit.
They thy harlots, thou their slave;
And my bed becomes their grave.

'Never, never, I return:
Still for victory I burn.
Living, thee alone I'll have;
And when dead I'll be thy grave.

'Thro' the Heaven and Earth and Hell
Thou shalt never, never quell:
I will fly and thou pursue:
Night and morn the flight renew.'

'Poor, pale, pitiable form
That I follow in a storm;
Iron tears and groans of lead
Bind around my aching head.

'Till I turn from Female love
And root up the Infernal Grove,
I shall never worthy be
To step into Eternity.

'And, to end thy cruel mocks,
Annihilate thee on the rocks,
And another form create
To be subservient to my fate.

'Let us agree to give up love,
And root up the Infernal Grove;
Then shall we return and see
The worlds of happy Eternity.

'And throughout all Eternity
I forgive you, you forgive me.
As our dear Redeemer said:
"This the Wine, and this the Bread."'

MOCK ON, MOCK ON, VOLTAIRE, ROUSSEAU

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau;
Mock on, mock on; 'tis all in vain!
You throw the sand against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again.

And every sand becomes a gem
Reflected in the beams divine;
Blown back they blind the mocking eye
But still in Israel's paths they shine.

The Atoms of Democritus
And Newton's Particles of Light
Are sands upon the Red Sea shore,
Where Israel's tents do shine so bright.

I SAW A MONK OF CHARLEMAINE

i

I saw a Monk of Charlemaine
Arise before my sight:
I talk'd to the Grey Monk where he stood
In beams of infernal light.

ii

Gibbon arose with a lash of steel,
And Voltaire with a wracking wheel:
The Schools, in clouds of learning roll'd,
Arose with War in iron and gold.

iii

'Thou lazy Monk,' they said afar,
'In vain condemning glorious War,
And in thy cell thou shall ever dwell.
Rise, War, and bind him in his cell!'

iv

The blood red ran from the Grey Monk's side,
His hands and feet were wounded wide,
His body bent, his arms and knees
Like to the roots of ancient trees.

v

'I see, I see,' the Mother said,
'My children will die for lack of bread.
What more has the merciless tyrant said?'
The Monk sat down on her stony bed.

vi

His eye was dry, no tear could flow;
A hollow groan first spoke his woe.
He trembled and shudder'd upon the bed;
At length with a feeble cry he said:

vii

'When God commanded this hand to write
In the studious hours of deep midnight,
He told me that all I wrote should prove
The bane of all that on Earth I love.

viii

'My brother starv'd between two walls;
Thy children's cry my soul appals:
I mock'd at the wrack and griding chain;
My bent body mocks at their torturing pain.

ix

'Thy father drew his sword in the North;
With his thousands strong he is marchèd forth;
Thy brother has armèd himself in steel
To revenge the wrongs thy children feel.

x

'But vain the sword and vain the bow,
They never can work War's overthrow;
The hermit's prayer and the widow's tear
Alone can free the world from fear.

xi

'The hand of Vengeance sought the bed
To which the purple tyrant fled;
The iron hand crush'd the tyrant's head,
And became a tyrant in his stead.

xii

'Until the tyrant himself relent,
The tyrant who first the black bow bent,
Slaughter shall heap the bloody plain:
Resistance and War is the tyrant's gain.

xiii

'But the tear of love—and forgiveness sweet,
And submission to death beneath his feet—
The tear shall melt the sword of steel,
And every wound it has made shall heal.

xiv

'For the tear is an intellectual thing,
And a sigh is the sword of an Angel King,
And the bitter groan of the martyr's woe
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow.'

MORNING

To find the Western path,
Right thro' the Gates of Wrath
I urge my way;
Sweet Mercy leads me on
With soft repentant moan:
I see the break of day.

The war of swords and spears,
Melted by dewy tears,
Exhales on high;
The Sun is freed from fears,
And with soft grateful tears
Ascends the sky.

THE BIRDS

He. WHERE thou dwellest, in what grove,
Tell me Fair One, tell me Love;
Where thou thy charming nest dost build,
O thou pride of every field!

She. Yonder stands a lonely tree,
There I live and mourn for thee;
Morning drinks my silent tear,
And evening winds my sorrow bear.

He. O thou summer's harmony,
I have liv'd and mourn'd for thee;
Each day I mourn along the wood,
And night hath heard my sorrows loud.

She. Dost thou truly long for me?
And am I thus sweet to thee?
Sorrow now is at an end,
O my Lover and my Friend!

He. Come, on wings of joy we'll fly
To where my bower hangs on high;
Come, and make thy calm retreat
Among green leaves and blossoms sweet.

YOU DON'T BELIEVE

You don't believe—I won't attempt to make ye:
You are asleep—I won't attempt to wake ye.
Sleep on! sleep on! while in your pleasant dreams
Of Reason you may drink of Life's clear streams.
Reason and Newton, they are quite two things;
For so the swallow and the sparrow sings.

Reason says 'Miracle': Newton says 'Doubt'.
Aye! that 's the way to make all Nature out.
'Doubt, doubt, and don't believe without experiment':
That is the very thing that Jesus meant,
When He said 'Only believe! believe and try!
Try, try, and never mind the reason why!'

WHY WAS CUPID A BOY?

Why was Cupid a boy,
And why a boy was he?
He should have been a girl,
For aught that I can see.

For he shoots with his bow,
And the girl shoots with her eye,
And they both are merry and glad,
And laugh when we do cry.

And to make Cupid a boy
Was the Cupid girl's mocking plan;
For a boy can't interpret the thing
Till he is become a man.

And then he 's so pierc'd with cares,
And wounded with arrowy smarts,
That the whole business of his life
Is to pick out the heads of the darts.

'Twas the Greeks' love of war
Turn'd Love into a boy,
And woman into a statue of stone—
And away fled every joy.

NOW ART HAS LOST ITS MENTAL CHARMS

'Now Art has lost its mental charms
France shall subdue the world in arms.'
So spoke an Angel at my birth;
Then said 'Descend thou upon earth;
Renew the Arts on Britain's shore,
And France shall fall down and adore.
With works of art their armies meet
And War shall sink beneath thy feet.
But if thy nation Arts refuse,
And if they scorn the immortal Muse,
France shall the arts of peace restore
And save thee from the ungrateful shore.'

Spirit who lov'st Britannia's Isle
Round which the fiends of commerce smile—
[*Cetera desunt*]

I ROSE UP AT THE DAWN OF DAY

I ROSE up at the dawn of day—
'Get thee away! get thee away!
Pray'st thou for riches? Away! away!
This is the Throne of Mammon grey.'

Said I: This, sure, is very odd;
I took it to be the Throne of God.
For everything besides I have:
It is only for riches that I can crave.

I have mental joy, and mental health,
And mental friends, and mental wealth;
I've a wife I love, and that loves me;
I've all but riches bodily.

I am in God's presence night and day,
And He never turns His face away;
The accuser of sins by my side doth stand,
And he holds my money-bag in his hand.

For my worldly things God makes him pay,
And he'd pay for more if to him I would pray;
And so you may do the worst you can do;
Be assur'd, Mr. Devil, I won't pray to you.

Then if for riches I must not pray,
God knows, I little of prayers need say;
So, as a church is known by its steeple,
If I pray it must be for other people.

He says, if I do not worship him for a God,
I shall eat coarser food, and go worse shod;
So, as I don't value such things as these,
You must do, Mr. Devil, just as God please.

THE CAVERNS OF THE GRAVE I'VE SEEN

The Caverns of the Grave I've seen,
And these I show'd to England's Queen.
But now the Caves of Hell I view,
Who shall I dare to show them to?
What mighty soul in Beauty's form
Shall dauntless view the infernal storm?
Egremont's Countess can control
The flames of Hell that round me roll

If she refuse, I still go on
Till the Heavens and Earth are gone,
Still admir'd by noble minds,
Follow'd by Envy on the winds,
Re-engrav'd time after time,
Ever in their youthful prime,
My designs unchang'd remain.
Time may rage, but rage in vain.
For above Time's troubled fountains,
On the great Atlantic Mountains,
In my Golden House on high,
There they shine eternally.

Dedication to the Illustrations to Blair's *Grave*

TO THE QUEEN

The Door of Death is made of gold,
That mortal eyes cannot behold;
But when the mortal eyes are clos'd,
And cold and pale the limbs repos'd,
The soul awakes; and, wond'ring, sees
In her mild hand the golden Keys:
The Grave is Heaven's Golden Gate,
And rich and poor around it wait;
O Shepherdess of England's fold,
Behold this Gate of Pearl and Gold!

To dedicate to England's Queen
The visions that my soul has seen,
And, by her kind permission, bring
What I have borne on solemn wing,
From the vast regions of the Grave,
Before her throne my wings I wave;

Bowing before my Sov'reign's feet,
'The Grave produc'd these blossoms sweet
In mild repose from earthly strife;
The blossoms of Eternal Life!'

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL

α

The Vision of Christ that thou dost see
Is my vision's greatest enemy.
Thine has a great hook nose like thine;
Mine has a snub nose like to mine.
Thine is the Friend of all Mankind;
Mine speaks in parables to the blind.
Thine loves the same world that mine hates;
Thy heaven doors are my hell gates.
Socrates taught what Meletus
Loath'd as a nation's bitterest curse,
And Caiaphas was in his own mind
A benefactor to mankind.
Both read the Bible day and night,
But thou read'st black where I read white.

β

Was Jesus gentle, or did He
Give any marks of gentility?
When twelve years old He ran away,
And left His parents in dismay.
When after three days' sorrow found,
Loud as Sinai's trumpet-sound:
'No earthly parents I confess—
My Heavenly Father's business!
Ye understand not what I say,
And, angry, force Me to obey.

Obedience is a duty then,
And favour gains with God and men.'
John from the wilderness loud cried;
Satan gloried in his pride.
' Come,' said Satan, ' come away,
I'll soon see if you'll obey!
John for disobedience bled,
But you can turn the stones to bread.
God's high king and God's high priest
Shall plant their glories in your breast,
If Caiaphas you will obey,
If Herod you with bloody prey
Feed with the sacrifice, and be
Obedient, fall down, worship me.'
Thunders and lightnings broke around,
And Jesus' voice in thunders' sound:
' Thus I seize the spiritual prey.
Ye smiters with disease, make way.
I come your King and God to seize,
Is God a smiter with disease? '
The God of this world rag'd in vain:
He bound old Satan in His chain,
And, bursting forth, His furious ire
Became a chariot of fire.
Throughout the land He took His course,
And trac'd diseases to their source.
He curs'd the Scribe and Pharisee,
Trampling down hypocrisy.
Where'er His chariot took its way,
There Gates of Death let in the Day,
Broke down from every chain and bar;
And Satan in His spiritual war
Dragg'd at His chariot-wheels: loud howl'd
The God of this world: louder roll'd

The chariot-wheels, and louder still
His voice was heard from Zion's Hill,
And in His hand the scourge shone bright;
He scourg'd the merchant Canaanite
From out the Temple of His Mind,
And in his body tight does bind
Satan and all his hellish crew;
And thus with wrath He did subdue
The serpent bulk of Nature's dross,
Till He had nail'd it to the Cross.
He took on sin in the Virgin's womb
And put it off on the Cross and tomb
To be worshipp'd by the Church of Rome.

γ

Was Jesus humble? or did He
Give any proofs of humility?
Boast of high things with humble tone,
And give with charity a stone?
When but a child He ran away,
And left His parents in dismay.
When they had wander'd three days long
These were the words upon His tongue:
'No earthly parents I confess:
I am doing My Father's business.'
When the rich learnèd Pharisee
Came to consult Him secretly,
Upon his heart with iron pen
He wrote 'Ye must be born again.'
He was too proud to take a bribe;
He spoke with authority, not like a Scribe.
He says, with most consummate art,
'Follow Me, I am meek and lowly of heart,

As that is the only way to escape
The miser's net and the glutton's trap.'
What can be done with such desperate fools
Who follow after the heathen schools?
I was standing by when Jesus died;
What I call'd humility, they call'd pride.
He who loves his enemies betrays his friends.
This surely is not what Jesus intends;
But the sneaking pride of heroic schools,
And the Scribes' and Pharisees' virtuous rules;
For He acts with honest, triumphant pride,
And this is the cause that Jesus died.
He did not die with Christian ease,
Asking pardon of His enemies:
If He had, Caiaphas would forgive;
Sneaking submission can always live.
He had only to say that God was the Devil,
And the Devil was God, like a Christian civil;
Mild Christian regrets to the Devil confess
For affronting him thrice in the wilderness;
He had soon been bloody Caesar's elf,
And at last he would have been Caesar himself,
Like Dr. Priestly and Bacon and Newton—
Poor spiritual knowledge is not worth a button!
For thus the Gospel Sir Isaac confutes:
'God can only be known by His attributes;
And as for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost,
Or of Christ and His Father, it 's all a boast
And pride, and vanity of the imagination,
That disdains to follow this world's fashion.'
To teach doubt and experiment
Certainly was not what Christ meant.
What was He doing all that time,
From twelve years old to manly prime?

Was He then idle, or the less
About His Father's business?
Or was His wisdom held in scorn
Before His wrath began to burn
In miracles throughout the land,
That quite unnerv'd the Seraph band?
If He had been Antichrist, Creeping Jesus,
He'd have done anything to please us;
Gone sneaking into synagogues,
And not us'd the Elders and Priests like dogs;
But humble as a lamb or ass
Obey'd Himself to Caiaphas.
God wants not man to humble himself:
That is the trick of the Ancient Elf.
This is the race that Jesus ran:
Humble to God, haughty to man,
Cursing the Rulers before the people
Even to the Temple's highest steeple,
And when He humbled Himself to God
Then descended the cruel rod.
'If Thou humblest Thyself, Thou humblest Me.
Thou also dwell'st in Eternity.
Thou art a Man: God is no more:
Thy own Humanity learn to adore,
For that is My spirit of life.
Awake, arise to spiritual strife,
And Thy revenge abroad display
In terrors at the last Judgement Day.
God's mercy and long suffering
Is but the sinner to judgement to bring.
Thou on the Cross for them shalt pray—
And take revenge at the Last Day.'
Jesus replied, and thunders hurl'd:
'I never will pray for the world.

Once I did so when I pray'd in the Garden;
I wish'd to take with Me a bodily pardon.'
Can that which was of woman born,
In the absence of the morn,
When the Soul fell into sleep,
And Archangels round it weep,
Shooting out against the light
Fibres of a deadly night,
Reasoning upon its own dark fiction,
In doubt which is self-contradiction?
Humility is only doubt,
And does the sun and moon blot out,
Rooting over with thorns and stems
The buried soul and all its gems.
This life's five windows of the soul
Distorts the Heavens from pole to pole,
And leads you to believe a lie
When you see with, not thro', the eye
That was born in a night, to perish in a night,
When the soul slept in the beams of light.

δ

This was spoken by my Spectre to Voltaire, Bacon, &c.

Did Jesus teach doubt? or did He
Give any lessons of philosophy,
Charge Visionaries with deceiving,
Or call men wise for not believing? . . .

ε

Was Jesus born of a Virgin pure
With narrow soul and looks demure?
If He intended to take on sin
The Mother should an harlot been.

Just such a one as Magdalen,
With seven devils in her pen.
Or were Jew virgins still more curs'd,
And more sucking devils nurs'd?
Or what was it which He took on
That He might bring salvation?
A body subject to be tempted,
From neither pain nor grief exempted;
Or such a body as might not feel
The passions that with sinners deal?
Yes, but they say He never fell.
Ask Caiaphas; for he can tell.—
'He mock'd the Sabbath, and He mock'd
The Sabbath's God, and He unlock'd
The evil spirits from their shrines,
And turn'd fishermen to divines;
O'erturn'd the tent of secret sins,
And its golden cords and pins,
In the bloody shrine of war
Pour'd around from star to star,—
Halls of justice, hating vice,
Where the Devil combs his lice.
He turn'd the devils into swine
That He might tempt the Jews to dine;
Since which, a pig has got a look
That for a Jew may be mistook.
"Obey your parents."—What says He?
"Woman, what have I to do with thee?
No earthly parents I confess:
I am doing My Father's business."
He scorn'd Earth's parents, scorn'd Earth's God,
And mock'd the one and the other's rod;
His seventy Disciples sent
Against Religion and Government—

They by the sword of Justice fell,
And Him their cruel murderer tell.
He left His father's trade to roam,
A wand'ring vagrant without home;
And thus He others' labour stole,
That He might live above control.
The publicans and harlots He
Selected for His company,
And from the adulteress turn'd away
God's righteous law, that lost its prey.'

ζ

Was Jesus chaste? or did He
Give any lessons of chastity?
The Morning blushèd fiery red:
Mary was found in adulterous bed;
Earth groan'd beneath, and Heaven above
Trembled at discovery of Love.
Jesus was sitting in Moses' chair.
They brought the trembling woman there.
Moses commands she be ston'd to death.
What was the sound of Jesus' breath?
He laid His hand on Moses' law;
The ancient Heavens, in silent awe,
Writ with curses from pole to pole,
All away began to roll.
The Earth trembling and naked lay
In secret bed of mortal clay;
On Sinai felt the Hand Divine
Pulling back the bloody shrine;
And she heard the breath of God,
As she heard by Eden's flood:
'Good and Evil are no more!
Sinai's trumpets cease to roar!

Cease, finger of God, to write!
The Heavens are not clean in Thy sight.
Thou art good, and Thou alone;
Nor may the sinner cast one stone.
To be good only, is to be
A God or else a Pharisee.
Thou Angel of the Presence Divine,
That didst create this Body of Mine,
Wherefore hast thou writ these laws
And created Hell's dark jaws?
My Presence I will take from thee:
A cold leper thou shalt be.
Tho' thou wast so pure and bright
That Heaven was impure in thy sight,
Tho' thy oath turn'd Heaven pale,
Tho' thy covenant built Hell's jail,
Tho' thou didst all to chaos roll
With the Serpent for its soul,
Still the breath Divine does move,
And the breath Divine is Love.
Mary, fear not! Let me see
The seven devils that torment thee.
Hide not from My sight thy sin,
That forgiveness thou may'st win.
Has no man condemnèd thee?'
'No man, Lord.' 'Then what is he
Who shall accuse thee? Come ye forth,
Fallen fiends of heavenly birth,
That have forgot your ancient love,
And driven away my trembling Dove.
You shall bow before her feet;
You shall lick the dust for meat;
And tho' you cannot love, but hate,
Shall be beggars at Love's gate.

What was thy love? Let Me see it;
Was it love or dark deceit?'
'Love too long from me has fled;
'Twas dark deceit, to earn my bread;
'Twas covet, or 'twas custom, or
Some trifle not worth caring for;
That they may call a shame and sin
Love's temple that God dwelleth in,
And hide in secret hidden shrine
The naked Human Form Divine,
And render that a lawless thing
On which the Soul expands its wing.
But this, O Lord, this was my sin,
When first I let these devils in,
In dark pretence to chastity
Blaspheming Love, blaspheming Thee,
Thence rose secret adulteries,
And thence did covet also rise.
My sin Thou hast forgiven me;
Canst Thou forgive my blasphemy?
Canst Thou return to this dark hell,
And in my burning bosom dwell?
And canst Thou die that I may live?
And canst Thou pity and forgive?'
Then roll'd the shadowy Man away
From the limbs of Jesus, to make them his prey,
An ever devouring appetite,
Glittering with festering venoms bright;
Crying 'Crucify this cause of distress,
Who don't keep the secrets of holiness!
The mental powers by diseases we bind;
But He heals the deaf, the dumb, and the blind.
Whom God has afflicted for secret ends,
He comforts and heals and calls them friends.'

But, when Jesus was crucified,
Then was perfected His galling pride.
In three nights He devour'd His prey,
And still He devours the body of clay;
For dust and clay is the Serpent's meat,
Which never was made for Man to eat.

η

Seeing this False Christ, in fury and passion
I made my voice heard all over the nation.
What are those . . .

θ

[*Epilogue*]

I am sure this Jesus will not do,
Either for Englishman or Jew.

POEMS FROM THE PICKERING MS.

THE SMILE

There is a smile of love,
And there is a smile of deceit,
And there is a smile of smiles
In which these two smiles meet.

And there is a frown of hate,
And there is a frown of disdain,
And there is a frown of frowns
Which you strive to forget in vain,

For it sticks in the heart's deep core
And it sticks in the deep backbone—
And no smile that ever was smil'd,
But only one smile alone,

That betwixt the cradle and grave
It only once smil'd can be;
And, when it once is smil'd,
There 's an end to all misery.

THE GOLDEN NET

Three Virgins at the break of day:—
'Whither, young man, whither away?
Alas for woe! alas for woe!'
They cry, and tears for ever flow.
The one was cloth'd in flames of fire,
The other cloth'd in iron wire,
The other cloth'd in tears and sighs
Dazzling bright before my eyes.

They bore a Net of golden twine
To hang upon the branches fine.
Pitying I wept to see the woe
That Love and Beauty undergo,
To be consum'd in burning fires
And in ungratified desires,
And in tears cloth'd night and day
Melted all my soul away.
When they saw my tears, a smile
That did Heaven itself beguile,
Bore the Golden Net aloft,
As on downy pinions soft,
Over the Morning of my day.
Underneath the net I stray,
Now entreating Burning Fire,
Now entreating Iron Wire,
Now entreating Tears and Sighs—
O! when will the morning rise?

THE MENTAL TRAVELLER

I TRAVELL'D thro' a land of men,
A land of men and women too;
And heard and saw such dreadful things
As cold earth-wanderers never knew.

For there the Babe is born in joy
That was begotten in dire woe;
Just as we reap in joy the fruit
Which we in bitter tears did sow.

And if the Babe is born a boy
He 's given to a Woman Old,
Who nails him down upon a rock,
Catches his shrieks in cups of gold.

She binds iron thorns around his head,
She pierces both his hands and feet,
She cuts his heart out at his side,
To make it feel both cold and heat.

Her fingers number every nerve,
Just as a miser counts his gold;
She lives upon his shrieks and cries,
And she grows young as he grows old.

Till he becomes a bleeding Youth,
And she becomes a Virgin bright;
Then he rends up his manacles,
And binds her down for his delight.

He plants himself in all her nerves,
Just as a husbandman his mould;
And she becomes his dwelling-place
And garden fruitful seventyfold.

An agèd Shadow, soon he fades,
Wandering round an earthly cot,
Full fillèd all with gems and gold
Which he by industry had got.

And these are the gems of the human soul,
The rubies and pearls of a love-sick eye,
The countless gold of the aching heart,
The martyr's groan and the lover's sigh.

They are his meat, they are his drink;
He feeds the beggar and the poor
And the wayfaring traveller:
For ever open is his door.

His grief is their eternal joy;
They make the roofs and walls to ring;
Till from the fire on the hearth
A little Female Babe does spring.

And she is all of solid fire
And gems and gold, that none his hand
Dares stretch to touch her baby form,
Or wrap her in his swaddling-band.

But she comes to the man she loves,
If young or old, or rich or poor;
They soon drive out the Agèd Host,
A beggar at another's door.

He wanders weeping far away,
Until some other take him in;
Oft blind and age-bent, sore distrest,
Until he can a Maiden win.

And to allay his freezing age,
The poor man takes her in his arms;
The cottage fades before his sight,
The garden and its lovely charms.

The guests are scatter'd thro' the land,
For the eye altering alters all;
The senses roll themselves in fear,
And the flat earth becomes a ball;

The stars, sun, moon, all shrink away,
A desert vast without a bound,
And nothing left to eat or drink,
And a dark desert all around.

The honey of her infant lips,
The bread and wine of her sweet smile,
The wild game of her roving eye,
Does him to infancy beguile;

For as he eats and drinks he grows
Younger and younger every day;
And on the desert wild they both
Wander in terror and dismay.

Like the wild stag she flees away,
Her fear plants many a thicket wild;
While he pursues her night and day,
By various arts of love beguil'd;

By various arts of love and hate,
Till the wide desert planted o'er
With labyrinths of wayward love,
Where roam the lion, wolf, and boar.

Till he becomes a wayward Babe,
And she a weeping Woman Old.
Then many a lover wanders here;
The sun and stars are nearer roll'd;

The trees bring forth sweet ecstasy
To all who in the desert roam;
Till many a city there is built,
And many a pleasant shepherd's home.

But when they find the Frowning Babe,
Terror strikes thro' the region wide:
They cry 'The Babe! the Babe is born!'
And flee away on every side.

For who dare touch the Frowning Form,
His arm is wither'd to its root;
Lions, boars, wolves, all howling flee,
And every tree does shed its fruit.

And none can touch that Frowning Form,
Except it be a Woman Old;
She nails him down upon the rock,
And all is done as I have told.

THE LAND OF DREAMS

Awake, awake, my little boy!
Thou wast thy mother's only joy;
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep?
Awake! thy father does thee keep.

'O, what land is the Land of Dreams?
What are its mountains, and what are its streams?
O father! I saw my mother there,
Among the lilies by waters fair.

'Among the lambs, clothèd in white,
She walk'd with her Thomas in sweet delight.
I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn;
O! when shall I again return?'

Dear child, I also by pleasant streams
Have wander'd all night in the Land of Dreams;
But tho' calm and warm the waters wide,
I could not get to the other side.

'Father, O father! what do we here
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The Land of Dreams is better far,
Above the light of the morning star.'

MARY

Sweet Mary, the first time she ever was there,
Came into the ball-room among the fair;
The young men and maidens around her throng,
And these are the words upon every tongue:

'An Angel is here from the heavenly climes,
Or again does return the golden times;
Her eyes outshine every brilliant ray,
She opens her lips—'tis the Month of May.'

Mary moves in soft beauty and conscious delight,
To augment with sweet smiles all the joys of the night,
Nor once blushes to own to the rest of the fair
That sweet Love and Beauty are worthy our care.

In the morning the villagers rose with delight,
And repeated with pleasure the joys of the night,
And Mary arose among friends to be free,
But no friend from henceforward thou, Mary, shalt see.

Some said she was proud, some call'd her a whore,
And some, when she passèd by, shut to the door;
A damp cold came o'er her, her blushes all fled;
Her lilies and roses are blighted and shed.

'O, why was I born with a different face?
Why was I not born like this envious race?
Why did Heaven adorn me with bountiful hand,
And then set me down in an envious land?

'To be weak as a lamb and smooth as a dove,
And not to raise envy, is call'd Christian love;
But if you raise envy your merit 's to blame
For planting such spite in the weak and the tame.

'I will humble my beauty, I will not dress fine,
I will keep from the ball, and my eyes shall not shine;
And if any girl's lover forsakes her for me
I'll refuse him my hand, and from envy be free.'

She went out in morning attir'd plain and neat;
'Proud Mary 's gone mad,' said the child in the street;
She went out in morning in plain neat attire,
And came home in evening bespatter'd with mire.

She trembled and wept, sitting on the bedside,
She forgot it was night, and she trembled and cried;
She forgot it was night, she forgot it was morn,
Her soft memory imprinted with faces of scorn;

With faces of scorn and with eyes of disdain,
Like foul fiends inhabiting Mary's mild brain;
She remembers no face like the Human Divine;
All faces have envy, sweet Mary, but thine;

And thine is a face of sweet love in despair,
And thine is a face of mild sorrow and care,
And thine is a face of wild terror and fear
That shall never be quiet till laid on its bier.

THE CRYSTAL CABINET

The Maiden caught me in the wild,
Where I was dancing merrily;
She put me into her Cabinet,
And lock'd me up with a golden key.

This Cabinet is form'd of gold
And pearl and crystal shining bright,
And within it opens into a world
And a little lovely moony night.

Another England there I saw,
Another London with its Tower,
Another Thames and other hills,
And another pleasant Surrey bower,

Another Maiden like herself,
Translucent, lovely, shining clear,
Threefold each in the other clos'd—
O, what a pleasant trembling fear!

O, what a smile! a threefold smile
Fill'd me, that like a flame I burn'd;
I bent to kiss the lovely Maid,
And found a threefold kiss return'd.

I strove to seize the inmost form
With ardour fierce and hands of flame,
But burst the Crystal Cabinet,
And like a weeping Babe became—

A weeping Babe upon the wild,
And weeping Woman pale reclin'd,
And in the outward air again
I fill'd with woes the passing wind.

AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE [1]

To see a World in a grain of sand,
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour.

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage.
A dove-house fill'd with doves and pigeons
Shudders Hell thro' all its regions.
A dog starv'd at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the State.
A horse misus'd upon the road
Calls to Heaven for human blood.
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain does tear.
A skylark wounded in the wing,
A cherubim does cease to sing.

[1] The arrangement of the couplets is that made by Mr. John Sampson.

The game-cock clipt and arm'd for fight
Does the rising sun affright.
Every wolf's and lion's howl
Raises from Hell a Human soul.
The wild deer, wandering here and there,
Keeps the Human soul from care.
The lamb misus'd breeds public strife,
And yet forgives the butcher's knife.
He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be belov'd by men.
He who the ox to wrath has mov'd
Shall never be by woman lov'd.
The wanton boy that kills the fly
Shall feel the spider's enmity.
He who torments the chafer's sprite
Weaves a bower in endless night.
The caterpillar on the leaf
Repeats to thee thy mother's grief.
Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the Last Judgement draweth nigh.
He who shall train the horse to war
Shall never pass the polar bar.
The beggar's dog and widow's cat,
Feed them, and thou wilt grow fat.

The bat that flits at close of eve
Has left the brain that won't believe.
The owl that calls upon the night
Speaks the unbeliever's fright.
The gnat that sings his summer's song
Poison gets from Slander's tongue.
The poison of the snake and newt
Is the sweat of Envy's foot.

The poison of the honey-bee
Is the artist's jealousy.
A truth that 's told with bad intent
Beats all the lies you can invent.

Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine;
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine.
It is right it should be so;
Man was made for joy and woe;
And when this we rightly know,
Thro' the world we safely go.

The babe is more than swaddling-bands;
Throughout all these human lands
Tools were made, and born were hands,
Every farmer understands.
Every tear from every eye
Becomes a babe in Eternity;
This is caught by Females bright,
And return'd to its own delight.
The bleat, the bark, bellow, and roar
Are waves that beat on Heaven's shore.
The babe that weeps the rod beneath
Writes revenge in realms of death.
He who mocks the infant's faith
Shall be mock'd in Age and Death.
He who shall teach the child to doubt
The rotting grave shall ne'er get out.
He who respects the infant's faith
Triumphs over Hell and Death.
The child's toys and the old man's reasons
Are the fruits of the two seasons.

The questioner, who sits so sly,
Shall never know how to reply.
He who replies to words of Doubt
Doth put the light of knowledge out.
A riddle, or the cricket's cry,
Is to Doubt a fit reply.
The emmet's inch and eagle's mile
Make lame Philosophy to smile.
He who doubts from what he sees
Will ne'er believe, do what you please.
If the sun and moon should doubt,
They'd immediately go out.

The prince's robes and beggar's rags
Are toadstools on the miser's bags.
The beggar's rags, fluttering in air,
Does to rags the heavens tear.
The poor man's farthing is worth more
Than all the gold on Afric's shore.
One mite wrung from the labourer's hands
Shall buy and sell the miser's lands;
Or, if protected from on high,
Does that whole nation sell and buy.
The soldier, arm'd with sword and gun,
Palsied strikes the summer's sun.
The strongest poison ever known
Came from Caesar's laurel crown.
Nought can deform the human race
Like to the armour's iron brace.
When gold and gems adorn the plough
To peaceful arts shall Envy bow.
To be in a passion you good may do,
But no good if a passion is in you.

The whore and gambler, by the State
Licensed, build that nation's fate.
The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave Old England's winding-sheet.
The winner's shout, the loser's curse,
Dance before dead England's hearse.

Every night and every morn
Some to misery are born.
Every morn and every night
Some are born to sweet delight.
Some are born to sweet delight,
Some are born to endless night.
We are led to believe a lie
When we see not thro' the eye,
Which was born in a night, to perish in a night,
When the Soul slept in beams of light.
God appears, and God is Light,
To those poor souls who dwell in Night;
But does a Human Form display
To those who dwell in realms of Day.

WILLIAM BOND

I WONDER whether the girls are mad,
And I wonder whether they mean to kill,
And I wonder if William Bond will die,
For assuredly he is very ill.

He went to church in a May morning,
Attended by Fairies, one, two, and three;
But the Angels of Providence drove them away,
And he return'd home in misery.

He went not out to the field nor fold,
He went not out to the village nor town,
But he came home in a black, black cloud,
And took to his bed, and there lay down.

And an Angel of Providence at his feet,
And an Angel of Providence at his head,
And in the midst a black, black cloud,
And in the midst the sick man on his bed.

And on his right hand was Mary Green,
And on his left hand was his sister Jane,
And their tears fell thro' the black, black cloud
To drive away the sick man's pain.

'O William, if thou dost another love,
Dost another love better than poor Mary,
Go and take that other to be thy wife,
And Mary Green shall her servant be.'

'Yes, Mary, I do another love,
Another I love far better than thee,
And another I will have for my wife;
Then what have I to do with thee?

'For thou art melancholy pale,
And on thy head is the cold moon's shine,
But she is ruddy and bright as day,
And the sunbeams dazzle from her eyne.'

Mary trembled and Mary chill'd,
And Mary fell down on the right-hand floor
That William Bond and his sister Jane
Scarce could recover Mary more.

When Mary woke and found her laid
On the right hand of her William dear,
On the right hand of his loved bed,
And saw her William Bond so near,

The Fairies that fled from William Bond
Dancèd around her shining head;
They dancèd over the pillow white,
And the Angels of Providence left the bed.

I thought Love lived in the hot sunshine,
But O, he lives in the moony light!
I thought to find Love in the heat of day,
But sweet Love is the comforter of night.

Seek Love in the pity of others' woe,
In the gentle relief of another's care,
In the darkness of night and the winter's snow
In the naked and outcast, seek Love there!

POEMS FROM LETTERS

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, MRS. ANNA FLAXMAN

This song to the flower of Flaxman's joy,
To the blossom of hope for a sweet decoy;
Do all that you can, or all that you may,
To entice him to Felpham and far away.

Away to sweet Felpham, for Heaven is there;
The Ladder of Angels descends thro' the air;
On the turret its spiral does softly descend,
Thro' the village then winds, at my cot it does end.

You stand in the village and look up to Heaven;
The precious stones glitter on flights seventy-seven;
And my brother is there, and my friend and thine
Descend and ascend with the bread and the wine.

The bread of sweet thought and the wine of delight
Feed the village of Felpham by day and by night,
And at his own door the bless'd Hermit does stand,
Dispensing unceasing to all the wide land.

TO THOMAS BUTTS

To my friend Butts I write
My first vision of light,
On the yellow sands sitting.
The sun was emitting
His glorious beams
From Heaven's high streams.

Over sea, over land,
My eyes did expand
Into regions of air,
Away from all care;
Into regions of fire,
Remote from desire;
The light of the morning
Heaven's mountains adorning:
In particles bright,
The jewels of light
Distinct shone and clear.
Amaz'd and in fear
I each particle gazèd,
Astonish'd, amazèd;
For each was a Man
Human-form'd. Swift I ran,
For they beckon'd to me,
Remote by the sea,
Saying: 'Each grain of sand,
Every stone on the land,
Each rock and each hill,
Each fountain and rill,
Each herb and each tree,
Mountain, hill, earth, and sea,
Cloud, meteor, and star,
Are men seen afar.'
I stood in the streams
Of Heaven's bright beams,
And saw Felpham sweet
Beneath my bright feet,
In soft Female charms;
And in her fair arms
My Shadow I knew,
And my wife's Shadow too,

And my sister, and friend.
We like infants descend
In our Shadows on earth,
Like a weak mortal birth.
My eyes, more and more,
Like a sea without shore,
Continue expanding,
The Heavens commanding;
Till the jewels of light,
Heavenly men beaming bright,
Appear'd as One Man,
Who complacent began
My limbs to enfold
In His beams of bright gold;
Like dross purg'd away
All my mire and my clay.
Soft consum'd in delight,
In His bosom sun-bright
I remain'd. Soft He smil'd,
And I heard His voice mild,
Saying: 'This is My fold,
O thou ram horn'd with gold,
Who awakest from sleep
On the sides of the deep.
On the mountains around
The roarings resound
Of the lion and wolf,
The loud sea, and deep gulf.
These are guards of My fold,
O thou ram horn'd with gold!
And the voice faded mild:
I remain'd as a child;
All I ever had known
Before me bright shone:

I saw you and your wife
By the fountains of life.
Such the vision to me
Appear'd on the sea.

TO THOMAS BUTTS

With Happiness stretch'd across the hills
In a cloud that dewy sweetness distils;
With a blue sky spread over with wings,
And a mild sun that mounts and sings;
With trees and fields full of fairy elves,
And little devils who fight for themselves—
Rememb'ring the verses that Hayley sung
When my heart knock'd against the root of my tongue—
With angels planted in hawthorn bowers,
And God Himself in the passing hours;
With silver angels across my way,
And golden demons that none can stay;
With my father hovering upon the wind,
And my brother Robert just behind,
And my brother John, the evil one,
In a black cloud making his moan,—
Tho' dead, they appear upon my path,
Notwithstanding my terrible wrath;
They beg, they entreat, they drop their tears,
Fill'd full of hopes, fill'd full of fears—
With a thousand angels upon the wind,
Pouring disconsolate from behind
To drive them off, and before my way
A frowning thistle implores my stay.
What to others a trifle appears
Fills me full of smiles or tears;

For double the vision my eyes do see,
And a double vision is always with me.
With my inward eye, 'tis an Old Man grey,
With my outward, a Thistle across my way.
'If thou goest back,' the Thistle said,
'Thou art to endless woe betray'd;
For here does Theotormon lour,
And here is Enitharmon's bower;
And Los the Terrible thus hath sworn,
Because thou backward dost return,
Poverty, envy, old age, and fear,
Shall bring thy wife upon a bier;
And Butts shall give what Fuseli gave,
A dark black rock and a gloomy cave.'

I struck the Thistle with my foot,
And broke him up from his delving root.
'Must the duties of life each other cross?
Must every joy be dung and dross?
Must my dear Butts feel cold neglect
Because I give Hayley his due respect?
Must Flaxman look upon me as wild,
And all my friends be with doubts beguil'd?
Must my wife live in my sister's bane,
Or my sister survive on my love's pain?
The curses of Los, the terrible Shade,
And his dismal terrors make me afraid.'
So I spoke, and struck in my wrath
The Old Man weltering upon my path.
Then Los appear'd in all his power:
In the sun he appear'd, descending before
My face in fierce flames; in my double sight
'Twas outward a sun, inward Los in his might.
'My hands are labour'd day and night,

And ease comes never in my sight.
My wife has no indulgence given
Except what comes to her from Heaven.
We eat little, we drink less,
This Earth breeds not our happiness.
Another sun feeds our life's streams,
We are not warmèd with thy beams;
Thou measurest not the time to me,
Nor yet the space that I do see;
My mind is not with thy light array'd,
Thy terrors shall not make me afraid.'

When I had my defiance given,
The sun stood trembling in heaven;
The moon, that glow'd remote below,
Became leprous and white as snow;
And every soul of men on the earth
Felt affliction, and sorrow, and sickness, and dearth.
Los flam'd in my path, and the sun was hot
With the bows of my mind and the arrows of thought.
My bowstring fierce with ardour breathes;
My arrows glow in their golden sheaves;
My brothers and father march before;
The heavens drop with human gore.

Now I a fourfold vision see,
And a fourfold vision is given to me;
'Tis fourfold in my supreme delight,
And threefold in soft Beulah's night,
And twofold always.—May God us keep
From single vision, and Newton's sleep!

GNOMIC VERSES

I

Great things are done when men and mountains meet;
This is not done by jostling in the street.

II

To God

If you have form'd a circle to go into,
Go into it yourself, and see how you would do.

III

They said this mystery never shall cease:
The priest promotes war, and the soldier peace.

IV

There souls of men are bought and sold,
And milk-fed Infancy for gold;
And Youth to slaughter-houses led,
And Beauty, for a bit of bread.

V

Soft Snow

I walkèd abroad on a snowy day:
I ask'd the soft Snow with me to play:
She play'd and she melted in all her prime;
And the Winter call'd it a dreadful crime.

VI

Abstinence sows sand all over
The ruddy limbs and flaming hair,
But Desire gratified
Plants fruits of life and beauty there.

VII

If you trap the moment before it 's ripe,
The tears of repentance you'll certainly wipe;
But if once you let the ripe moment go,
You can never wipe off the tears of woe.

VIII

The sword sung on the barren heath,
The sickle in the fruitful field:
The sword he sung a song of death,
But could not make the sickle yield.

IX

O lapwing! thou fliest around the heath,
Nor seest the net that is spread beneath.
Why dost thou not fly among the corn fields?
They cannot spread nets where a harvest yields.

X

Several Questions Answered

1

[Eternity]

He who bends to himself a Joy
Doth the wingèd life destroy;
But he who kisses the Joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity's sunrise.

2

The look of love alarms,
Because it 's fill'd with fire;
But the look of soft deceit
Shall win the lover's hire.

3

Soft deceit and idleness,
These are Beauty's sweetest dress.

4

[The Question answered]

What is it men in women do require?
The lineaments of gratified desire.
What is it women do in men require?
The lineaments of gratified desire.

5

An ancient Proverb

Remove away that black'ning church,
Remove away that marriage hearse,
Remove away that man of blood—
You'll quite remove the ancient curse.

XI

Since all the riches of this world
May be gifts from the Devil and earthly kings,
I should suspect that I worshipp'd the Devil
If I thank'd my God for worldly things.

XII

Riches

The countless gold of a merry heart,
The rubies and pearls of a loving eye,
The indolent never can bring to the mart,
Nor the secret hoard up in his treasury.

XIII

The Angel that presided o'er my birth
Said 'Little creature, form'd of joy and mirth,
Go, love without the help of anything on earth.'

XIV

Do what you will this life 's a fiction,
And is made up of contradiction.

ON ART AND ARTISTS

I

I askèd my dear friend Orator Prig:
'What 's the first part of oratory?' He said: 'A great wig.'
'And what is the second?' Then, dancing a jig
And bowing profoundly, he said: 'A great wig.'
'And what is the third?' Then he snored like a pig,
And, puffing his cheeks out, replied: 'A great wig.'
So if a great painter with questions you push,
'What 's the first part of painting?' he'll say: 'A paint-brush.'
'And what is the second?' with most modest blush,
He'll smile like a cherub, and say: 'A paint-brush.'
'And what is the third?' he'll bow like a rush,
With a leer in his eye, he'll reply: 'A paint-brush.'
Perhaps this is all a painter can want:
But, look yonder—that house is the house of Rembrandt!

II

'O dear Mother Outline! of wisdom most sage,
What 's the first part of painting?' She said: 'Patronage.'
'And what is the second, to please and engage?'
She frowned like a fury, and said: 'Patronage.'
'And what is the third?' She put off old age,
And smil'd like a siren, and said: 'Patronage.'

III

[On the Foundation of the Royal Academy]

When nations grow old, the Arts grow cold,
And Commerce settles on every tree;
And the poor and the old can live upon gold,
For all are born poor, aged sixty-three.

IV

The cripple every step drudges and labours,
And says: 'Come, learn to walk of me, good neighbours.'
Sir Joshua in astonishment cries out:
'See, what great labour! pain in modest doubt!

'He walks and stumbles as if he crep,
And how high labour'd is every step!'
Newton and Bacon cry 'Being badly nurst,
He is all experiments from last to first.'

V

You say their pictures well painted be,
And yet they are blockheads you all agree:
Thank God! I never was sent to school
To be flogg'd into following the style of a fool.
The errors of a wise man make your rule,
Rather than the perfections of a fool.

VI

[On Sir Joshua Reynolds's Disappointment at his First Impressions of Raphael]

Some look to see the sweet outlines,
And beauteous forms that Love does wear;
Some look to find out patches, paint,
Bracelets and stays and powder'd hair.

VII

Sir Joshua praises Michael Angelo.
'Tis Christian mildness when knaves praise a foe;
But 'twould be madness, all the world would say,
Should Michael Angelo praise Sir Joshua—
Christ us'd the Pharisees in a rougher way.

VIII

CAN there be anything more mean,
More malice in disguise,
Than praise a man for doing what
That man does most despise?
Reynolds lectures exactly so
When he praises Michael Angelo.

IX

TO ENGLISH CONNOISSEURS

YOU must agree that Rubens was a fool,
And yet you make him master of your School,
And give more money for his slobberings
Than you will give for Raphael's finest things.
I understood Christ was a carpenter
And not a brewer's servant, my good Sir.

X

PRETTY EPIGRAM FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THOSE WHO HAVE PAID GREAT SUMS IN THE VENETIAN AND FLEMISH OOZE

NATURE and Art in this together suit:
What is most grand is always most minute.
Rubens thinks tables, chairs, and stools are grand,
But Raphael thinks a head, a foot, a hand.

XI

RAPHAEL, sublime, majestic, graceful, wise—
His executive power must I despise?
Rubens, low, vulgar, stupid, ignorant—
His power of execution I must grant,
Learn the laborious stumble of a fool!
And from an idiot's action form my rule?—
Then, send your Children to the Slobbering School!

XII

Call that the public voice which is their error!
Like as a monkey, peeping in a mirror,
Admires all his colours brown and warm,
And never once perceives his ugly form.

ON FRIENDS AND FOES

I

I am no Homer's hero you all know;
I profess not generosity to a foe.
My generosity is to my friends,
That for their friendship I may make amends.
The generous to enemies promotes their ends,
And becomes the enemy and betrayer of his friends.

II

Anger and wrath my bosom rends:
I thought them the errors of friends.
But all my limbs with warmth glow:
I find them the errors of the foe.

III

If you play a game of chance, know, before you begin,
If you are benevolent you will never win.

IV

[Of Hayley's Birth]

Of H——'s birth this was the happy lot:
His mother on his father him begot.

V

[On Hayley]

To forgive enemies H—— does pretend,
Who never in his life forgave a friend,
And when he could not act upon my wife
Hired a villain to bereave my life.

VI

To H[AYLEY]

THY friendship oft has made my heart to ache:
Do be my enemy—for friendship's sake.

VII

ON H[AYLE]Y'S FRIENDSHIP

WHEN H——y finds out what you cannot do,
That is the very thing he'll set you to;
If you break not your neck, 'tis not his fault;
But pecks of poison are not pecks of salt.

VIII

ON H[AYLEY] THE PICKTHANK

I WRITE the rascal thanks, till he and I
With thanks and compliments are quite drawn dry.

IX

MY title as a genius thus is prov'd:
Not prais'd by Hayley, nor by Flaxman lov'd.

X

CROMEK SPEAKS

I ALWAYS take my judgement from a fool
Because his judgement is so very cool;
Not prejudiced by feelings great or small,
Amiable state! he cannot feel at all.

XI

ON S[OTHARD]

YOU say reserve and modesty he has,
Whose heart is iron, his head wood, and his face brass.
The fox, the owl, the beetle, and the bat
By sweet reserve and modesty get fat.

XII

MR. CROMEK TO MR. STOTHARD

FORTUNE favours the brave, old proverbs say;
But not with money; that is not the way.
Turn back! turn back! you travel all in vain;
Turn through the iron gate down Sneaking Lane.

XIII

[ON CROMEK]

CR—— loves artists as he loves his meat:
He loves the Art; but 'tis the art to cheat.

XIV

[ON CROMEK]

A PETTY sneaking knave I knew—
O! Mr. Cr——, how do ye do?

XV

[ON FUSELI]

THE only man that e'er I knew
Who did not make me almost spew
Was Fuseli: he was both Turk and Jew—
And so, dear Christian friends, how do you do?

MISCELLANEOUS EPIGRAMS

I

HIS whole life is an epigram smart, smooth and neatly penn'd,
Plaited quite neat to catch applause, with a hang-noose at the end.

II

HE has observ'd the golden rule,
Till he 's become the golden fool.

III

He 's a blockhead who wants a proof of what he can't perceive;
And he 's a fool who tries to make such a blockhead believe.

IV

An Epitaph

Here lies John Trot, the friend of all mankind:
He has not left one enemy behind.
Friends were quite hard to find, old authors say;
But now they stand in everybody's way.

V

When France got free, Europe, 'twixt fools and knaves,
Were savage first to France, and after—slaves.

VI

Imitation of Pope: a Compliment to the Ladies

Wondrous the gods, more wondrous are the men,
More wondrous, wondrous still, the cock and hen,
More wondrous still the table, stool, and chair;
But ah! more wondrous still the charming fair.

VII

To Chloe's breast young Cupid slyly stole,
But he crept in at Myra's pocket-hole.

THE
BOOK OF THEL

Thel's Motto

Does the Eagle know what is in the pit
Or wilt thou go ask the Mole?
Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod,
Or Love in a golden bowl?

1

The daughters of [the] Seraphim led round their sunny flocks—
All but the youngest: she in paleness sought the secret air,
To fade away like morning beauty from her mortal day:
Down by the river of Adona her soft voice is heard,
And thus her gentle lamentation falls like morning dew:—

'O life of this our spring! why fades the lotus of the water?
Why fade these children of the spring, born but to smile and fall?
Ah! Thel is like a wat'ry bow, and like a parting cloud;
Like a reflection in a glass; like shadows in the water;
Like dreams of infants, like a smile upon an infant's face;
Like the dove's voice; like transient day; like music in the air.

Ah! gentle may I lay me down, and gentle rest my
head,
And gentle sleep the sleep of death, and gentle hear
the voice
Of Him that walketh in the garden in the evening time.'

The Lily of the Valley, breathing in the humble grass,
Answerèd the lovely maid and said: 'I am a wat'ry
weed,
And I am very small, and love to dwell in lowly vales;
So weak, the gilded butterfly scarce perches on my
head.
Yet I am visited from heaven, and He that smiles on all
Walks in the valley, and each morn over me spreads
His hand,
Saying, "Rejoice, thou humble grass, thou new-born
lily-flower,
Thou gentle maid of silent valleys and of modest
brooks;
For thou shalt be clothèd in light, and fed with morn-
ing manna,
Till summer's heat melts thee beside the fountains and
the springs,
To flourish in eternal vales." Then why should Thel
complain?
Why should the mistress of the vales of Har utter a
sigh?'

She ceas'd, and smil'd in tears, then sat down in her
silver shrine.

Thel answer'd: 'O thou little Virgin of the peaceful
valley,
Giving to those that cannot crave, the voiceless, the
o'ertired;

Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb, he smells
thy milky garments,
He crops thy flowers while thou sittest smiling in his
face,
Wiping his mild and meekin mouth from all con-
tagious taints.
Thy wine doth purify the golden honey; thy perfume,
Which thou dost scatter on every little blade of grass
that springs,
Revives the milkèd cow, and tames the fire-breathing
steed.
But Thel is like a faint cloud kindled at the rising sun:
I vanish from my pearly throne, and who shall find
my place?'

'Queen of the vales,' the Lily answer'd, 'ask the
tender Cloud,
And it shall tell thee why it glitters in the morning sky,
And why it scatters its bright beauty thro' the humid
air.
Descend, O little Cloud, and hover before the eyes of
Thel.'

The Cloud descended, and the Lily bowèd her modest
head,
And went to mind her numerous charge among the
verdant grass.

II

'O little Cloud,' the Virgin said, 'I charge thee tell
to me
Why thou complainest not, when in one hour thou
fade away:
Then we shall seek thee, but not find. Ah! Thel is
like to thee:

I pass away: yet I complain, and no one hears my voice.'
The Cloud then show'd his golden head and his bright form emerg'd,
Hovering and glittering on the air before the face of Thel.

'O Virgin, know'st thou not our steeds drink of the golden springs
Where Luvah doth renew his horses? Look'st thou on my youth,
And fearest thou, because I vanish and am seen no more,
Nothing remains? O Maid, I tell thee, when I pass away,
It is to tenfold life, to love, to peace, and raptures holy:
Unseen descending, weigh my light wings upon balmy flowers,
And court the fair-eyed dew, to take me to her shining tent:
The weeping virgin, trembling, kneels before the risen sun,
Till we arise link'd in a golden band and never part,
But walk united, bearing food to all our tender flowers.'

'Dost thou, O little Cloud? I fear that I am not like thee,
For I walk thro' the vales of Har, and smell the sweetest flowers,
But I feed not the little flowers; I hear the warbling birds,
But I feed not the warbling birds; they fly and seek their food:
But Thel delights in these no more, because I fade away;

And all shall say, "Without a use this shining woman liv'd,
Or did she only live to be at death the food of worms?"'

The Cloud reclin'd upon his airy throne, and answer'd thus:—

'Then if thou art the food of worms, O Virgin of the skies,
How great thy use, how great thy blessing! Everything that lives
Lives not alone nor for itself. Fear not, and I will call
The weak Worm from its lowly bed, and thou shalt hear its voice.
Come forth, Worm of the silent valley, to thy pensive Queen.'

The helpless Worm arose, and sat upon the Lily's leaf,
And the bright Cloud sail'd on, to find his partner in the vale.

III

Then Thel astonish'd view'd the Worm upon its dewy bed.

'Art thou a Worm? Image of weakness, art thou but a Worm?
I see thee like an infant wrappèd in the Lily's leaf.
Ah! weep not, little voice, thou canst not speak, but thou canst weep.
Is this a Worm? I see thee lay helpless and naked, weeping,
And none to answer, none to cherish thee with mother's smiles.'

The Clod of Clay heard the Worm's voice and rais'd
her pitying head:
She bow'd over the weeping infant, and her life exhal'd
In milky fondness: then on Thel she fix'd her humble
eyes.

'O Beauty of the vales of Har! we live not for our-
selves.
Thou seest me, the meanest thing, and so I am indeed.
My bosom of itself is cold, and of itself is dark;
But He, that loves the lowly, pours His oil upon my
head,
And kisses me, and binds His nuptial bands around
my breast,
And says: "Thou mother of my children, I have
lovèd thee,
And I have given thee a crown that none can take
away."
But how this is, sweet Maid, I know not, and I cannot
know;
I ponder, and I cannot ponder; yet I live and love.'

The Daughter of Beauty wip'd her pitying tears with
her white veil,
And said: 'Alas! I knew not this, and therefore did
I weep.
That God would love a worm I knew, and punish the
evil foot
That wilful bruis'd its helpless form; but that He
cherish'd it
With milk and oil I never knew, and therefore did I
weep;
And I complain'd in the mild air, because I fade away,
And lay me down in thy cold bed, and leave my
shining lot.'

'Queen of the vales,' the matron Clay answer'd, 'I heard thy sighs,
And all thy moans flew o'er my roof, but I have call'd them down.
Wilt thou, O Queen, enter my house? 'Tis given thee to enter
And to return: fear nothing, enter with thy virgin feet.'

IV

The eternal gates' terrific Porter lifted the northern bar:
Thel enter'd in and saw the secrets of the land unknown.
She saw the couches of the dead, and where the fibrous roots
Of every heart on earth infixes deep its restless twists:
A land of sorrows and of tears where never smile was seen.

She wander'd in the land of clouds thro' valleys dark, list'ning
Dolours and lamentations; waiting oft beside a dewy grave
She stood in silence, list'ning to the voices of the ground,
Till to her own grave-plot she came, and there she sat down,
And heard this voice of sorrow breathèd from the hollow pit.

'Why cannot the Ear be closèd to its own destruction?
Or the glist'ning Eye to the poison of a smile?
Why are Eyelids stor'd with arrows ready drawn,

Where a thousand fighting men in ambush lie,
Or an Eye of gifts and graces show'ring fruits and coinèd gold?
Why a Tongue impress'd with honey from every wind?
Why an Ear, a whirlpool fierce to draw creations in?
Why a Nostril wide inhaling terror, trembling, and affright?
Why a tender curb upon the youthful, burning boy?
Why a little curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire?'

The Virgin started from her seat, and with a shriek
Fled back unhinder'd till she came into the vales of Har.

THE END

THE MARRIAGE

OF

HEAVEN AND HELL

THE ARGUMENT

Rintrah roars, and shakes his fires in the burden'd air;
Hungry clouds swag on the deep.

Once meek, and in a perilous path,
The just man kept his course along
The vale of death.
Roses are planted where thorns grow,
And on the barren heath
Sing the honey bees.

Then the perilous path was planted,
And a river and a spring
On every cliff and tomb,
And on the bleachèd bones
Red clay brought forth;

Till the villain left the paths of ease,
To walk in perilous paths, and drive
The just man into barren climes.

Now the sneaking serpent walks
In mild humility,
And the just man rages in the wilds
Where lions roam.

Rintrah roars, and shakes his fires in the burden'd air;
Hungry clouds swag on the deep.

As a new heaven is begun, and it is now thirty-three years since its advent, the Eternal Hell revives. And lo! Swedenborg is the Angel sitting at the tomb: his writings are the linen clothes folded up. Now is the dominion of Edom, and the return of Adam into Paradise. See Isaiah xxxiv and xxxv chap.

Without Contraries is no progression. Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, are necessary to Human existence.

From these contraries spring what the religious call Good and Evil. Good is the passive that obeys Reason. Evil is the active springing from Energy.

Good is Heaven. Evil is Hell.

THE VOICE OF THE DEVIL

All Bibles or sacred codes have been the causes of the following Errors:—

1. That Man has two real existing principles, viz. a Body and a Soul.

2. That Energy, call'd Evil, is alone from the Body; and that Reason, call'd Good, is alone from the Soul.

3. That God will torment Man in Eternity for following his Energies.

But the following Contraries to these are True:—

1. Man has no Body distinct from his Soul; for that call'd Body is a portion of Soul discern'd by the five Senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this age.

2. Energy is the only life, and is from the Body; and Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy.

3. Energy is Eternal Delight.

Those who restrain Desire, do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained; and the restrainer or Reason usurps its place and governs the unwilling.

And being restrained, it by degrees becomes passive, till it is only the shadow of Desire.

The history of this is written in *Paradise Lost*, and the Governor or Reason is call'd Messiah.

And the original Archangel, or possessor of the command of the Heavenly Host, is call'd the Devil or Satan, and his children are call'd Sin and Death.

But in the Book of Job, Milton's Messiah is called Satan.

For this history has been adopted by both parties.

It indeed appear'd to Reason as if Desire was cast out; but the Devil's account is, that the Messiah fell, and formed a Heaven of what he stole from the Abyss.

This is shown in the Gospel, where he prays to the Father to send the Comforter, or Desire, that Reason may have Ideas to build on; the Jehovah of the Bible being no other than he who dwells in flaming fire.

Know that after Christ's death, he became Jehovah.

But in Milton, the Father is Destiny, the Son a Ratio of the five senses, and the Holy-ghost Vacuum!

Note. The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of Angels and God, and at liberty when of Devils and Hell, is because he was a true Poet, and of the Devil's party without knowing it.

A MEMORABLE FANCY

As I was walking among the fires of Hell, delighted with the enjoyments of Genius, which to Angels look like torment and insanity, I collected some of their Proverbs; thinking that as the sayings used in a

nation mark its character, so the Proverbs of Hell show the nature of Infernal wisdom better than any description of buildings or garments.

When I came home, on the abyss of the five senses, where a flat-sided steep frowns over the present world, I saw a mighty Devil, folded in black clouds, hovering on the sides of the rock: with corroding fires he wrote the following sentence now perceived by the minds of men, and read by them on earth:—

How do you know but ev'ry Bird that cuts the airy way,
Is an immense World of Delight, clos'd by your senses five?

PROVERBS OF HELL

In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.

Drive your cart and your plough over the bones of the dead.

The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.

Prudence is a rich, ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.

He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.

The cut worm forgives the plough.

Dip him in the river who loves water.

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.

He whose face gives no light, shall never become a star.

Eternity is in love with the productions of time.

The busy bee has no time for sorrow.

The hours of folly are measur'd by the clock; but of wisdom, no clock can measure.

All wholesome food is caught without a net or a trap.

Bring out number, weight, and measure in a year of dearth.

No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings.

A dead body revenges not injuries.

The most sublime act is to set another before you.

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.

Folly is the cloak of knavery.

Shame is Pride's cloak.

Prisons are built with stones of Law, brothels with bricks of Religion.

The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.

The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.

The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.

The nakedness of woman is the work of God.

Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.

The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword are portions of eternity too great for the eye of man.

The fox condemns the trap, not himself.

Joys impregnate. Sorrows bring forth.

Let man wear the fell of the lion, woman the fleece of the sheep.

The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.

The selfish, smiling fool, and the sullen, frowning fool shall be both thought wise, that they may be a rod.

What is now proved was once only imagin'd.

The rat, the mouse, the fox, the rabbit watch the roots ; the lion, the tiger, the horse, the elephant watch the fruits.

The cistern contains : the fountain overflows.

One thought fills immensity.

Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man will avoid you.

Everything possible to be believ'd is an image of truth.

The eagle never lost so much time as when he submitted to learn of the crow.

The fox provides for himself ; but God provides for the lion.

Think in the morning. Act in the noon. Eat in the evening. Sleep in the night.

He who has suffer'd you to impose on him, knows you.

As the plough follows words, so God rewards prayers.

The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction.

Expect poison from the standing water.

You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough.

Listen to the fool's reproach! it is a kingly title!

The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air, the mouth of water, the beard of earth.

The weak in courage is strong in cunning.

The apple tree never asks the beech how he shall grow; nor the lion, the horse, how he shall take his prey.

The thankful receiver bears a plentiful harvest.

If others had not been foolish, we should be so.

The soul of sweet delight can never be defil'd.

When thou seest an eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius; lift up thy head!

As the caterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs on, so the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys.

To create a little flower is the labour of ages.

Damn braces. Bless relaxes.

The best wine is the oldest, the best water the newest.

Prayers plough not! Praises reap not!

Joys laugh not! Sorrows weep not!

The head Sublime, the heart Pathos, the genitals Beauty, the hands and feet Proportion.

As the air to a bird or the sea to a fish, so is contempt to the contemptible.

The crow wish'd everything was black, the owl that everything was white.

Exuberance is Beauty.

If the lion was advised by the fox, he would be cunning.

Improvement makes straight roads; but the crooked roads without improvement are roads of Genius.

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires.

Where man is not, nature is barren.

Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and not be believ'd.

Enough! or Too much.

The ancient Poets animated all sensible objects with Gods or Geniuses, calling them by the names and adorning them with the properties of woods, rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, nations, and whatever their enlarged and numerous senses could perceive.

And particularly they studied the Genius of each city and country, placing it under its Mental Deity;

Till a System was formed, which some took advantage of, and enslav'd the vulgar by attempting to realize or abstract the Mental Deities from their objects—thus began Priesthood;

Choosing forms of worship from poetic tales.

And at length they pronounc'd that the Gods had order'd such things.

Thus men forgot that All Deities reside in the Human breast.

A MEMORABLE FANCY

The Prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with me, and I asked them how they dared so roundly to assert that God spoke to them; and whether they did not think at the time that they would be misunderstood, and so be the cause of imposition.

Isaiah answer'd: 'I saw no God, nor heard any, in a finite organical perception; but my senses discover'd the infinite in everything, and as I was then

persuaded, and remain confirm'd, that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God, I cared not for consequences, but wrote.'

Then I asked: 'Does a firm persuasion that a thing is so, make it so?'

He replied: 'All Poets believe that it does, and in ages of imagination this firm persuasion removed mountains; but many are not capable of a firm persuasion of anything.'

Then Ezekiel said: 'The philosophy of the East taught the first principles of human perception. Some nations held one principle for the origin, and some another: we of Israel taught that the Poetic Genius (as you now call it) was the first principle and all the others merely derivative, which was the cause of our despising the Priests and Philosophers of other countries, and prophesying that all Gods would at last be proved to originate in ours and to be the tributaries of the Poetic Genius. It was this that our great poet, King David, desired so fervently and invokes so pathetically, saying by this he conquers enemies and governs kingdoms; and we so loved our God, that we cursed in his name all the Deities of surrounding nations, and asserted that they had rebelled. From these opinions the vulgar came to think that all nations would at last be subject to the Jews.'

'This,' said he, 'like all firm persuasions, is come to pass; for all nations believe the Jews' code and worship the Jews' god, and what greater subjection can be?'

I heard this with some wonder, and must confess my own conviction. After dinner I ask'd Isaiah to favour the world with his lost works; he said none of equal value was lost. Ezekiel said the same of his.

I also asked Isaiah what made him go naked and barefoot three years. He answer'd: 'The same that made our friend Diogenes, the Grecian.'

I then asked Ezekiel why he ate dung, and lay so long on his right and left side. He answer'd, 'The desire of raising other men into a perception of the infinite: this the North American tribes practise, and is he honest who resists his genius or conscience only for the sake of present ease or gratification?'

The ancient tradition that the world will be consumed in fire at the end of six thousand years is true, as I have heard from Hell.

For the cherub with his flaming sword is hereby commanded to leave his guard at the tree of life; and when he does, the whole creation will be consumed and appear infinite and holy, whereas it now appears finite and corrupt.

This will come to pass by an improvement of sensual enjoyment.

But first the notion that man has a body distinct from his soul is to be expunged; this I shall do by printing in the infernal method, by corrosives, which in Hell are salutary and medicinal, melting apparent surfaces away, and displaying the infinite which was hid.

If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite.

For man has closed himself up till he sees all things thro' narrow chinks of his cavern.

A MEMORABLE FANCY

I was in a Printing-house in Hell, and saw the method in which knowledge is transmitted from generation to generation.

In the first chamber was a Dragon-Man, clearing away the rubbish from a cave's mouth; within, a number of Dragons were hollowing the cave.

In the second chamber was a Viper folding round the rock and the cave, and others adorning it with gold, silver, and precious stones.

In the third chamber was an Eagle with wings and feathers of air: he caused the inside of the cave to be infinite. Around were numbers of Eagle-like men who built palaces in the immense cliffs.

In the fourth chamber were Lions of flaming fire, raging around and melting the metals into living fluids.

In the fifth chamber were Unnamed forms, which cast the metals into the expanse.

There they were received by Men who occupied the sixth chamber, and took the forms of books and were arranged in libraries.

The Giants who formed this world into its sensual existence, and now seem to live in it in chains, are in truth the causes of its life and the sources of all activity; but the chains are the cunning of weak and tame minds which have power to resist energy. According to the proverb, the weak in courage is strong in cunning.

Thus one portion of being is the Prolific, the other the Devouring. To the Devourer it seems as if the

producer was in his chains; but it is not so, he only takes portions of existence and fancies that the whole.

But the Prolific would cease to be Prolific unless the Devourer, as a sea, received the excess of his delights.

Some will say: 'Is not God alone the Prolific? I answer: 'God only Acts and Is, in existing beings or Men.'

These two classes of men are always upon earth, and they should be enemies: whoever tries to reconcile them seeks to destroy existence.

Religion is an endeavour to reconcile the two.

Note. Jesus Christ did not wish to unite, but to separate them, as in the Parable of sheep and goats! And He says: 'I came not to send Peace, but a Sword.'

Messiah or Satan or Tempter was formerly thought to be one of the Antediluvians who are our Energies.

A MEMORABLE FANCY

An Angel came to me and said: 'O pitiable, foolish young man! O horrible! O dreadful state! Consider the hot, burning dungeon thou art preparing for thyself to all Eternity, to which thou art going in such career.'

I said: 'Perhaps you will be willing to show me my eternal lot, and we will contemplate together upon it, and see whether your lot or mine is most desirable.'

So he took me thro' a stable, and thro' a church, and down into the church vault, at the end of which was a mill. Thro' the mill we went, and came to a cave. Down the winding cavern we groped our tedious way, till a void boundless as a nether sky appear'd beneath us, and we held by the roots of

trees, and hung over this immensity. But I said: 'If you please, we will commit ourselves to this void, and see whether Providence is here also. If you will not, I will.' But he answer'd: 'Do not presume, O young man, but as we here remain, behold thy lot which will soon appear when the darkness passes away.'

So I remain'd with him, sitting in the twisted root of an oak. He was suspended in a fungus, which hung with the head downward into the deep.

By degrees we beheld the infinite Abyss, fiery as the smoke of a burning city; beneath us, at an immense distance, was the sun, black but shining; round it were fiery tracks on which revolv'd vast spiders, crawling after their prey, which flew, or rather swum, in the infinite deep, in the most terrific shapes of animals sprung from corruption; and the air was full of them, and seem'd composed of them—these are Devils, and are called Powers of the Air. I now asked my companion which was my eternal lot? He said: 'Between the black and white spiders.'

But now, from between the black and white spiders, a cloud and fire burst and rolled thro' the deep, blackening all beneath; so that the nether deep grew black as a sea, and rolled with a terrible noise. Beneath us was nothing now to be seen but a black tempest, till looking East between the clouds and the waves we saw a cataract of blood mixed with fire, and not many stones' throw from us appear'd and sunk again the scaly fold of a monstrous serpent. At last, to the East, distant about three degrees, appear'd a fiery crest above the waves. Slowly it reared like a ridge of golden rocks, till we discover'd two globes of crimson fire, from which the sea fled away in

clouds of smoke; and now we saw it was the head of Leviathan. His forehead was divided into streaks of green and purple like those on a tiger's forehead. Soon we saw his mouth and red gills hang just above the raging foam, tinging the black deep with beams of blood, advancing toward us with all the fury of a Spiritual Existence.

My friend the Angel climb'd up from his station into the mill: I remain'd alone, and then this appearance was no more; but I found myself sitting on a pleasant bank beside a river, by moonlight, hearing a harper, who sung to the harp; and his theme was: 'The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind.'

But I arose and sought for the mill, and there I found my Angel, who, surprised, asked me how I escaped.

I answer'd: 'All that we saw was owing to your metaphysics; for when you ran away, I found myself on a bank by moonlight hearing a harper. But now we have seen my eternal lot, shall I show you yours?' He laugh'd at my proposal; but I, by force, suddenly caught him in my arms, and flew westerly thro' the night, till we were elevated above the earth's shadow; then I flung myself with him directly into the body of the sun. Here I clothed myself in white, and taking in my hand Swedenborg's volumes, sunk from the glorious clime, and passed all the planets till we came to Saturn. Here I stay'd to rest, and then leap'd into the void between Saturn and the fixed stars.

'Here,' said I, 'is your lot, in this space—if space it

may be call'd.' Soon we saw the stable and the church, and I took him to the altar and open'd the Bible, and lo! it was a deep pit, into which I descended, driving the Angel before me. Soon we saw seven houses of brick. One we enter'd; in it were a number of monkeys, baboons, and all of that species, chain'd by the middle, grinning and snatching at one another, but withheld by the shortness of their chains. However, I saw that they sometimes grew numerous, and then the weak were caught by the strong, and with a grinning aspect, first coupled with, and then devour'd, by plucking off first one limb and then another, till the body was left a helpless trunk. This, after grinning and kissing it with seeming fondness, they devour'd too; and here and there I saw one savourily picking the flesh off of his own tail. As the stench terribly annoy'd us both, we went into the mill, and I in my hand brought the skeleton of a body, which in the mill was Aristotle's Analytics.

So the Angel said: 'Thy phantasy has imposed upon me, and thou oughtest to be ashamed.'

I answer'd: 'We impose on one another, and it is but lost time to converse with you whose works are only Analytics.'

I have always found that Angels have the vanity to speak of themselves as the Only Wise. This they do with a confident insolence sprouting from systematic reasoning.

Thus Swedenborg boasts that what he writes is new; tho' it is only the Contents or Index of already publish'd books.

A man carried a monkey about for a show, and

because he was a little wiser than the monkey, grew vain, and conceiv'd himself as much wiser than seven men. It is so with Swedenborg: he shows the folly of churches, and exposes hypocrites, till he imagines that all are religious, and himself the single one on earth that ever broke a net.

Now hear a plain fact: Swedenborg has not written one new truth. Now hear another: he has written all the old falsehoods.

And now hear the reason. He conversed with Angels who are all religious, and conversed not with Devils who all hate religion, for he was incapable thro' his conceited notions.

Thus Swedenborg's writings are a recapitulation of all superficial opinions, and an analysis of the more sublime—but no further.

Have now another plain fact. Any man of mechanical talents may, from the writings of Paracelsus or Jacob Behmen, produce ten thousand volumes of equal value with Swedenborg's, and from those of Dante or Shakespeare an infinite number.

But when he has done this, let him not say that he knows better than his master, for he only holds a candle in sunshine.

A MEMORABLE FANCY

Once I saw a Devil in a flame of fire, who arose before an Angel that sat on a cloud, and the Devil utter'd these words:—

'The worship of God is: Honouring his gifts in other men, each according to his genius, and loving the greatest men best: those who envy or calumniate great men hate God; for there is no other God.'

The Angel hearing this became almost blue; but mastering himself he grew yellow, and at last white, pink, and smiling, and then replied:—

'Thou Idolater! is not God One? and is not he visible in Jesus Christ? and has not Jesus Christ given his sanction to the law of ten commandments? and are not all other men fools, sinners, and nothings?'

The Devil answer'd: 'Bray a fool in a mortar with wheat, yet shall not his folly be beaten out of him. If Jesus Christ is the greatest man, you ought to love Him in the greatest degree. Now hear how He has given His sanction to the law of ten commandments. Did He not mock at the sabbath, and so mock the sabbath's God; murder those who were murder'd because of Him; turn away the law from the woman taken in adultery; steal the labour of others to support Him; bear false witness when He omitted making a defence before Pilate; covet when He pray'd for His disciples, and when He bid them shake off the dust of their feet against such as refused to lodge them? I tell you, no virtue can exist without breaking these ten commandments. Jesus was all virtue, and acted from impulse, not from rules.'

When he had so spoken, I beheld the Angel, who stretched out his arms, embracing the flame of fire, and he was consumed, and arose as Elijah.

Note.—This Angel, who is now become a Devil, is my particular friend. We often read the Bible together in its infernal or diabolical sense, which the world shall have if they behave well.

I have also The Bible of Hell, which the world shall have whether they will or no.

One Law for the Lion and Ox is Oppression.

From

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

For the Commons convene in the Hall of the Nation.
France shakes! And the heavens of France
Perplex'd vibrate round each careful countenance!
Darkness of old times around them
Utters loud despair, shadowing Paris; her grey
towers groan, and the Bastille trembles.
In its terrible towers the Governor stood, in dark fogs
list'ning the horror;
A thousand his soldiers, old veterans of France,
breathing red clouds of power and dominion.
Sudden seiz'd with howlings, despair, and black night,
he stalk'd like a lion from tower
To tower; his howlings were heard in the Louvre;
from court to court restless he dragg'd
His strong limbs; from court to court curs'd the
fierce torment unquell'd,
Howling and giving the dark command; in his soul
stood the purple plague,
Tugging his iron manacles, and piercing thro' the
seven towers dark and sickly,
Panting over the prisoners like a wolf gorg'd. And the
den nam'd Horror held a man
Chain'd hand and foot; round his neck an iron band,
bound to the impregnable wall;
In his soul was the serpent coil'd round in his heart,
hid from the light, as in a cleft rock:
And the man was confin'd for a writing prophetic.
In the tower nam'd Darkness was a man

Pinion'd down to the stone floor, his strong bones
scarce cover'd with sinews; the iron rings
Were forg'd smaller as the flesh decay'd: a mask of
iron on his face hid the lineaments
Of ancient Kings, and the frown of the eternal lion
was hid from the oppressèd earth.
In the tower namèd Bloody, a skeleton yellow re-
mainèd in its chains on its couch
Of stone, once a man who refus'd to sign papers of
abhorrence; the eternal worm
Crept in the skeleton. In the den nam'd Religion,
a loathsome sick woman bound down
To a bed of straw; the seven diseases of earth, like
birds of prey, stood on the couch
And fed on the body: she refus'd to be whore to the
Minister, and with a knife smote him.
In the tower nam'd Order, an old man, whose white
beard cover'd the stone floor like weeds
On margin of the sea, shrivell'd up by heat of day
and cold of night; his den was short
And narrow as a grave dug for a child, with spiders'
webs wove, and with slime
Of ancient horrors cover'd, for snakes and scorpions
are his companions; harmless they breathe
His sorrowful breath: he, by conscience urg'd, in the
city of Paris rais'd a pulpit,
And taught wonders to darken'd souls. In the den
nam'd Destiny a strong man sat,
His feet and hands cut off, and his eyes blinded;
round his middle a chain and a band
Fasten'd into the wall; fancy gave him to see an
image of despair in his den,
Eternally rushing round, like a man on his hands and
knees, day and night without rest:

He was friend to the favourite. In the seventh tower,
nam'd the tower of God, was a man
Mad, with chains loose, which he dragg'd up and
down; fed with hopes year by year, he pinèd
For liberty.—Vain hopes! his reason decay'd, and
the world of attraction in his bosom
Centred, and the rushing of chaos overwhelm'd his
dark soul: he was confin'd
For a letter of advice to a King, and his ravings in
winds are heard over Versailles.

But the dens shook and trembled: the prisoners look
up and assay to shout; they listen,
Then laugh in the dismal den, then are silent; and
a light walks round the dark towers.
For the Commons convene in the Hall of the Nation;
like spirits of fire in the beautiful
Porches of the Sun, to plant beauty in the desert
craving abyss, they gleam
On the anxious city: all children new-born first be-
hold them, tears are fled,
And they nestle in earth-breathing bosoms. So the
city of Paris, their wives and children,
Look up to the morning Senate, and visions of sorrow
leave pensive streets.

From

THE VISIONS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF ALBION

'Does the sun walk in glorious raiment on the secret floor
Where the cold miser spreads his gold; or does the bright cloud drop
On his stone threshold? does his eye behold the beam that brings
Expansion to the eye of pity; or will he bind himself
Beside the ox to thy hard furrow? does not that mild beam blot
The bat, the owl, the glowing tiger, and the king of night?
The sea fowl takes the wintry blast for a cov'ring to her limbs,
And the wild snake the pestilence, to adorn him with gems and gold;
And trees, and birds, and beasts, and men behold their eternal joy.
Arise, you little glancing wings, and sing your infant joy!
Arise, and drink your bliss, for every thing that lives is holy!'

Thus every morning wails Oothoon, but Theotormon sits
Upon the margin'd ocean, conversing with shadows dire.

The daughters of Albion hear her woes, and echo back her sighs.

From

THE FOUR ZOAS

WHY WILT THOU EXAMINE EVERY LITTLE FIBRE OF MY SOUL

Why wilt thou examine every little fibre of my soul,
Spreading them out before the sun like stalks of flax to dry.
The infant joy is beautiful, but its anatomy
Horrible, ghast, and deadly: nought shalt thou find in it
But death, despair, and everlasting brooding melancholy.

THE LAMENTATION OF ENION

Why does the raven cry aloud and no eye pities her?
Why fall the sparrow and the robin in the foodless winter?
Faint, shivering, they sit on leafless bush or frozen stone,
Wearied with seeking food across the snowy waste, the little
Heart cold, and the little tongue consumed that once in thoughtless joy
Gave songs of gratitude to waving corn-fields round their nest.
Why howl the lion and the wolf? why do they roam abroad?
Deluded by summer's heat they sport in enormous love,
And cast their young out to the hungry wilds and sandy deserts.

Why is the sheep given to the knife? The lamb plays
in the sun.
He starts; he hears the foot of man; he says 'Take
thou my wool
But spare my life': but he knows not that winter
cometh fast.

The spider sits in his labour'd web, eager, watching
for the fly:
Presently comes a famished bird, and takes away the
spider.
His web is left all desolate that his little anxious heart
So careful wove, and spread it out with sighs and
weariness.

This was the lamentation of Enion round the golden
feast.
Eternity groaned and was troubled at the image of
eternal death
Without the body of man, an exudation from his
sickening limbs.

THE BUILDING OF THE MUNDANE SHELL

The bands of heaven flew thro' the air, singing and
shouting, to Urizen.
Some fix'd the anvil, some the loom erected, some the
plough
And harrow form'd, and fram'd the harness of silver
and ivory,
The golden compasses, the quadrant, and the rule,
and balance.
They erected the furnaces; they form'd the anvils of
gold, beaten in mills,
Where winter beats incessant, fixing them firm on
their base.

The bellows began to blow: and the lions of Urizen stood round the anvil,
And the leopards, cover'd with skins of beasts, tended the roaring fires;
Sublime, distinct their lineaments divine of human beauty.
The tigers of wrath called the horses of instruction from their mangers.
They unloos'd them, and put on the harness of gold and silver and ivory.

. . . . . .

Then seiz'd the lions of Urizen their work; and heated in the forge,
Roar the bright masses. Thund'ring beat the hammers. Many a pyramid
Is form'd, and thrown down, thund'ring into the deeps of Non Entity.
Heated red hot, they hizzing rend their way down many a league,
Till resting, each his [basement] finds. Suspended there they stand,
Casting their sparkles dire abroad into the dismal deep.
For measur'd out in order'd spaces, the sons of Urizen
With compasses divide the deep: they the strong scales erect
That Luvah rent from the faint heart of the fallen man,
And weigh the massy cubes; then fix them in their awful stations.

And all the time in caverns shut, the golden looms, erected,
First spun, then wove the Atmospheres: there the spider and worm

Plied the wing'd shuttle, piping shrill thro' all the list'ning threads.
Beneath the caverns roll the weights of lead and spindles of iron:
The enormous warp and woof rage direful in the affrighted deep.

While far into the vast unknown, the strong wing'd eagles bend
Their venturous flight in human forms distinct; thro' darkness deep
They bear the woven draperies; on golden hooks they hang abroad
The universal curtains, and spread out from sun to sun
The vehicles of light: they separate the furious particles
Into mild currents, as the water mingles with the wine.

While thus the spirits of strongest wing enlighten the dark deep,
The threads are spun, and the cords twisted and drawn out. Then the weak
Begin their work: and many a net is netted, many a net
Spread, and many a spirit caught: innumerable the nets,
Innumerable the gins and traps: and many a soothing flute
Is form'd, and many a corded lyre. Outspread over the immense
In cruel delight they trap the listeners and in cruel delight
Bind them, condensing the strong energies into little compass.

Some became seed of every plant that shall be planted; some
The bulbous roots thrown up together into barns and garners.

Then rose the builders. First the architect divine his plan
Unfolds. The wondrous scaffold rear'd all round the infinite,
Quadrangular the building rose: the heavens squared by a line.
Trigons and cubes divide the elements in finite bonds.
Multitudes without number work incessant. The hewn stone
Is plac'd in beds of mortar mingled with the ashes of Vala:
Severe the labour: female slaves the mortar trod, oppressed.

. . . . . .

But infinitely beautiful, the wondrous work arose
In sorrow and care; a golden world, whose porches round the heavens,
And pillar'd halls and rooms, receiv'd the eternal wandering stars,
A wondrous golden building. Many a window, many a door,
And many a division let in and out into the vast unknown.
Circled in infinite orb immovable, within its walls and ceilings
The heavens were clos'd, and spirits mourn'd their bondage night and day.
And the divine vision appear'd in Luvah's robes of blood.

Thus was the mundane shell builded by Urizen's strong power.
Sorrowing went the planters forth to plant, the sower to sow.
They dug the channels for the rivers, and they pour'd abroad
The seas and lakes: they rear'd the mountains and the rocks and hills
On broad pavilions, on pillar'd roofs, and porches, and high towers,
In beauteous order: thence arose soft clouds and exhalations,
Wandering even to the sunny cubes of light and heat;
For many a window, ornamented with sweet ornaments,
Look'd out into the world of Tharmas, where in ceaseless torrents
His billows roll, where monsters wander in the foamy paths.

On clouds, the sons of Urizen beheld heaven wallèd round.
They weigh'd and order'd all; and Urizen, comforted, saw
The wondrous work flow forth like visible out of the invisible.
For the divine lamb, even Jesus, who is the divine vision,
Permitted all lest man should fall into eternal death.
For when Luvah sunk down, himself put on the robes of blood,
Lest the State call'd Luvah should cease: and the divine vision
Walked in robes of blood, till he who slept should awake.

Thus were the stars of heaven created like a golden chain,
To bind the body of man to heaven from falling into the abyss.
Each took his station, and his course began with sorrow and care.

THE SONG OF ENITHARMON

She sang o'er Los, reviving him to life. His groans were terrible;
But thus she sang: 'I seize the sphery harp; strike the strings!'

At the first sound the golden sun arises from the deep,
And shakes his awful hair;
The echo wakes the moon to unbind her silver locks.
The golden sun bears on my song,
And nine bright spheres of harmony rise round the fiery king.

'The joy of woman is the death of her most best beloved
Who dies for love of her
In torments of fierce jealousy and pangs of adoration:
The lovers' night bears on my song,
And the nine spheres rejoice beneath my powerful control.

'They sing unceasing to the notes of my immortal hand.
The solemn silent moon
Reverberates the living harmony upon my limbs;
The birds and beasts rejoice and play,
And every one seeks for his mate to prove his inmost joy.

'Furious and terrible they sport and rend the nether deep;
The deep lifts up his rugged head,
And, lost in infinite humming wings, vanishes with a cry.
The fading cry is ever dying;
The living voice is ever living in its inmost joy.

'Arise, you little glancing wings and sing your infant joy!
Arise and drink your bliss!
For every thing that lives is holy; for the source of life
Descends to be a weeping babe;
For the earthworm renews the moisture of the sandy plain.

'Now my left hand I stretch to earth beneath,
And strike the terrible string.
I wake sweet joy in dens of sorrow, and I plant a smile
In forests of affliction,
And wake the bubbling springs of life in regions of dark death.

'O, I am weary! lay thine hand upon me or I faint.
I faint beneath these beams of thine;
For thou hast touchèd my five senses, and they answer'd thee.
Now I am nothing, and I sink,
And on the bed of silence sleep, till thou awakest me!'

THE LAMENT OF ENION

I AM made to sow the thistle for wheat, the nettle for a nourishing dainty:
I have planted a false oath in the earth; it has brought forth a poison tree:

I have chosen the serpent for a counsellor, and the dog
For a schoolmaster to my children:
I have blotted out from light and living the dove and nightingale;
And I have causèd the earth worm to beg from door to door:
I have taught the thief a secret path into the house of the just:
I have taught pale artifice to spread his nets upon the morning.
My heavens are brass, my earth is iron, my moon a clod of clay,
My sun a pestilence burning at noon, and a vapour of death in night.

What is the price of experience? do men buy it for a song,
Or wisdom for a dance in the street? No! it is bought with the price
Of all that a man hath—his house, his wife, his children.
Wisdom is sold in the desolate market where none come to buy,
And in the wither'd field where the farmer ploughs for bread in vain.

It is an easy thing to triumph in the summer's sun,
And in the vintage, and to sing on the wagon loaded with corn.
It is an easy thing to talk of patience to the afflicted,
To speak the laws of prudence to the houseless wanderer,
To listen to the hungry raven's cry in wintry season,
When the red blood is fill'd with wine, and with the marrow of lambs:

It is an easy thing to laugh at wrathful elements;
To hear the dog howl at the wintry door, the ox in the slaughter house moan;
To see a god on every wind, and a blessing on every blast;
To hear sounds of love in the thunder storm, that destroys our enemies' house,
To rejoice in the blight that covers his field, and the sickness that cuts off his children,
While our olive and vine sing and laugh round our door, and our children bring fruits and flowers.

Then the groan and the dolour are quite forgotten, and the slave grinding at the mill,
And the captive in chains, and the poor in the prison, and the soldier in the field,
When the shatter'd bone hath laid him groaning among the happier dead:
It is an easy thing to rejoice in the tents of prosperity—
Thus could I sing, and thus rejoice; but it is not so with me.

THE BIRTH OF ORC

He stood trembling, and Enitharmon clung around his knees:
Their senses unexpansive in one steadfast bulk remain.
The night blew cold, and Enitharmon shriek'd on the dismal wind:
Her pale hands cling around her husband, and over her weak head
Shadows of eternal death sit in the leaden air.
But the soft pipe, the flute, the viol, organ, harp, and cymbal,

And the sweet sound of silver voices calm the weary couch
Of Enitharmon: but her groans drown the immortal harps.
Loud and more loud the living music floats upon the air;
Faint and more faint the daylight wanes, the wheels of turning darkness
Began in solemn revolutions. Earth, convuls'd with rending pangs,
Rock'd to and fro, and cried sore at the groans of Enitharmon.
Still the faint harps and silver voices calm the weary couch;
But from the caves of deepest night, ascending in clouds of mist,
The winter spread his wide black wings across from pole to pole;
Grim frost beneath and terrible snow, link'd in a marriage chain,
Began a dismal dance. The winds around on pointed rocks
Settled like bats innumerable, ready to fly abroad.
The groans of Enitharmon shake the skies, the lab'ring earth;
Till from her heart rending his way, a terrible child sprang forth
In thunder, smoke and sullen flames, and howlings and fury and blood.

THE TERRORS OF THE ABYSS

For Urizen beheld the terrors of the abyss, wandering among
The ruin'd spirits, once his children and the children of Luvah,
Scar'd at the sound of their iron sigh that seems to shake the immense.
They wander moping; in their heart a sun, a dreary moon;
A universe of fiery constellations in their brain;
An earth of wintry woe beneath their feet, and round their loins
Waters or winds or clouds or brooding lightnings and pestilential plagues.
Beyond the bounds of their own self their senses cannot penetrate.
As the tree knows not what is outside of its leaves and bark,
And yet it drinks the summer joy, and fears the winter sorrow;
So in the regions of the grave none knows his dark compeer,
Tho' he partakes of his dire woes and mutual returns the pang,
The throb, the dolour, the convulsion, in soul-sickening woes.
The horrid shapes and sights of torment in burning dungeons and in
Fetters of red-hot iron, some with crowns of serpents, and some
With monsters girding round their bosoms, some lying on beds of sulphur

On racks and wheels, he beheld: women marching
o'er burning wastes
Of sand, in bands of hundreds and of fifties and of
thousands, strucken with
Lightnings which blazed after them upon their
shoulders in their march,
In successive volleys with loud thunders. Swift flew
the King of Light
Over the burning deserts. Then, the deserts pass'd,
involv'd in clouds
Of smoke, with myriads moping in the stifling vapours,
swift
Flew the king, tho' flagg'd his powers; labouring, till
over rocks
And mountains, faint, weary, he wander'd where
multitudes were shut
Up in the solid mountains, and in rocks which heaved
with their torments.
Then came he among fiery cities and castles built of
burning steel.
Then he beheld the forms of tigers and of lions, dis-
humaniz'd men.
Many in serpents and in worms stretch'd out, enor-
mous length,
Over the sullen mould: and slimy tracks obstruct his way,
Drawn out from deep to deep, woven by ribb'd
And scal'd monsters, or arm'd in iron shell, or shell
of brass,
Or gold, a glittering torment shining and hissing in
eternal pain—
Some, columns of fire or of water, sometimes stretch'd
out in height
Sometimes in length, sometimes englobing, wander-
ing, in vain seeking for ease.

His voice to them was but an inarticulate thunder, for
their ears
Were heavy and dull and their eyes and nostrils
closèd up.
Oft he stood by a howling victim, questioning in
words
Soothing or furious: no one answer'd; every one
wrapp'd up
In his own sorrow howl'd, regardless of his words;
nor voice
Of sweet response could he obtain, tho' oft assay'd
with tears.
He knew they were his children, ruin'd in his ruin'd
world.
Oft would he stand and question a fierce scorpion,
glowing with gold.
In vain; the terror heard not. Then a lion he would
seize
By the fierce mane, staying his howling course. In
vain the voice
Of Urizen, in vain the eloquent tongue. A rock, a
cloud, a mountain
Were not now vocal as in climes of happy eternity,
Where the lamb replies to the infant voice, and the
lion to the man of years,
Giving them sweet instructions; where the cloud,
the river, and the field
Talk with the husbandman and shepherd. But these
attack'd him sore.

THE CAVERNS OF THE GRAVE

THE Lamb of God has rent the veil of mystery, soon to return
In clouds and fires around the rock and the mysterious tree.
As the seed waits, eagerly watching for its flower and fruit,
Anxious its little soul looks out into the clear expanse,
To see if hungry winds are abroad with their invisible array:
So man looks out in tree and herb, and fish, and bird, and beast,
Collecting up the scatter'd portions of his immortal body
Into the elemental forms of every thing that grows.
He tries the sullen north wind, riding on its angry furrows,
The sultry south when the sun rises, and the angry east
When the sun sets, when the clods harden, and the cattle stand
Drooping, and the birds hide in their silent nests. He stores his thoughts,
As in a storehouse, in his memory; he regulates the forms
Of all beneath and all above, and in the gentle west
Reposes, where the sun's heat dwells. He rises to the sun,
And to the planets of the night, and to the stars that gild
The zodiac, and the stars that sullen stand to north and south.
He touches the remotest pole; and in the centre weeps,
That man should labour, and sorrow, and learn, and forget, and return

To the dark valley whence he came, to begin his labours anew.
In pain he sighs, in pain he labours in his universe,
Sorrowing in birds over the deep, and howling in the wolf
Over the slain, and moaning in the cattle and in the winds,
And weeping over Orc and Urizen in clouds and flaming fires.
And in the cries of birth and in the groans of death his voice
Is heard throughout the universe. Wherever a grass grows,
Or a leaf buds, the eternal man is seen, is heard, is felt,
And all his sorrows, till he reassumes his ancient bliss.

THE PLOUGHING OF URIZEN

Then seiz'd the sons of Urizen the plough: they polish'd it
From rust of ages: all its ornament of gold and silver and ivory
Reshone across the field immense, where all the nations
Darken'd like mould in the divided fallows, where the weed
Triumphs in its own destruction. They took down the harness
From the blue walls of heaven, starry, jingling, ornamented
With beautiful art, the study of angels, the workmanship of demons,
When heaven and hell in emulation strove in sports of glory.

The noise of rural work resounded thro' the heavens of heavens:
The horses neigh from the battle, the wild bulls from the sultry waste,
The tigers from the forests, and the lions from the sandy deserts.
They sing; they seize the instruments of harmony; they throw away
The spear, the bow, the gun, the mortar; they level the fortifications;
They beat the iron engines of destruction into wedges;
They give them to Urthona's sons: ringing, the hammers sound
In dens of death, to forge the spade, the mattock, and the axe,
The heavy roller to break the clods, to pass over the nations.

The sons of Urizen shout. Their father rose. The eternal horses
Harness'd, they call'd to Urizen: the heavens movèd at their call.
The limbs of Urizen shone with ardour. He laid his hand on the plough,
Thro' dismal darkness drave the plough of ages over cities
And all their villages, over mountain and all their valleys,
Over the graves and caverns of the dead, over the planets
And over the void spaces, over sun and moon and star and constellation.

Then Urizen commanded, and they brought the seed of men.
The trembling souls of all the dead stood before Urizen,

Weak, wailing in the troubled air. East, west, and
north, and south
He turn'd the horses loose, and laid his plough in the
northern corner
Of the wide universal field, then stepp'd forth into the
immense.

Then he began to sow the seed. He girded round his
loins
With a bright girdle, and his skirt fill'd with immortal
souls.
Howling and wailing fly the souls from Urizen's
strong hand.

For from the hand of Urizen the myriads fall like stars
Into their own appointed places, driven back by the
winds.
The naked warriors rush together down to the sea
shores.
They are become like wintry flocks, like forests stripp'd
of leaves.
The kings and princes of the earth cry with a feeble
cry,
Driven on the unproducing sands and on the harden'd
rocks.
And all the while the flames of Orc follow the ven-
t'rous feet
Of Urizen; and all the while the trump of Tharmas
sounds.

Weeping and wailing fly the souls from Urizen's
strong hands.
The daughters of Urizen stand with cups and mea-
sures of foaming wine
Immense upon the heavens, with bread and delicate
repasts.

Then follows the golden harrow in the midst of mental fires,
To ravishing melody of flutes and harps and softest voice.
The seed is harrow'd in, while flames heat the black mould and cause
The human harvest to begin. Towards the south first sprang
The myriads, and in silent fear they look out from their graves.

Then Urizen sits down to rest; and all his wearied sons
Take their repose on beds; they drink, they sing, they view the flames
Of Orc; in joy they view the human harvest springing up.
A time they give to sweet repose till all the harvest is ripe.

THE SONG OF VALA

She rises among flowers and looks toward the eastern clearness;
She walks, yea runs—her feet are wing'd—on the tops of the bending grass.
Her garments rejoice in the vocal wind, and her hair glistens with dew.

She answer'd thus: 'Whose voice is this in the voice of the nourishing air,
In the spirit of the morning, awaking the soul from its grassy bed?
Where dost thou dwell? for it is thee I seek, and but for thee

I must have slept eternally, nor have felt the dew of thy morning.
Look how the opening dawn advances with vocal harmony!
Look how the beams foreshow the rising of some glorious power!
The sun is thine; he goeth forth in his majestic brightness.
O thou creating voice that callest! and who shall answer thee?

'Where dost thou flee, O fair one! where dost thou seek thy happy place?
To yonder brightness? there I haste, for sure I came from thence;
Or I must have slept eternally, nor have felt the dew of morning.'

'Eternally thou must have slept, nor have felt the morning dew,
But for yon nourishing sun: 'tis that by which thou art arisen.
The birds adore the sun; the beasts rise up and play in his beams;
And every flower and every leaf rejoices in his light.
Then, O thou fair one, sit thee down, for thou art as the grass;
Thou risest in the dew of morning, and at night art folded up.'

'Alas! am I but as a flower? then will I sit me down;
Then will I weep, then I'll complain and sigh for immortality,
And chide my maker, thee, O sun, that raisedst me to fall.'

So saying she sat down and wept beneath the apple trees.

'O! be thou blotted out, thou sun, that raisedst me to trouble,
That gavest me a heart to crave and raisedst me, thy phantom,
To feel thy heat and see thy light, and wander here alone,
Hopeless, if I am like the grass, and so shall pass away.'

'Rise sluggish soul! why sitt'st thou here? why dost thou sit and weep?
Yon sun shall wax old and decay, but thou shalt ever flourish.
The fruit shall ripen and fall down and the flowers consume away,
But thou shalt still survive: arise! O dry thy dewy tears!'

'Hah! shall I still survive? whence came that sweet and comforting voice,
And whence that voice of sorrow? O sun! thou art nothing now to me:
Go on thy course rejoicing, and let us both rejoice together!
I walk among his flocks and hear the bleating of his lambs.
O! that I could behold his face and follow his pure feet!
I walk by the footsteps of his flocks: come hither, tender flocks!
Can you converse with a pure soul that seeketh for her maker?
You answer not: then am I set your mistress in this garden.

I'll watch you and attend your footsteps: you are not like the birds
That sing and fly in the bright air; but you do lick my feet,
And let me touch your woolly backs: follow me, as I sing;
For in my bosom a new song arises to my lord:
'Rise up, O sun! most glorious minister and light of day!
Flow on, ye gentle airs, and bear the voice of my rejoicing!
Wave freshly, clear waters, flowing around the tender grass;
And thou, sweet smelling ground, put forth thy life in fruit and flowers!
Follow me, O my flocks, and hear me sing my rapturous song!
I will cause my voice to be heard on the clouds that glitter in the sun.
I will call; and who shall answer me? I shall sing; who shall reply?
For from my pleasant hills, behold the living, living springs
Running among my green pastures, delighting among my trees!
I am not here alone: my flocks, you are my brethren;
And you birds, that sing and adorn the sky, you are my sisters.
I sing, and you reply to my song; I rejoice, and you are glad.
Follow me, O my flocks; we will now descend into the valley.
O, how delicious are the grapes flourishing in the sun!

How clear the spring of the rock, running among the golden sand!
How cool the breezes of the valley! and the arms of the branching trees
Cover us from the sun; come and let us sit in the shade.
My Luvah here hath plac'd me in a sweet and pleasant land,
And given me fruits, and pleasant waters, and warm hills, and cool valleys.
Here will I build myself a house, and here I'll call on his name;
Here I'll return, when I am weary, and take my pleasant rest.'

So spoke the sinless soul, and laid her head on the downy fleece
Of a curl'd ram who stretch'd himself in sleep beside his mistress,
And soft sleep fell upon her eyelids in the silent noon of day.

MAN IN THE EYES OF THE ETERNALS

Man is a worm. Wearied with joy, he seeks the caves of sleep
Among the flowers of Beulah, in his selfish cold repose
Forsaking brotherhood and universal love, in selfish clay
Folding the pure wings of his mind, seeking the places dark.
Abstracted from the roots of Science; then inclos'd around
In walls of gold, we cast him like a seed into the earth
Till times and spaces have pass'd over him. Duly every morn

We visit him, covering with a veil the immortal seed:
With windows from the inclement sky we cover him,
and with walls
And hearths protect the selfish terror; till, divided all
In families, we see our shadows born, and thence we
know
That man subsists by brotherhood and universal love.
We fall on one another's necks, more closely we em-
brace.
Not for ourselves, but for the eternal family we
live.
Man liveth not by self alone; but in his brother's
face
Each shall behold the Eternal Father, and love and
joy abound.

THE END OF MYSTERY

'O MYSTERY!' fierce Tharmas cried, 'Behold, thy
end is come!
Art thou she that made the nations drunk with the
cup of religion?
Go down, ye kings and councillors and giant warriors,
Go down into the depths; go down and hide your-
selves beneath;
Go down with horse and chariots and trumpets of
hoarse war.'

Lo! how the pomp of Mystery goes down into the
caves.
Her great men howl and throw the dust and rend
their hoary hair.
Her delicate women and children shriek upon the
bitter wind,

Spoil'd of their beauty, their hair rent, and their skin
shrivell'd up.
Lo! darkness covers the long pomp of banners on the
wind,
And black horses, and armed men, and miserable
bound captives.
Where shall the graves receive them all, and where
shall be their place,
And who shall mourn for Mystery, who never loos'd
her captives?
Let the slave, grinding at the mill, run out into the
field;
Let him look up into the heavens and laugh in the
bright air.
Let the inchain'd soul, shut up in darkness and in
sighing,
Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary
years,
Rise and look out; his chains are loose, his dungeon
doors are open;
And let his wife and children return from the oppres-
sor's scourge:
They look behind at every step and believe it is a
dream.
Are these the slaves that groan'd along the streets of
Mystery?
Where are your bonds and taskmasters? Are these
the prisoners?
Where are your chains? where are your tears? why
do you look around?
If you are thirsty, there is the river; go, bathe your
parchèd limbs:
The good of all the land is before you, for Mystery is
no more.'

Then all the slaves from every earth in the wide universe
Sing a new song; drowning confusion in its happy notes;
While the flail of Urizen sounded loud, and the winnowing wind of Tharmas,
So loud, so clear in the wide heavens; and the song that they sung was this,
Composed by an African black from the little earth of Sotha:

'Aha! Aha! how came I here so soon in my sweet native land?
How came I here? Methinks I am as I was in my youth,
When in my father's house I sat, and heard his cheering voice.
Methinks I see his flocks and herds, and feel my limbs renew'd:
And lo! my brethren in their tents, and their little ones around them!'

The song arose to the golden feast: the eternal man rejoic'd.
Then the eternal man said, 'Luvah, the vintage is ripe; arise!
The sons of Urizen shall gather the vintage with sharp hooks.
And all thy sons, O Luvah, bear away the families of earth.
I hear the flail of Urizen; his barns are full, no room
Remains; and in the vineyards stand the abounding sheaves beneath
The falling grapes that odorous burst upon the winds. Arise!

My flocks and herds trample the corn, my cattle browse upon
The ripe clusters. The shepherds shout for Luvah, prince of love.
Let the bulls of Luvah tread the corn, and draw the loaded wagon
Into the barn, while children glean the ears around the door.
Then shall they lift their innocent hands, and stroke his furious nose,
And he shall lick the little girl's white neck, and on her head
Scatter the perfume of his breath; while from his mountains high
The lion of terror shall come down, and bending his bright mane
And couching at their side shall eat from the curl'd boy's white lap
His golden food, and in the evening sleep before the door.'

THE ETERNAL MAN

Then Los, who is Urthona, rose in all his regenerate power.
The sea, that roll'd and foam'd with darkness and the shadows of death,
Vomited out and gave up all: the floods lift up their hands,
Singing and shouting to the man; they bow their hoary heads,
And, murmuring in their channels, flow and circle round his feet.

Then dark Urthona took the corn out of the stores of Urizen :
He ground it in his rumbling mills. Terrible the distress
Of all the nations of earth ground in the mills of Urthona.
In his hand Tharmas takes the storms ; he turns the whirlwind loose
Upon the wheels ; the stormy seas howl at his dread command,
And eddying fierce, rejoice in the fierce agitation of the wheels
Of dark Urthona. Thunders, earthquakes, fires, water-floods
Rejoice to one another : loud their voices shake the abyss,
Their dread forms tending the dire mills. The grey hoar-frost was there,
And his pale wife the aged snow : they watch over the fires,
They build the ovens of Urthona. Nature in darkness groans,
And men are bound to sullen contemplations. In the night
Restless they turn on beds of sorrow, in their inmost brain
Feeling the crushing wheels. They rise ; they write the bitter words
Of stern philosophy and knead the bread of knowledge with tears and groans.

Such are the works of dark Urthona. Tharmas sifted the corn.
Urthona made the bread of ages, and he placed it

In golden and in silver baskets in heavens of precious stone,
And then took his repose in winter, in the night of time.

The sun has left his blackness and has found a fresher morning;
And the mild moon rejoices in the clear and cloudless night.
And man walks forth from the midst of the fires: the evil is all consum'd.
His eyes behold the angelic spheres arising night and day;
The stars consum'd like a lamp blown out, and in their stead, behold,
The expanding eyes of man behold the depths of wondrous worlds,
One earth, one sea beneath; nor erring globes wander, but stars
Of fire rise up nightly from the ocean, and one sun
Each morning, like a new-born man, issues with songs and joy,
Calling the ploughman to his labour, and the shepherd to his rest.
He walks upon the eternal mountains, raising his heavenly voice,
Conversing with the animal forms of wisdom night and day,
That, risen from the sea of fire, renew'd walk o'er the earth.
For Tharmas brought his flocks upon the hills, and in the vales
Around the eternal man's bright tent the little children play

Among the woolly flocks. The hammer of Urthona sounds
In the deep caves beneath: his limbs renew'd, his lions roar
Around the furnaces, and in evening sport upon the plains.
They raise their faces from the earth, conversing with the man:

'How is it we have walk'd thro' fires, and yet are not consum'd?
How is it that all things are chang'd, even as in ancient time?
The sun arises from his dewy bed, and the fresh airs
Play in his smiling beams, giving the seeds of life to grow;
And the fresh earth beams forth ten thousand thousand springs of life.

'Urthona is arisen in his strength, no longer now
Divided from Enitharmon, no longer the spectre Los.
Where is the spectre of prophecy, where the delusive phantom?'

'Departed: and Urthona rises from the ruinous walls
In all his ancient strength, to form the golden armour of science
For intellectual war. The war of swords departed now;
The dark religions are departed; and sweet science reigns.'

From MILTON

PREFACE

The stolen and perverted writings of Homer and Ovid, of Plato and Cicero, which all men ought to contemn, are set up by artifice against the sublime of the Bible; but when the New Age is at leisure to pronounce, all will be set right, and those grand works of the more ancient and consciously and professedly inspired men will hold their proper rank, and the daughters of memory shall become the daughters of inspiration. Shakespeare and Milton were both curb'd by the general malady and infection from the silly Greek and Latin slaves of the sword.

Rouse up, O young men of the New Age! Set your foreheads against the ignorant hirelings! For we have hirelings in the camp, the court, and the university, who would, if they could, for ever depress mental, and prolong corporeal war. Painters! on you I call. Sculptors! Architects! suffer not the fashionable fools to depress your powers by the prices they pretend to give for contemptible works, or the expensive advertising boasts that they make of such works: believe Christ and his Apostles that there is a class of men whose whole delight is in destroying. We do not want either Greek or Roman models if we are but just and true to our own imaginations, those worlds of eternity in which we shall live for ever in Jesus our Lord.

> And did those feet in ancient time
> Walk upon England's mountains green?
> And was the holy Lamb of God
> On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Would to God that all the Lord's people were prophets. (Num. xi. 29.)

INVOCATION

DAUGHTERS of Beulah! Muses who inspire the poet's song,
Record the journey of immortal Milton thro' your realms
Of terror and mild moony lustre, in soft sexual delusions
Of varied beauty to delight the wanderer and repose
His burning thirst and freezing hunger! Come into my hand,
By your mild power descending down the nerves of my right arm
From out the portals of my brain, where by your ministry
The Eternal Great Humanity Divine planted his paradise,

And in it caus'd the spectres of the dead to take sweet form
In likeness of himself. Tell also of the false tongue, vegetated
Beneath your land of shadows, of its sacrifices and
Its offerings; even till Jesus, the image of the invisible God,
Became its prey; a curse, an offering, and an atonement
For death eternal, in the heavens of Albion, and before the gates
Of Jerusalem his emanation in the heavens beneath Beulah!

THE DESCENT OF MILTON

Then Milton rose up from the heavens of Albion ardorous.
The whole assembly wept prophetic, seeing in Milton's face
And in his lineaments divine the shades of death and Ulro;
He took off the robe of the promise, and ungirded himself from the oath of God.

And Milton said, 'I go to eternal death! The nations still
Follow after the detestable gods of Priam, in pomp
Of warlike selfhood, contradicting and blaspheming.
When will the resurrection come, to deliver the sleeping body
From corruptibility? O when, Lord Jesus, wilt thou come?
Tarry no longer, for my soul lies at the gates of death.

I will arise and look forth for the morning of the grave;
I will go down to the sepulchre to see if morning breaks;
I will go down to self annihilation and eternal death,
Lest the Last Judgement come and find me unannihilate,
And I be seiz'd and giv'n into the hands of my own selfhood.
The Lamb of God is seen thro' mists and shadows, hov'ring
Over the sepulchres in clouds of Jehovah and winds of Elohim,
A disk of blood, distant: and heav'ns and earths roll dark between
What do I here before the Judgement without my emanation,
With the daughters of memory, and not with the daughters of inspiration?
I, in my selfhood, am that Satan! I am that Evil One!
He is my spectre! in my obedience to loose him from my hells,
To claim the hells, my furnaces, I go to eternal death.'

And Milton said, 'I go to eternal death.' Eternity shudder'd;
For he took the outside course, among the graves of the dead,
A mournful shade. Eternity shudder'd at the image of eternal death.

Then on the verge of Beulah he beheld his own shadow,
A mournful form, double, hermaphroditic, male and female

In one wonderful body, and he enter'd into it
In direful pain; for the dread shadow, twenty-seven fold,
Reach'd to the depths of direst hell, and thence to Albion's land,
Which is this earth of vegetation on which now I write.

The seven angels of the presence wept over Milton's shadow.
As when a man dreams, he reflects not that his body sleeps,
Else he would wake, so seem'd he entering his shadow; but
With him the spirits of the seven angels of the presence
Entering, they gave him still perceptions of his sleeping body,
Which now arose and walk'd with them in Eden, as an eighth
Image, divine, tho' darken'd, and tho' walking as one walks
In sleep: and the seven comforted and supported him.

Like as a polypus that vegetates beneath the deep,
They saw his shadow vegetated underneath the couch
Of death, for when he enter'd into his shadow, himself,
His real and immortal self, was, as appear'd to those
Who dwell in immortality, as one sleeping on a couch
Of gold; and those in immortality gave forth their emanations
Like females of sweet beauty, to guard round him and to feed

His lips with food of Eden in his cold and dim repose;
But to himself he seem'd a wanderer lost in dreary night.

Onwards his shadow kept its course among the spectres, call'd
Satan; but swift as lightning passing them, startled, the shades
Of hell beheld him in a trail of light as of a comet
That travels into chaos: so Milton went guarded within.

The nature of infinity is this: That everything has its
Own vortex; and when once a traveller thro' eternity
Has pass'd that vortex, he perceives it roll backward behind
His path, into a globe itself infolding, like a sun,
Or like a moon, or like a universe of starry majesty,
While he keeps onwards in his wondrous journey on the earth;
Or like a human form, a friend with whom he liv'd benevolent.
As the eye of man views both the east and west, encompassing
Its vortex, and the north and south, with all their starry host,
Also the rising sun and setting moon he views, surrounding
His cornfields and his valleys of five hundred acres square.

Thus is the earth one infinite plane, and not as apparent
To the weak traveller confin'd beneath the moony shade;
Thus is the heaven a vortex pass'd already, and the earth
A vortex not yet pass'd by the traveller thro' eternity.

HEART AND BRAIN

Now Albion's sleeping humanity began to turn upon his couch,
Feeling the electric flame of Milton's awful precipitate descent.
Seest thou the little winged fly, smaller than a grain of sand?
It has a heart like thee, a brain open to heaven and hell,
Withinside wondrous and expansive: its gates are not clos'd;
I hope thine are not. Hence it clothes itself in rich array:
Hence thou art cloth'd with human beauty, O thou mortal man.
Seek not thy heavenly father then beyond the skies:
There Chaos dwells and Ancient Night and Og and Anak old:
For every human heart has gates of brass and bars of adamant,
Which few dare unbar because dread Og and Anak guard the gates
Terrific; and each mortal brain is wall'd and moated round
Within: and Og and Anak watch here: here is the seat
Of Satan in its webs; for in brain and heart and loins,
Gates open behind Satan's seat to the city of Golgonooza,
Which is the spiritual fourfold London, in the loins of Albion.

RINTRAH SPEAKS OF THE CHURCHES

Seeing the churches at their period in terror and despair,
Rahab created Voltaire, Tirzah created Rousseau,
Asserting the self-righteousness against the universal Saviour,
Mocking the confessors and martyrs, claiming self-righteousness,
With cruel virtue making war upon the Lamb's redeemed,
To perpetuate war and glory, to perpetuate the laws of sin.
They perverted Swedenborg's visions in Beulah and in Ulro,
To destroy Jerusalem as a harlot, and her sons as reprobates;
To raise up mystery, the virgin harlot, mother of war,
Babylon the Great, the abomination of desolation.
O Swedenborg! strongest of men, the Samson shorn by the churches;
Showing the transgressors in hell, the proud warriors in heaven,
Heaven as a punisher, and hell as one under punishment;
With laws from Plato and his Greeks to renew the Trojan gods
In Albion, and to deny the value of the Saviour's blood.
But then I rais'd up Whitefield; Palamabron rais'd up Wesley.
And these are the cries of the churches before the two witnesses,

Faith in God the dear Saviour, who took on the likeness of men,
Becoming obedient to death, even the death of the Cross.
The witnesses lie dead in the street of the great city.
No faith is in all the earth: the book of God is trodden under foot.
He sent his two servants, Whitefield and Wesley: were they prophets,
Or were they idiots or madmen? Show us miracles!
Can you have greater miracles than these? Men who devote
Their life's whole comfort to entire scorn and injury and death?
Awake! thou sleeper on the rock of eternity, Albion, awake!
The trumpet of judgement hath twice sounded: all nations are awake,
But thou art still heavy and dull. Awake, Albion, awake!

LOS AND ENITHARMON

Los is by mortals nam'd Time; Enitharmon is nam'd Space;
But they depict him bald and aged who is in eternal youth
All powerful, and his locks flourish like the brows of morning:
He is the spirit of prophecy, the ever-apparent Elias.
Time is the mercy of eternity; without Time's swiftness,
Which is the swiftest of all things, all were eternal torment.

All the gods of the kingdoms of earth labour in Los's halls:
Every one is a fallen son of the spirit of prophecy.
He is the Fourth Zoa, that stood around the throne divine.

THE WINE-PRESS OF LOS

This wine-press is call'd war on earth; it is the printing-press
Of Los; and here he lays his words in order above the mortal brain,
As cogs are form'd in a wheel to turn the cogs of the adverse wheel.

Timbrels and violins sport round the wine-presses; the little seed,
The sportive root, the earthworm, the gold beetle, the wise emmet,
Dance round the wine-presses of Luvah. The centipede is there;
The ground spider with many eyes, the mole clothèd in velvet,
The ambitious spider in his sullen web, the lucky golden spinner,
The earwig arm'd, the tender maggot, emblem of immortality,
The flea, louse, bug, the tape-worm, all the armies of disease,
Visible or invisible to the slothful, vegetating man;
The slow slug, the grasshopper, that sings and laughs and drinks—
Winter comes: he folds his slender bones without a murmur.

The cruel scorpion is there, the gnat, wasp, hornet,
and the honey bee;
The toad and venomous newt; the serpent cloth'd in
gems and gold:
They throw off their gorgeous raiment; they rejoice
with loud jubilee
Around the wine-presses of Luvah, naked and drunk
with wine.
There is the nettle that stings with soft down, and
there
The indignant thistle, whose bitterness is bred in his
milk,
Who feeds on contempt of his neighbour; there all
the idle weeds
That creep around the obscure places, show their
various limbs
Naked in all their beauty, dancing round the wine-
presses.

But in the wine-presses the human grapes sing not nor
dance!
They howl and writhe in shoals of torment, in fierce
flames consuming,
In chains of iron and in dungeons, circled with cease-
less fires,
In pits and dens and shades of death, in shapes of
torment and woe:—
The plates and screws, and wracks and saws, and
cords and fires and cisterns,
The cruel joys of Luvah's daughters lacerating with
knives
And whips their victims, and the deadly sport of
Luvah's sons.

THE CREATION

Thou seest the constellations in the deep and wondrous night;
They rise in order and continue their immortal courses
Upon the mountains and in vales, with harp and heavenly song,
With flute and clarion, with cups and measures fill'd with foaming wine.
Glitt'ring the streams reflect the vision of beatitude,
And the calm ocean joys beneath and smooths his awful waves.
These are the sons of Los, and these the labourers of the vintage.
Thou seest the gorgeous clothed flies that dance and sport in summer
Upon the sunny brooks and meadows: every one the dance
Knows in its intricate mazes of delight, artful to weave;
Each one to sound his instruments of music in the dance,
To touch each other and recede, to cross and change and return.
These are the children of Los. Thou seest the trees on mountains:
The wind blows heavy; loud they thunder thro' the darksome sky,
Uttering prophecies and speaking instructive words to the sons
Of men. These are the sons of Los, these the visions of eternity.
But we see only as it were the hem of their garments,

When with our vegetable eyes we view these wondrous visions.

. . . . . .

But others of the sons of Los build moments and minutes and hours,
And days and months and years, and ages and periods, wondrous buildings!
And every moment has a couch of gold for soft repose,
(A moment equals a pulsation of the artery)
And between every two moments stands a daughter of Beulah,
To feed the sleepers on their couches with maternal care.
And every minute has an azure tent with silken veils;
And every hour has a bright golden gate carvèd with skill;
And every day and night has walls of brass and gates of adamant,
Shining like precious stones, and ornamented with appropriate signs;
And every month a silver pavèd terrace, builded high;
And every year, invulnerable barriers, with high towers;
And every age is moated deep, with bridges of silver and gold;
And every seven ages is encircled with a flaming fire.
Now seven ages is amounting to two hundred years.
Each has its guard, each moment, minute, hour, day, month, and year;
All are the work of fairy hands of the four elements:
The guard are angels of providence on duty evermore.
Every time less than a pulsation of the artery
Is equal in its period and value to six thousand years.

For in this period the poet's work is done, and all the great
Events of time start forth, and are conceiv'd in such a period,
Within a moment, a pulsation of the artery.

The sky is an immortal tent built by the sons of Los;
And every space that a man views around his dwelling-place,
Standing on his own roof, or in his garden on a mount
Of twenty-five cubits in height, such space is his universe:
And on its verge the sun rises and sets, the clouds bow
To meet the flat earth and the sea in such an order'd space;
The starry heavens reach no further, but here bend and set
On all sides, and the two poles turn on their valves of gold:
And if he move his dwelling-place, his heavens also move
Where'er he goes, and all his neighbourhood bewail his loss.
Such are the spaces called earth, and such its dimension.
As to that false appearance which appears to the reasoner,
As of a globe rolling thro' voidness, it is a delusion of Ulro.
The microscope knows not of this nor the telescope: they alter
The ratio of the spectator's organs, but leave objects untouch'd.
For every space larger than a red globule of man's blood

Is visionary, and is created by the hammer of Los;
And every space smaller than a globule of man's blood opens
Into eternity, of which this vegetable earth is but a shadow.
The red globule is the unwearied sun by Los created.

BIRDS AND FLOWERS

Thou hearest the nightingale begin the song of spring:
The lark, sitting upon his earthy bed, just as the morn
Appears, listens silent; then, springing from the waving cornfield, loud
He leads the choir of day—trill! trill! trill! trill!
Mounting upon the wings of light into the great expanse,
Re-echoing against the lovely blue and shining heavenly shell:
His little throat labours with inspiration; every feather
On throat and breast and wings vibrates with the effluence divine:
All nature listens silent to him, and the awful sun
Stands still upon the mountain, looking on this little bird
With eyes of soft humility and wonder, love and awe.
Then loud from their green covert all the birds begin their song:
The thrush, the linnet, and the goldfinch, robin, and the wren
Awake the sun from his sweet reverie upon the mountain:
The nightingale again assays his song, and thro' the day

And thro' the night warbles luxuriant, every bird of song
Attending his loud harmony with admiration and love.
This is a vision of the lamentation of Beulah over Ololon.

Thou perceivest the flowers put forth their precious odours;
And none can tell how from so small a centre comes such sweet,
Forgetting that within that centre eternity expands
Its ever-during doors that Og and Anak fiercely guard.
First, ere the morning breaks, joy opens in the flowery bosoms,
Joy even to tears, which the sun rising dries: first the wild thyme
And meadow-sweet, downy and soft, waving among the reeds,
Light springing on the air, lead the sweet dance; they wake
The honeysuckle sleeping on the oak; the flaunting beauty
Revels along upon the wind; the white-thorn, lovely may,
Opens her many lovely eyes; listening, the rose still sleeps—
None dare to wake her: soon she bursts her crimson-curtain'd bed
And comes forth in the majesty of beauty. Every flower,
The pink, the jessamine, the wallflower, the carnation,
The jonquil, the mild lily, opes her heavens; every tree

And flower and herb soon fill the air with an innumerable dance,
Yet all in order sweet and lovely. Men are sick with love!
Such is a vision of the lamentation of Beulah over Ololon.

THE GODS

In Tyre and Sidon I saw Baal and Ashtaroth. In Moab, Chemosh:
In Ammon, Molech; loud his furnaces rage among the wheels
Of Og, and pealing loud the cries of the victims of fire;
And pale his priestesses infolded in veils of pestilence border'd
With war, woven in looms of Tyre and Sidon by beautiful Ashtaroth:
In Palestine, Dagon, sea monster, worshipp'd o'er the sea:
Thammuz in Lebanon and Rimmon in Damascus curtain'd:
Osiris, Isis, Orus, in Egypt; dark their tabernacles on Nile,
Floating with solemn songs, and on the lakes of Egypt nightly,
With pomp, even till morning break and Osiris appear in the sky:
But Belial of Sodom and Gomorrha, obscure demon of bribes
And secret Assassinations, not worshipp'd not ador'd but
With the finger on the lips, and the back turn'd to the light:

And Saturn, Jove, and Rhea of the isles of the sea remote.
These twelve gods are the twelve spectre sons of the Druid Albion.

MILTON, SATAN, AND ALBION

I ALSO stood in Satan's bosom, and beheld its desolations,
A ruin'd man, a ruin'd building of God not made with hands
Its plains of burning sand, its mountains of marble terrible,
Its pits and declivities flowing with molten ore and fountains
Of pitch and nitre; its ruin'd palaces and cities and mighty works;
Its furnaces of affliction in which his angels and emanations
Labour with blacken'd visages among its stupendous ruins;
Arches and pyramids and porches, colonnades and domes,
In which dwells mystery, Babylon: here is her secret place:
From hence she comes forth on the churches in delight:
Here is her cup fill'd with its poisons in these horrid vales,
And here her scarlet veil woven in pestilence and war.
Here is Jerusalem bound in chains in the dens of Babylon.

In the eastern porch of Satan's universe, Milton stood and said:

'Satan, my spectre! I know my power thee to annihilate,
And be a greater in thy place, and be thy tabernacle,
A covering for thee to do thy will, till one greater comes,
And smites me as I smote thee, and becomes my covering.
Such are the laws of thy false heav'ns; but laws of eternity
Are not such: know thou, I come to self-annihilation.
Such are the laws of eternity, that each shall mutually
Annihilate himself for others' good, as I for thee.
Thy purpose and the purpose of thy priests and of thy churches
Is to impress on men the fear of death, to teach
Trembling and fear, terror, constriction, abject selfishness.
Mine is to teach men to despise death, and to go on
In fearless majesty, annihilating self, laughing to scorn
Thy laws and terrors, shaking down thy synagogues as webs.
I come to discover before heav'n and hell the self-righteousness
In all its hypocritic turpitude, opening to every eye
These wonders of Satan's holiness, showing to the earth
The idol virtues of the natural heart; and Satan's seat
Explore in all its selfish natural virtue, and put off,

In self-annihilation, all that is not of God alone,
To put off self and all I have, ever and ever. Amen.'

. . . . . .

Loud Satan thunder'd, loud and dark upon mild Felpham's shore,
Coming in a cloud with trumpets and with fiery flame,
An awful form eastward from midst of a bright paved-work
Of precious stones, by Cherubim surrounded, so permitted
(Lest he should fall apart in his eternal death) to imitate
The Eternal Great Humanity Divine surrounded by
His Cherubim and Seraphim in ever-happy eternity.
Beneath sat Chaos, Sin on his right hand, Death on his left;
And Ancient Night spread over all the heav'n his mantle of laws.
He trembled with exceeding great trembling and astonishment.

Then Albion rose up in the night of Beulah on his couch
Of dread repose, seen by the visionary eye· his face is toward
The east, toward Jerusalem's gates. Groaning he sat above
His rocks. London and Bath and Legions and Edinburgh
Are the four pillars of his throne: his left foot, near London,
Covers the shades of Tyburn; his instep from Windsor

To Primrose Hill, stretching to Highgate and Holloway.
London is between his knees, its basements fourfold:
His right foot stretches to the sea on Dover cliffs, his heel
On Canterbury's ruins: his right hand covers lofty Wales,
His left Scotland: his bosom girt with gold involves
York, Edinburgh, Durham, and Carlisle; and on the front
Bath, Oxford, Cambridge, Norwich: his right elbow
Leans on the rocks of Erin's land, Ireland, ancient nation:
His head bends over London: he sees his embodied spectre
Trembling before him with exceeding great trembling and fear.
He views Jerusalem and Babylon: his tears flow down.
He mov'd his right foot to Cornwall, his left to the rocks of Bognor.
He strove to rise to walk into the deep, but strength failing
Forbad, and down with dreadful groans he sunk upon his couch
In moony Beulah. Los, his strong guard, walks round beneath the moon.

THE CHALLENGE OF MILTON

But turning toward Ololon in terrible majesty, Milton
Replied: 'Obey thou the words of the inspired man.
All that can be annihilated must be annihilated,
That the children of Jerusalem may be saved from slavery.

There is a negation, and there is a contrary:
The negation must be destroy'd to redeem the contraries.
The negation is the spectre, the reasoning power in man:
This is a false body, an incrustation over my immortal
Spirit, a selfhood, which must be put off and annihilated alway.
To cleanse the face of my spirit by self-examination,
To bathe in the waters of life, to wash off the not human,
I come in self-annihilation and the grandeur of inspiration;
To cast off rational demonstration by faith in the Saviour,
To cast off the rotten rags of memory by inspiration,
To cast off Bacon, Locke, and Newton from Albion's covering,
To take off his filthy garments and clothe him with imagination;
To cast aside from poetry all that is not inspiration,
That it no longer shall dare to mock with the aspersion of madness
Cast on the inspirèd by the tame high finisher of paltry blots,
Indefinite or paltry rhymes, or paltry harmonies,
Who creeps into State government like a caterpillar to destroy;
To cast off the idiot questioner, who is always questioning,
But never capable of answering; who sits with a sly grin
Silent plotting when to question, like a thief in a cave;
Who publishes doubt and calls it knowledge; whose science is despair,

Whose pretence to knowledge is envy, whose whole science is
To destroy the wisdom of ages, to gratify ravenous envy
That rages round him like a wolf, day and night, without rest.
He smiles with condescension; he talks of benevolence and virtue,
And those who act with benevolence and virtue they murder time on time.
These are the destroyers of Jerusalem! these are the murderers
Of Jesus! who deny the faith and mock at eternal life,
Who pretend to poetry that they may destroy imagination
By imitation of nature's images drawn from remembrance.
These are the sexual garments, the abomination of desolation,
Hiding the human lineaments as with an ark and curtains,
Which Jesus rent and now shall wholly purge away with fire,
Till generation is swallow'd up in regeneration.'

THE SHADOWY FEMALE LAMENTING OVER MILTON

I WILL lament over Milton in the lamentations of the afflicted;
My garments shall be woven of sighs and heartbroken lamentations;
The misery of unhappy families shall be drawn out into its border,

Wrought with the needle with dire sufferings, poverty, pain, and woe
Along the rocky island and thence throughout the whole earth.
There shall be the sick father and his starving family; there
The prisoner in the stone dungeon and the slave at the mill.
I will have writings written all over it in human words
That every infant that is born upon the earth shall read
And get by rote as a hard task of a life of sixty years.
I will have kings inwoven upon it and councillors and mighty men;
The famine shall clasp it together with buckles and clasps,
And the pestilence shall be its fringe and the war its girdle,
To divide into Rahab and Tirzah that Milton may come to our tents.
For I will put on the human form and take the image of God,
Even pity and humanity; but my clothing shall be cruelty.
And I will put on holiness as a breastplate and as a helmet,
And all my ornaments shall be of the gold of broken hearts,
And the precious stones of anxiety and care and desperation and death,
And repentance for sin and sorrow and punishment and fear,
To defend me from thy terrors, O Orc my only belovèd.

STATES

JUDGE then of thy own self: thy eternal lineaments explore,
What is eternal and what changeable and what annihilable.

The imagination is not a state: it is the human existence itself.
Affection or love becomes a state when divided from imagination.
The memory is a state always; and the reason is a state
Created to be annihilated, and a new ratio created.
Whatever can be created can be annihilated; forms cannot.
The oak is cut down by the axe, the lamb falls by the knife;
But their forms eternal exist for ever. Amen. Hallelujah.

From JERUSALEM

TO THE PUBLIC

SHEEP *GOATS*

After my three years' slumber on the banks of the ocean, I again display my giant forms to the public. My former giants and fairies having receiv'd the highest reward possible, the . . . and . . . of those with whom to be connected is to be . . . , I cannot doubt that this more consolidated and extended work will be as kindly received . . . The enthusiasm of the following poem, the author hopes . . . I also hope the reader will be with me wholly one in Jesus our Lord, who is the God . . . and Lord . . . to whom the ancients look'd, and saw his day afar off, with trembling and amazement.

The spirit of Jesus is continual forgiveness of sin: he who waits to be righteous before he enters into the Saviour's kingdom, the divine body, will never enter there. I am perhaps the most sinful of men: I pretend not to holiness; yet I pretend to love, to see, to converse with daily, as man with man, and the more to have an interest in the friend of sinners. Therefore . . . reader, . . . what you do not approve, and . . . me for this energetic exertion of my talent.

Reader! . . . of books! . . . of heaven,
And of that God from whom . . .
Who in mysterious Sinai's awful cave,
To man the wondrous art of writing gave;
Again he speaks in thunder and in fire,
Thunder of thought, and flames of fierce desire.

Even from the depths of hell his voice I hear
Within the unfathom'd caverns of my ear.
Therefore I print; nor vain my types shall be:
Heaven, earth, and hell, henceforth shall live in harmony.

Of the Measure, in which
the following poem is written

We who dwell on earth can do nothing of ourselves; everything is conducted by spirits, no less than digestion or sleep. . . . . .

. . . . . .

[When this verse was first dictated to me, I consider'd a monotonous cadence like that used by Milton and Shakespeare and all writers of English blank verse, derived from the modern bondage of rhyming, to be a necessary and indispensable part of verse. But I soon found that in the mouth of a true orator such monotony was not only awkward, but as much a bondage as rhyme itself. I therefore have produced a variety in every line, both of cadences and number of syllables. Every word and every letter is studied and put into its fit place; the terrific numbers are reserved for the terrific parts, the mild and gentle for the mild and gentle parts, and the prosaic for inferior parts; all are necessary to each other. Poetry fetter'd fetters the human race. Nations are destroy'd, or flourish, in proportion as their poetry, painting, and music, are destroy'd, or flourish. The primeval state of man was wisdom, art, and science.]

THE FALL OF ALBION

THIS theme calls me in sleep night after night, and ev'ry morn
Awakes me at sunrise; then I see the Saviour over me
Spreading his beams of love, and dictating the words of this mild song:

'Awake! awake! O sleeper of the land of shadows, wake! expand!
I am in you and you in me, mutual in love divine;
Fibres of love from man to man thro' Albion's pleasant land!
In all the dark Atlantic vale down from the hills of Surrey
A black water accumulates: return, Albion! return!
Thy brethren call thee; and thy fathers, and thy sons,
Thy nurses and thy mothers, thy sisters and thy daughters
Weep at thy soul's disease, and the divine vision is darken'd.
Thy emanation that was wont to play before thy face,
Beaming forth with her daughters into the divine bosom,—
Where hast thou hidden thy emanation, lovely Jerusalem,
From the vision and fruition of the Holy-one?
I am not a God afar off: I am a brother and friend;
Within your bosoms I reside, and you reside in me.
Lo! we are one; forgiving all evil; not seeking recompense;
Ye are my members, O ye sleepers of Beulah, land of shades!'

But the perturbed man away turns down the valleys dark.
'Phantom of the over-heated brain! shadow of immortality!
Seeking to keep my soul a victim to thy love, which binds
Man the enemy of man into deceitful friendships,
Jerusalem is not; her daughters are indefinite.
By demonstration man alone can live, and not by faith.
My mountains are my own, and I will keep them to myself:
The Malvern and the Cheviot, the Wolds, Plinlimmon and Snowdon
Are mine; here will I build my laws of moral virtue.
Humanity shall be no more, but war and princedom and victory!'

So spake Albion in jealous fears, hiding his emanation
Upon the Thames and Medway, rivers of Beulah, dissembling
His jealousy before the throne divine, darkening, cold.

The banks of the Thames are clouded! the ancient porches of Albion are
Darken'd! they are drawn thro' unbounded space, scatter'd upon
The void in incoherent despair: Cambridge and Oxford and London
Are driven among the starry wheels, rent away and dissipated
In chasms and abysses of sorrow, enlarg'd without dimension, terrible.
Albion's mountains run with blood; the cries of war and of tumult

Resound into the unbounded night ; every human perfection
Of mountain and river and city are small and wither'd and darken'd.
Cam is a little stream ! Ely is almost swallow'd up !
Lincoln and Norwich stand trembling on the brink of Udan-Adan !
Wales and Scotland shrink themselves to the west and to the north !
Mourning for fear of the warriors in the Vale of Entuthon-Benython,
Jerusalem is scatter'd abroad like a cloud of smoke thro' non-entity :
Moab and Ammon and Amalek and Canaan and Egypt and Aram
Receive her little-ones for sacrifices and the delights of cruelty.

THE REASONING POWER

And this is the manner of the sons of Albion in their strength :
They take the two contraries which are call'd qualities, with which
Every substance is clothed ; they name them Good and Evil.
From them they make an abstract, which is a negation
Not only of the substance from which it is derived,
A murderer of its own body, but also a murderer
Of every divine member : it is the reasoning power,
An abstract objecting power that negatives everything.
This is the spectre of man, the holy reasoning power,
And in its holiness is closèd the abomination of desolation.

Therefore Los stands in London building Golgonooza.

THE SAYING OF LOS

I MUST create a system, or be enslav'd by another man's:
I will not reason and compare: my business is to create.

THE BUILDING OF GOLGONOOZA

TERRIFIED at the sublime wonder, Los stood before his furnaces;
And they stood around, terrified with admiration at Erin's spaces;
For the spaces reach'd from the starry height to the starry depth.
And they builded Golgonooza, terrible eternal labour.

What are those golden builders doing? where was the burying-place
Of soft Ethinthus? near Tyburn's fatal tree? is that
Mild Zion's hill's most ancient promontory, near mournful
Ever-weeping Paddington? is that Calvary and Golgotha?
Becoming a building of pity and compassion? Lo!
The stones are pity, and the bricks well-wrought affections
Enamell'd with love and kindness; and the tiles engraven gold,
Labour of merciful hands; the beams and rafters are forgiveness,
The mortar and cement of the work tears of honesty, the nails
And the screws and iron braces are well-wrought blandishments
And well-contrivèd words, firm fixing, never forgotten,

Always comforting the remembrance; the floors humility;
The ceilings devotion, the hearths thanksgiving.
Prepare the furniture, O Lambeth, in thy pitying looms!
The curtains, woven tears and sighs, wrought into lovely forms
For comfort; there the secret furniture of Jerusalem's chamber
Is wrought. Lambeth! the bride, the lamb's wife, loveth thee:
Thou art one with her and knowest not of self in thy supreme joy.
Go on, builders in hope! tho' Jerusalem wanders far away,
Without the gate of Los, among the dark Satanic wheels.

Fourfold the sons of Los in their divisions, and fourfold
The great city of Golgonooza: fourfold toward the north,
And toward the south fourfold, and fourfold toward the east and west,
Each within other toward the four points: that toward
Eden, and that toward the world of generation,
And that toward Beulah, and that toward Ulro.
Ulro is the space of the terrible starry wheels of Albion's sons.
But that toward Eden is walled up till time of renovation,
Yet it is perfect in its building, ornaments, and perfection.

And the four points are thus beheld in great eternity:
West, the circumference; south, the zenith; north,
The nadir; east, the centre, unapproachable for ever.
These are the four faces towards the four worlds of humanity
In every man. Ezekiel saw them by Chebar's flood.
And the eyes are the south, and the nostrils are the east,
And the tongue is the west, and the ear is the north.

And the north gate of Golgonooza toward generation
Has four sculptur'd bulls terrible before the gate of iron,
And iron the bulls: and that which looks toward Ulro,
Clay bak'd and enamell'd, eternal glowing as four furnaces,
Turning upon the Wheels of Albion's sons with enormous power.
And that toward Beulah four, gold, silver, brass, and iron;
And that toward Eden, four, form'd of gold, silver, brass, and iron.

The south, a golden gate, has four lions terrible, living;
That toward generation, four, of iron carv'd wondrous;
That toward Ulro, four, clay bak'd, laborious workmanship;
That toward Eden, four, immortal gold, silver, brass and iron.

The western gate, fourfold, is clos'd, having four Cherubim,
Its guards, living, the work of elemental hands, laborious task;

Like men, hermaphroditic, each winged with eight wings.
That towards generation, iron; that toward Beulah, stone;
That toward Ulro, clay; that toward Eden, metals;
But all clos'd up till the last day, when the graves shall yield their dead.

The eastern gate, fourfold; terrible and deadly its ornaments,
Taking their forms from the wheels of Albion's sons, as cogs
Are form'd in a wheel, to fit the cogs of the adverse wheel.

That toward Eden, eternal ice, frozen in seven folds
Of forms of death: and that toward Beulah, stone;
The seven diseases of the earth are carved terrible:
And that toward Ulro, forms of war, seven enormities:
And that toward generation, seven generative forms.

And every part of the city is fourfold, and every inhabitant fourfold,
And every pot and vessel and garment and utensil of the houses,
And every house, fourfold; but the third gate in every one
Is clos'd as with a threefold curtain of ivory and fine linen and ermine.
And Luban stands in middle of the city: a moat of fire
Surrounds Luban, Los's palace, and the golden looms of Cathedron.

And sixty-four thousand genii guard the eastern gate;
And sixty-four thousand gnomes guard the northern gate;

And sixty-four thousand nymphs guard the western gate;
And sixty-four thousand fairies guard the southern gate.

Around Golgonooza lies the land of death eternal, a land
Of pain and misery and despair and ever-brooding melancholy,
In all the twenty-seven heavens, number'd from Adam to Luther;
From the blue mundane shell reaching to the vegetative earth.

THE CHILDREN OF LOS

And Los beheld his sons, and he beheld his daughters,
Every one a translucent wonder, a universe within,
Increasing inwards into length, and breadth, and height,
Starry and glorious: and they, every one in their bright loins,
Have a beautiful golden gate which opens into the vegetative world;
And every one a gate of rubies and all sorts of precious stones
In their translucent hearts, which opens into the vegetative world;
And every one a gate of iron dreadful and wonderful
In their translucent heads, which opens into the vegetative world.
And every one has the three regions childhood, manhood, and age.
But the gate of the tongue, the western gate, in them is clos'd,

Having a wall builded against it: and thereby the gates,
Eastward and southward and northward, are encircled with flaming fires.
And the north is breadth, the south is height and depth,
The east is inwards, and the west is outwards every way.

THE HALLS OF LOS

All things acted on earth are seen in the bright sculptures of
Los's halls, and every age renews its powers from these works,
With every pathetic story possible to happen from hate or
Wayward love; and every sorrow and distress is carved here;
Every affinity of parents, marriages and friendships are here
In all their various combinations, wrought with wondrous art,
All that can happen to man in his pilgrimage of seventy years.
Such is the divine written law of Horeb and Sinai,
And such the Holy Gospel of Mount Olivet and Calvary.

'MAN, A LITTLE GROVELLING ROOT'

They know not why they love nor wherefore they sicken and die,
Calling that holy love, which is envy, revenge, and cruelty,
Which separated the stars from the mountains, the mountains from man,

And left man, a little grovelling root, outside of himself.
Negations are not contraries: contraries mutually exist:
But negations exist not: exceptions and objections and unbeliefs
Exist not; nor shall they ever be organized for ever and ever.

ALBION

In a dark and unknown night,
Outstretch'd his giant beauty on the ground in pain and tears:
His children, exil'd from his breast, pass to and fro before him;
His birds are silent on his hills, flocks die beneath his branches;
His tents are fall'n; his trumpets, and the sweet sound of his harp,
Are silent on his clouded hills that belch forth storms and fire.
His milk of cows and honey of bees and fruit of golden harvest
Is gather'd in the scorching heat and in the driving rain;
Where once he sat he weary walks in misery and pain,
His giant beauty and perfection fallen into dust;
Till from within his wither'd breast grown narrow with his woes,
The corn is turn'd to thistles and the apples into poison;
The birds of song to murderous crows, his joys to bitter groans;

The voices of children in his tents to cries of helpless
infants;
And self-exiled from the face of light and shine of
morning,
In the dark world, a narrow house, he wanders up
and down,
Seeking for rest and finding none: and hidden far
within,
His eon weeping in the cold and desolated earth.

To the Jews

Jerusalem the emanation of the giant Albion! Can it be! Is it a truth that the learned have explored? Was Britain the primitive seat of the patriarchal religion? If it is true, my title-page is also true, that Jerusalem was, and is, the emanation of the giant Albion. It is true, and cannot be controverted. Ye are united, O ye inhabitants of earth, in one religion, the religion of Jesus, the most ancient, the eternal, and the everlasting Gospel. The wicked will turn it to wickedness, the righteous to righteousness. Amen! Huzza! Selah!

'All things begin and end in Albion's ancient Druid
rocky shore.'

Your ancestors derived their origin from Abraham, Heber, Shem, and Noah, who were Druids, as the Druid temples (which are the patriarchal pillars and oak groves) over the whole earth witness to this day.

You have a tradition, that man anciently contain'd in his mighty limbs all things in heaven and earth, this you received from the Druids.

'But now the starry heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion.'

Albion was the parent of the Druids, in his chaotic state of sleep Satan and Adam and the whole world was created by the Elohim.

The fields from Islington to Marybone,
To Primrose Hill and Saint John's Wood,
Were builded over with pillars of gold;
And there Jerusalem's pillars stood.

Her Little-ones ran on the fields,
The Lamb of God among them seen,
And fair Jerusalem, his bride,
Among the little meadows green.

Pancras and Kentish-town repose
Among her golden pillars high,
Among her golden arches which
Shine upon the starry sky.

The Jew's-harp-house and the Green Man,
The ponds where boys to bathe delight,
The fields of cows by Wil . . . n's farm,
Shine in Jerusalem's pleasant sight.

She walks upon our meadows green;
The Lamb of God walks by her side;
And every English child is seen,
Children of Jesus and his bride,

Forgiving trespasses and sins
Lest Babylon, with cruel Og,
With moral and self-righteous law,
Should crucify in Satan's synagogue.

What are those golden builders doing
Near mournful ever-weeping Paddington,
Standing above that mighty ruin
Where Satan the first victory won;

Where Albion slept beneath the fatal tree,
And the Druids' golden knife
Rioted in human gore,
In offerings of human life?

They groan'd aloud on London stone,
They groan'd aloud on Tyburn's brook;
Albion gave his deadly groan,
And all the Atlantic mountains shook.

Albion's spectre from his loins,
Tore forth in all the pomp of war;
Satan his name; in flames of fire
He stretch'd his Druid pillars far.

Jerusalem fell from Lambeth's vale,
Down thro' Poplar and Old Bow,
Thro' Malden and across the sea,
In war and howling, death and woe.

The Rhine was red with human blood;
The Danube roll'd a purple tide;
On the Euphrates Satan stood,
And over Asia stretch'd his pride.

He wither'd up sweet Zion's hill,
From every nation of the earth;
He wither'd up Jerusalem's gates,
And in a dark land gave her birth.

He wither'd up the human form
By laws of sacrifice for sin,
Till it became a mortal worm,
But O! translucent all within.

The divine vision still was seen,
Still was the human form divine;
Weeping in weak and mortal clay,
O Jesus, still the form was thine!

And thine the human face, and thine
The human hands and feet and breath,
Entering thro' the gates of birth,
And passing thro' the gates of death.

And O thou Lamb of God, whom I
Slew in my dark self-righteous pride,
Art thou return'd to Albion's land,
And is Jerusalem thy bride?

Come to my arms, and never more
Depart, but dwell for ever here;
Create my spirit to thy love;
Subdue my spectre to thy fear.

Spectre of Albion! warlike fiend!
In clouds of blood and ruin roll'd,
I here reclaim thee as my own,
My selfhood! Satan arm'd in gold!

Is this thy soft family-love,
Thy cruel patriarchal pride,
Planting thy family alone,
Destroying all the world beside?

A man's worst enemies are those
Of his own house and family;
And he who makes his law a curse,
By his own law shall surely die.

In my exchanges every land
Shall walk; and mine in every land,
Mutual shall build Jerusalem;
Both heart in heart and hand in hand.

If humility is Christianity, you, O Jews, are the true Christians. If your tradition that man contained in his limbs all animals is true, and they were separated from him by cruel sacrifices, and when compulsory cruel sacrifices had brought humanity into a feminine tabernacle in the loins of Abraham and David, the Lamb of God, the Saviour, became apparent on earth as the prophets had foretold. The return of Israel is a return to mental sacrifice and war. Take up the cross, O Israel, and follow Jesus!

THE PRAYER OF LOS

And Los prayed and said, 'O Divine Saviour, arise
Upon the mountains of Albion as in ancient time.
Behold!
The cities of Albion seek thy face; London groans in pain
From hill to hill, and the Thames laments along the
valleys.
The little villages of Middlesex and Surrey hunger and
thirst:
The twenty-eight cities of Albion stretch their hands
to thee,
Because of the oppressors of Albion in every city and
village.
They mock at the labourer's limbs; they mock at his
starv'd children.
They buy his daughters that they may have power to
sell his sons;
They compel the poor to live upon a crust of bread
by soft mild arts;
They reduce the man to want; then give with pomp
and ceremony.
The praise of Jehovah is chaunted from lips of hunger
and thirst.'

THE LAMENT OF LOS

What shall I do? what could I do, if I could find
these criminals?
I could not dare to take vengeance; for all things are
so constructed
And builded by the Divine hand that the sinner shall
always escape;
And he who takes vengeance alone is the criminal of
Providence.
If I should dare to lay my finger on a grain of sand
In way of vengeance, I punish the already punish'd.
O whom
Should I pity if I pity not the sinner who is gone
astray?
O Albion, if thou takest vengeance, if thou revengest
thy wrongs,
Thou art for ever lost! What can I do to hinder the sons
Of Albion from taking vengeance or how shall I them
persuade?

THE GREAT SELFHOOD

Then spoke the spectrous chaos to Albion, dark'ning,
cold,
From the back and loins where dwell the spectrous
dead:

'I am your rational power, O Albion, and that
human form
You call divine is but a worm seventy inches long
That creeps forth in a night and is dried in the morn-
ing sun,
In fortuitous concourse of memories accumulated and
lost.

It ploughs the earth in its own conceit; it overwhelms
the hills
Beneath its winding labyrinths, till a stone of the brook
Stops it in midst of its pride among its hills and rivers.
Battersea and Chelsea mourn; London and Canter-
bury tremble;
Their place shall not be found as the wind passes over.
The ancient cities of the earth remove as a traveller;
And shall Albion's cities remain when I pass over
them
With my deluge of forgotten remembrances over the
tablet?'

So spoke the spectre to Albion: he is the great self-
hood
Satan, worshipp'd as God by the mighty ones of the
earth;
Having a white dot call'd a centre from which
branches out
A circle in continual gyrations: this became a heart
From which sprang numerous branches varying their
motions,
Producing many heads, three or seven or ten, and
hands and feet
Innumerable at will of the unfortunate contemplator
Who becomes his food: such is the way of the devour-
ing power.

A VISION OF ENGLAND

Turning from universal love, petrific as he went,
His cold against the warmth of Eden rag'd with loud
Thunders of deadly war (the fever of the human soul),
Fires and clouds of rolling smoke: but mild the
Saviour follow'd him,

Displaying the eternal vision, the divine similitude,
In loves and tears of brothers, sisters, sons, fathers, and friends,
Which if man ceases to behold, he ceases to exist:
Saying, 'Albion! Our wars are wars of life and wounds of love,
With intellectual spears, and long wingèd arrows of thought
Mutual in one another's love and wrath all renewing,
We live as one man: for, contracting our infinite senses,
We behold multitude; or, expanding, we behold as one,
As one man all the universal family; and that one man
We call Jesus the Christ: and he in us, and we in him
Live in perfect harmony in Eden, the land of life,
Giving, receiving, and forgiving each other's trespasses.
He is the Good Shepherd, he is the Lord and master;
He is the shepherd of Albion, he is all in all,
In Eden, in the garden of God, and in heavenly Jerusalem.
If we have offended, forgive us! take not vengeance against us!'

Thus speaking, the Divine family follow Albion.
I see them in the vision of God upon my pleasant valleys.

I behold London, a human awful wonder of God.
He says: 'Return, Albion, return! I give myself for thee.
My streets are my ideas of imagination.

Awake, Albion, awake! and let us awake up together.
My houses are thoughts; my inhabitants affections,
The children of my thoughts, walking within my blood-vessels,
Shut from my nervous form which sleeps upon the verge of Beulah
In dreams of darkness, while my vegetating blood, in veiny pipes,
Rolls dreadful thro' the furnaces of Los and the mills of Satan.
For Albion's sake, and for Jerusalem thy emanation
I give myself, and these my brethren give themselves for Albion.'

So spoke London, immortal guardian. I heard in Lambeth's shades:
In Felpham I heard and saw the visions of Albion:
I write in South Molton Street what I both see and hear,
In regions of humanity, in London's opening streets.
I see thee, awful parent land, in light: behold! I see
Verulam! Canterbury! venerable parent of men,
Generous immortal guardian golden clad!—for cities
Are men, fathers of multitudes; and rivers and mountains
Are also men; everything is human, mighty, sublime.
In every bosom a universe expands, as wings
Let down at will around, and call'd the universal tent—
York, crown'd with loving kindness; Edinburgh, cloth'd
With fortitude as with a garment of immortal texture,
Woven in looms of Eden, in spiritual deaths of mighty men

Who give themselves in Golgotha, victims to justice, where
There is in Albion a gate of precious stones and gold,
Seen only by emanations, by vegetations viewless,
Bending across the road of Oxford Street; it from Hyde Park
To Tyburn's deathful shades admits the wandering souls
Of multitudes who die from earth: this gate cannot be found
By Satan's watch-fiends: tho' they search numbering every grain
Of sand on earth every night, they never find this gate.
It is the gate of Los.

SATAN AND ADAM

Los answer'd: 'Righteousness and justice I give thee in return
For thy righteousness; but I add mercy also, and bind
Thee from destroying these little ones. Am I to be only
Merciful to thee and cruel to all that thou hatest?
Thou wast the image of God surrounded by the Four Zoas.
Three thou hast slain: I am the fourth: thou canst not destroy me.
Thou art in error; trouble me not with thy righteousness.
I have innocence to defend and ignorance to instruct:
I have no time for seeming, and little arts of compliment

In morality and virtue, in self-glorying and pride.
There is a limit of opaqueness, and a limit of contraction
In every individual man; and the limit of opaqueness
Is named Satan, and the limit of contraction is named Adam.
But when man sleeps in Beulah, the Saviour in mercy takes
Contraction's limit, and of the limit he forms woman, that
Himself may in process of time be born man to redeem.
But there is no limit of expansion, there is no limit of translucence
In the bosom of man for ever from eternity to eternity.'

TRAPS

But here the affectionate touch of the tongue is clos'd in by deadly teeth;
And the soft smile of friendship and the open dawn of benevolence
Become a net and a trap, and every energy render'd cruel,
Till the existence of friendship and benevolence is denied;
The wine of the spirit and the vineyards of the holy-one
Here turn into poisonous stupor and deadly intoxication,
That they may be condemn'd by law and the Lamb of God be slain;
And the two sources of life in eternity, hunting, and war,

Are become the sources of dark and bitter death and
of corroding hell.
The open heart is shut up in integuments of frozen
silence,
That the spear that lights it forth may shatter the ribs
and bosom;
A pretence of art, to destroy art, a pretence of liberty
To destroy liberty, a pretence of religion to destroy
religion.

THE CITIES

They wept into the deeps a little space: at length was
heard
The voice of Bath, faint as the voice of the dead in the
house of death,
Bath, healing city! whose wisdom, in midst of poetic
Fervour, mild spoke thro' the western porch, in soft
gentle tears:
'O Albion, mildest son of Eden! clos'd is thy
western gate!
Brothers of eternity! this man whose great example
We all admir'd and lov'd, whose all benevolent
countenance, seen
In Eden, in lovely Jerusalem, drew even from envy
The tear, and the confession of honesty, open and
undisguis'd,
From mistrust and suspicion, the man is himself
become
A piteous example of oblivion; to teach the sons
Of Eden, that however great and glorious, however
loving
And merciful the individuality, however high
Our palaces and cities, and however fruitful are our
fields,

In selfhood, we are nothing, but fade away in morning's breath.
Our mildness is nothing: the greatest mildness we can use
Is incapable and nothing: none but the Lamb of God can heal
This dread disease: none but Jesus. O Lord, descend and save!
Albion's western gate is clos'd: his death is coming apace:
Jesus alone can save him: for alas, we none can know
How soon his lot may be our own. When Africa in sleep
Rose in the night of Beulah, and bound down the sun and moon,
His friends cut his strong chains, and overwhelm'd his dark
Machines in fury and destruction; and the man reviving repented.
He wept before his wrathful brethren, thankful and considerate
For their well-timed wrath. But Albion's sleep is not
Like Africa's; and his machines are woven with his life.
Nothing but mercy can save him, nothing but mercy, interposing
Lest he should slay Jerusalem in his fearful jealousy.
O God, descend! gather our brethren! deliver Jerusalem!
But that we may omit no office of the friendly spirit,
Oxford, take thou these leaves of the tree of life: with eloquence,
That thy immortal tongue inspires, present them to Albion:

Perhaps he may receive them, offer'd from thy loved hands.'

. . . . . .

Bath, mild physician of eternity, mysterious power
Whose springs are unsearchable and knowledge infinite;
Hereford, ancient guardian of Wales, whose hands
Builded the mountain palaces of Eden, stupendous works;
Lincoln, Durham, and Carlisle, Counsellors of Los;
And Ely, scribe of Los, whose pen no other hand
Dare touch; Oxford, immortal bard; with eloquence
Divine, he wept over Albion, speaking the words of God
In mild persuasion, bringing leaves of the Tree of Life.

MORTAL MAN

Ah! weak and wide astray! Ah shut in narrow doleful form,
Creeping in reptile flesh upon the bosom of the ground!
The eye of man, a little narrow orb, clos'd up and dark,
Scarcely beholding the great light, conversing with the ground;
The ear, a little shell, in small volutions shufting out
True harmonies, and comprehending great, as very small;
The nostrils, bent down to the earth and clos'd with senseless flesh,
That odours cannot them expand, nor joy on them exult;
The tongue, a little moisture fills, a little food it cloys,
A little sound it utters, and its cries are faintly heard.

AGNUS DEI

COME, O thou Lamb of God, and take away the remembrance of sin.
To sin and to hide the sin in sweet deceit, is lovely:
To sin in the open face of day is cruel and pitiless. But
To record the sin for a reproach, to let the sun go down
In a remembrance of the sin, is a woe and a horror,
A brooder of an evil day and a sun rising in blood!
Come then, O Lamb of God, and take away the remembrance of sin.

Rahab is an Eternal State.

TO THE DEISTS

The Spiritual States of the Soul are all Eternal. Distinguish between the Man and his present State.

HE never can be a friend to the human race who is the preacher of natural morality or natural religion; he is a flatterer who means to betray, to perpetuate tyrant pride and the laws of that Babylon which, he foresees, shall shortly be destroyed with the spiritual and not the natural sword. He is in the State named Rahab; which State must be put off before he can be the friend of man.

You, O Deists, profess yourselves the enemies of Christianity; and you are so: you are also the enemies of the human race and of universal nature. Man is born a spectre or Satan, and is altogether an evil, and requires a new selfhood continually, and must continually be changed into his direct contrary. But your Greek philosophy (which is a remnant of

Druidism) teaches that man is righteous in his vegetated spectre—an opinion of fatal and accursed consequence to man, as the ancients saw plainly by revelation, to the entire abrogation of experimental theory: and many believed what they saw, and prophesied of Jesus.

Man must and will have some religion: if he has not the religion of Jesus, he will have the religion of Satan and will erect the synagogue of Satan, calling the prince of this world, God, and destroying all who do not worship Satan under the name of God. Will any one say, 'Where are those who worship Satan under the name of God?' Where are they? Listen! Every religion that preaches vengeance for sin is the religion of the enemy and avenger, and not of the forgiver of sin; and their god is Satan, named by the divine name. Your religion, O Deists! Deism, is the worship of the god of this world by the means of what you call natural religion and natural philosophy, and of natural morality or self-righteousness, the selfish virtues of the natural heart. This was the religion of the Pharisees who murder'd Jesus. Deism is the same, and ends in the same.

Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, Hume charge the spiritually religious with hypocrisy; but how a monk, or a methodist either, can be a hypocrite, I cannot conceive. We are men of like passions with others, and pretend not to be holier than others; therefore, when a religious man falls into sin, he ought not to be call'd a hypocrite; this title is more properly to be given to a player who falls into sin, whose profession is virtue and morality, and the making men self-righteous. Foote, in calling Whitefield hypocrite, was himself one; for Whitefield pretended not to be holier than

others, but confessed his sins before all the world. Voltaire! Rousseau! You cannot escape my charge that you are Pharisees and hypocrites; for you are constantly talking of the virtues of the human heart, and particularly of your own, that you may accuse others, and especially the religious, whose errors you, by this display of pretended virtue, chiefly design to expose. Rousseau thought men good by nature: he found them evil and found no friend. Friendship cannot exist without forgiveness of sins continually. The book written by Rousseau, call'd his confessions, is an apology and cloak for his sin, and not a confession.

But you also charge the poor monks and religious with being the causes of war, while you acquit and flatter the Alexanders and Caesars, the Lewis's and Fredericks, who alone are its causes and its actors. But the religion of Jesus, forgiveness of sin, can never be the cause of a war, nor of a single martyrdom.

Those who martyr others, or who cause war, are Deists, but never can be forgivers of sin. The glory of Christianity is to conquer by forgiveness. All the destruction, therefore, in Christian Europe has arisen from Deism, which is natural religion.

I saw a monk of Charlemaine
Arise before my sight:
I talk'd with the grey monk as we stood
In beams of infernal light.

Gibbon arose with a lash of steel,
And Voltaire with a wracking wheel;
The schools, in clouds of learning roll'd,
Arose with war in iron and gold.

'Thou lazy monk!' they sound afar,
'In vain condemning glorious war;
And in your cell you shall ever dwell:
Rise, war, and bind him in his cell!'

The blood red ran from the grey monk's side,
His hands and feet were wounded wide,
His body bent, his arms and knees
Like to the roots of ancient trees.

When Satan first the black bow bent
And the moral law from the Gospel rent,
He forg'd the law into a sword,
And spill'd the blood of mercy's Lord.

Titus! Constantine! Charlemaine!
O Voltaire! Rousseau! Gibbon! Vain
Your Grecian mocks and Roman sword
Against this image of his Lord!

For a tear is an intellectual thing;
And a sigh is the sword of an angel king;
And the bitter groan of a martyr's woe
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow.

IN GREAT ETERNITY

In great eternity, every particular form gives forth or emanates
Its own peculiar light; and the form is the Divine vision,
And the light is his garment. This is Jerusalem in every man,
A tent and tabernacle of mutual forgiveness, male and female clothings.
And Jerusalem is called liberty among the children of Albion.

But the spectre like a hoar-frost and a mildew rose
over Albion,
Saying: 'I am God, O sons of men! I am your
rational power!
Am I not Bacon and Newton and Locke, who teach
humility to man,
Who teach doubt and experiment? and my two
wings Voltaire, Rousseau?
Where is that friend of sinners, that rebel against my
laws,
Who teaches belief to the nations and an unknown
eternal life?
Come hither into the desert and turn these stones to
bread.
Vain foolish man! wilt thou believe without experi-
ment,
And build a world of phantasy upon my great abyss,
A world of shapes in craving lust and devouring
appetite?'

So spoke the hard cold constrictive spectre: he is
named Arthur,
Constricting into Druid rocks round Canaan, Agag
and Aram and Pharaoh.

Then Albion drew England into his bosom in groans
and tears;
But she stretch'd out her starry night in spaces against
him like
A long serpent, in the abyss of the spectre which
augmented
The night with dragon wings cover'd with stars; and
in the wings

Jerusalem and Vala appear'd; and above, between the wings, magnificent,
The Divine vision dimly appear'd in clouds of blood weeping.

MINUTE PARTICULARS

He who would do good to another, must do it in minute particulars.
General good is the plea of the scoundrel, hypocrite, and flatterer;
For art and science cannot exist but in minutely organized particulars,
And not in generalizing demonstrations of the rational power:
The infinite alone resides in definite and determinate identity.

THE ANCIENT WORLD OF URIZEN

Canaan is his portico: Jordan is a fountain in his porch,
A fountain of milk and wine to relieve the traveller:
Egypt is the eight steps within; Ethiopia supports his pillars:
Lybia and the lands unknown are the ascent without:
Within is Asia and Greece, ornamented with exquisite art:
Persia and Media are his halls: his inmost hall is Great Tartary:
China and India and Siberia are his temples for entertainment:
Poland and Russia and Sweden, his soft retired chambers:

France and Spain and Italy and Denmark and Holland and Germany
Are the temples among his pillars: Britain is Los's forge:
America North and South are his baths of living waters.

Such is the ancient world of Urizen in the satanic void.

DAUGHTERS OF LOS

Other daughters of Los, labouring at looms less fine,
Create the silkworm and the spider and the caterpillar
To assist in their most grievous work of pity and compassion.
And others create the woolly lamb and the downy fowl
To assist in the work: the lamb bleats: the sea-fowl cries.
Men understand not the distress and the labour and sorrow
That in the interior worlds is carried on in fear and trembling,
Weaving the shudd'ring fears and loves of Albion's families.

THE VISION OF JERUSALEM

But the Divine Lamb stood beside Jerusalem; oft she saw
The lineaments divine and oft the voice heard, and oft she said:
'O Lord and Saviour, have the gods of the heathen pierced thee;
Or hast thou been pierced in the house of thy friends?

Art thou alive, and livest thou for evermore? or art thou
Not, but a delusive shadow, a thought that liveth not?
Babel mocks, saying there is no God nor Son of God;
That thou, O human imagination, O divine body, art all
A delusion: but I know thee, O Lord, when thou arisest upon
My weary eyes, even in this dungeon and this iron mill.
The stars of Albion cruel rise; thou bindest to sweet influences:
For thou also sufferest with me altho' I behold thee not;
And altho' I sin and blaspheme thy holy name, thou pitiest me,
Because thou knowest I am deluded by the turning mills,
And by these visions of pity and love because of Albion's death.'

Thus spake Jerusalem, and thus the divine voice replied:

'Mild shade of man, pitiest thou these visions of terror and woe?
Give forth thy pity and love: fear not: lo! I am with thee always.
Only believe in me that I have power to raise from death
Thy brother who sleepeth in Albion: fear not, trembling shade.
Behold in the visions of Elohim Jehovah, behold Joseph and Mary;
And be comforted, O Jerusalem, in the visions of Jehovah Elohim.'

She lookèd and saw Joseph the carpenter in Nazareth, and Mary

His espousèd wife. And Mary said: ' If thou put me
away from thee
Dost thou not murder me? ' Joseph spoke in anger
and fury: ' Should I
Marry a harlot and an adulteress? ' Mary answer'd,
' Art thou more pure
Than thy Maker, who forgiveth sins and calls again
her that is lost?
Tho' she hates, he calls her again in love. I love my
dear Joseph,
But he driveth me away from his presence; yet I hear
the voice of God
In the voice of my husband: tho' he is angry for a
moment, he will not
Utterly cast me away: if I were pure, never could I
taste the sweets
Of the forgiveness of sins; if I were holy, I never
could behold the tears
Of love of him who loves me in the midst of his anger
in furnace of fire.'

' Ah my Mary! ' said Joseph, weeping over and em-
bracing her closely in
His arms, ' Doth he forgive Jerusalem and not exact
purity from her who is
Polluted? I heard his voice in my sleep and his angel
in my dream:
Saying, " Doth Jehovah forgive a debt only on con-
dition that it shall
Be payèd? Doth he forgive pollution only on con-
ditions of purity?
That debt is not forgiven! That pollution is not for-
given!
Such is the forgiveness of the gods, the moral virtues of the

Heathen, whose tender mercies are cruelty. But Jehovah's salvation
Is without money and without price, in the continual forgiveness of sins,
In the perpetual mutual sacrifice in great eternity: for behold,
There is none that liveth and sinneth not! And this is the covenant
Of Jehovah: 'If you forgive one another so shall Jehovah forgive you;
That He Himself may dwell among you.' Fear not then to take
To thee Mary thy wife, for she is with child by the Holy Ghost." '
Then Mary burst forth into a song: she flowed like a river of
Many streams in the arms of Joseph, and gave forth her tears of joy
Like many waters, and emanating into gardens and palaces upon
Euphrates, and to forests and floods and animals, wild and tame, from
Gihon to Hiddekel, and to cornfields and villages and inhabitants
Upon Pison and Arnon and Jordan. And I heard the voice among
The reapers, saying, 'Am I Jerusalem, the lost adulteress, or am I
Babylon come up to Jerusalem?' And another voice answer'd, saying:
'Does the voice of my Lord call me again? am I pure thro' his mercy
And pity? Am I become lovely as a virgin in his sight, who am

Indeed a harlot drunken with the sacrifice of idols? does he
Call her pure as he did in the days of her infancy, when she
Was cast out to the loathing of her person? The Chaldean took
Me from my cradle. The Amalekite stole me away upon his camels,
Before I had ever beheld with love the face of Jehovah, or known
That there was a God of mercy. O mercy! O divine humanity!
O forgiveness and pity and compassion! If I were pure I should never
Have known thee. If I were unpolluted I should never have
Glorified thy holiness, or rejoicèd in thy great salvation.'

THE ARTS OF DEATH

Then left the sons of Urizen the plough and harrow, the loom,
The hammer and the chisel, and the rule and compasses; from London fleeing,
They forg'd the sword on Cheviot, the chariot of war and the battle-axe,
The trumpet fitted to mortal battle, and the flute of summer in Annandale:
And all the arts of life they chang'd into the arts of death in Albion.
The hour-glass contemn'd because its simple workmanship
Was like the workmanship of the ploughman, and the water wheel

That raises water into cisterns broken and burn'd
with fire,
Because its workmanship was like the workmanship
of the shepherd;
And in their stead, intricate wheels invented, wheel
without wheel,
To perplex youth in their outgoings, and to bind to
labours in Albion
Of day and night the myriads of eternity that they
may grind
And polish brass and iron hour after hour, laborious
task,
Kept ignorant of its use, that they might spend the
days of wisdom
In sorrowful drudgery, to obtain a scanty pittance of
bread,
In ignorance to view a small portion and think that
all,
And call it demonstration, blind to all the simple rules
of life.

'A LITTLE MOONY NIGHT'

She creates at her will a little moony night and silence
With spaces of sweet gardens and a tent of elegant
beauty,
Closed in by a sandy desert and a night of stars
shining,
And a little tender moon and hovering angels on the
wing.
And the male gives a time and revolution to her space
Till the time of love is passed in ever varying delights.

To the Christians

Devils are False Religions.

'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?'

I give you the end of a golden string:
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

We are told to abstain from fleshly desires that we may lose no time from the work of the Lord. Every moment lost is a moment that cannot be redeemed; every pleasure that intermingles with the duty of our station is a folly unredeemable, and is planted like the seed of a wild flower among our wheat. All the tortures of repentance are tortures of self-reproach on account of our leaving the divine harvest to the enemy, the struggles of intanglement with incoherent roots. I know of no other Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the divine arts of imagination—imagination, the real and eternal world of which this vegetable universe is but a faint shadow, and in which we shall live in our eternal or imaginative bodies, when these vegetable mortal bodies are no more. The Apostles knew of no other Gospel. What were all their spiritual gifts? What is the divine spirit? is the Holy Ghost any other than an intellectual fountain? What is the harvest of the Gospel and its labours? What is that talent which it is a curse to hide? What are the treasures of heaven which we are to lay up for ourselves? are they any other than mental studies and performances? What are all the gifts of the Gospel? are they not all mental gifts? Is God a spirit who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth,

and are not the gifts of the spirit everything to man? O ye religious, discountenance every one among you who shall pretend to despise art and science! I call upon you in the name of Jesus! What is the life of man but art and science? is it meat and drink? is not the body more than raiment? What is mortality but the things relating to the body, which dies? What is immortality but the things relating to the spirit, which lives eternally? What is the joy of heaven but improvement in the things of the spirit? What are the pains of hell but ignorance, bodily lust, idleness, and devastation of the things of the spirit? Answer this to yourselves, and expel from among you those who pretend to despise the labours of art and science, which alone are the labours of the Gospel. Is not this plain and manifest to the thought? Can you think at all, and not pronounce heartily: that to labour in knowledge is to build up Jerusalem; and to despise knowledge is to despise Jerusalem and her builders? And remember: he who despises and mocks a mental gift in another, calling it pride and selfishness and sin, mocks Jesus, the giver of every mental gift, which always appear to the ignorance-loving hypocrite as sins: but that which is a sin in the sight of cruel man, is not so in the sight of our kind God. Let every Christian, as much as in him lies, engage himself openly and publicly, before all the world, in some mental pursuit for the building up of Jerusalem.

I stood among my valleys of the south,
And saw a flame of fire, even as a wheel
Of fire surrounding all the heavens: it went
From west to east against the current of
Creation, and devour'd all things in its loud

Fury and thundering course round heaven and earth.
By it the sun was roll'd into an orb;
By it the moon faded into a globe,
Travelling thro' the night; for from its dire
And restless fury man himself shrunk up
Into a little root a fathom long.
And I asked a watcher and a holy-one
Its name: he answer'd: 'It is the wheel of religion.'
I wept and said: 'Is this the law of Jesus,
This terrible devouring sword turning every way?'
He answer'd: 'Jesus died because he strove
Against the current of this wheel: its name
Is Caiaphas, the dark preacher of death,
Of sin, of sorrow, and of punishment,
Opposing nature. It is natural religion.
But Jesus is the bright preacher of life,
Creating nature from this fiery law
By self-denial and forgiveness of sin.
Go, therefore, cast out devils in Christ's name,
Heal thou the sick of spiritual disease,
Pity the evil; for thou art not sent
To smite with terror and with punishments
Those that are sick, like to the Pharisees,
Crucifying, and encompassing sea and land
For proselytes to tyranny and wrath.
But to the Publicans and Harlots go:
Teach them true happiness, but let no curse
Go forth out of thy mouth to blight their peace.
For hell is open'd to heaven; thine eyes beheld
The dungeons burst, and the prisoners set free.'

England! awake! awake! awake!
Jerusalem thy sister calls!
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
And close her from thy ancient walls?

Thy hills and valleys felt her feet,
Gently upon their bosoms move:
Thy gates beheld sweet Zion's ways;
Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again:
Our souls exult, and London's towers
Receive the Lamb of God to dwell
In England's green and pleasant bowers.

THE LAMENT OF JERUSALEM

London cover'd the whole earth, England encompass'd the nations,
And all the nations of the earth were seen in the cities of Albion.
My pillars reach'd from sea to sea; London beheld me come
From my east and from my west: he blessed me and gave
His children to my breasts, his sons and daughters to my knees.
His aged parents sought me out in every city and village:
They discern'd my countenance with joy; they show'd me to their sons,
Saying, 'Lo, Jerusalem is here! she sitteth in our secret chambers.
Levi and Judah and Issachar, Ephram, Manasseh, Gad, and Dan
Are seen in our hills and valleys: they keep our flocks and herds:
They watch them in the night; and the Lamb of God appears among us.'
The river Severn stay'd his course at my command:

Thames poured his waters into my basins and baths:
Medway mingled with Kishon: Thames receiv'd the heavenly Jordan.
Albion gave me to the whole earth to walk up and down, to pour
Joy upon every mountain, to teach songs to the shepherd and ploughman.
I taught the ships of the sea to sing the songs of Zion.
Italy saw me in sublime astonishment: France was wholly mine,
As my garden and as my secret bath: Spain was my heavenly couch;
I slept in his golden hills; the Lamb of God met me there;
There we walked as in our secret chamber among our little ones.
They looked upon our loves with joy: they beheld our secret joys:
With holy raptures of adoration rapt sublime in the visions of God,
Germany, Poland and the North wooed my footsteps; they found
My gates in all their mountains and my curtains in all their vales;
The furniture of their houses was the furniture of my chamber.
Turkey and Grecia saw my instr[u]ments of music; they arose,
They seiz'd the harp, the flute, the mellow horn of Jerusalem's joy;
They sounded thanksgivings in my courts. Egypt and Lybia heard;
The swarthy sons of Ethiopia stood round the Lamb of God

Inquiring for Jerusalem: he led them up my steps to my altar.

And thou, America! I once beheld thee but now behold no more
Thy golden mountains where my Cherubim and Seraphim rejoic'd
Together among my little ones.

THE SONG OF LOS

And this is the song of Los, the song that he sings on his watch.

'O lovely mild Jerusalem! O Shiloh of Mount Ephraim!
I see thy gates of precious stones; thy walls of gold and silver.
Thou art the soft reflected image of the sleeping man,
Who, stretch'd on Albion's rocks, reposes amidst his twenty-eight
Cities, where Beulah lovely terminates, in the hills and valleys of Albion;
Cities not yet embodied in time and space. Plant ye
The seeds, O sisters, in the bosom of time and space's womb
To spring up for Jerusalem, lovely shadow of sleeping Albion,
Why wilt thou rend thyself apart and build an earthly kingdom,
To reign in pride and to oppress and to mix the cup of delusion,
O thou that dwellest with Babylon! Come forth, O lovely one!

'I see thy form, O lovely mild Jerusalem, wing'd with six wings
In the opacous bosom of the sleeper, lovely, threefold
In head and heart and reins, three universes of love and beauty!
Thy forehead bright, holiness to the Lord! with gates of pearl,
Reflects eternity beneath thy azure wings of feathery down,
Ribb'd delicate, and cloth'd with feather'd gold and azure and purple,
From thy white shoulders shadowing purity in holiness;
Thence, feather'd with soft crimson of the ruby, bright as fire,
Spreading into the azure wings which, like a canopy,
Bends over thy immortal head in which eternity dwells.
Albion, beloved land! I see thy mountains and thy hills
And valleys and thy pleasant cities, holiness to the Lord!
I see the spectres of thy dead, O emanation of Albion!

'Thy bosom white, translucent, cover'd with immortal gems,
A sublime ornament not obscuring the outlines of beauty,
Terrible to behold for thy extreme beauty and perfection:
Twelvefold here all the tribes of Israel I behold
Upon the Holy Land: I see the River of Life and Tree of Life:
I see the New Jerusalem descending out of Heaven

Between thy wings of gold and silver, feather'd immortal,
Clear as the rainbow, as the cloud of the sun's tabernacle.

'Thy reins, cover'd with wings translucent, sometimes covering
And sometimes spread abroad, reveal the flames of holiness,
Which like a robe covers, and like a veil of Seraphim
In flaming fire unceasing burns from eternity to eternity.
Twelvefold I there behold Israel in her tents.
A pillar of a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night
Guides them; there I behold Moab and Ammon and Amalek;
There bells of silver round thy knees, living, articulate
Comforting sounds of love and harmony; and on thy feet
Sandals of gold and pearl and Egypt and Assyria before me,
The Isles of Javan, Philistea, Tyre, and Lebanon.'

THE MAXIM OF LOS

Terrified Los sat to behold, trembling and weeping and howling.
'I care not whether a man is good or evil; all that I care
Is whether he is a wise man or a fool. Go! put off holiness,
And put on intellect; or my thund'rous hammer shall drive thee
To wrath which thou condemnest, till thou obey my voice.'

ALBION AND JESUS

Albion cold lays on his rock; storms and snows beat round him,
Beneath the furnaces and the starry wheels and the immortal tomb;
Howling winds cover him; roaring seas dash furious against him;
In the deep darkness broad lightnings glare, long thunders roll.
The weeds of death inwrap his hands and feet, blown incessant
And wash'd incessant by the for ever restless sea-waves, foaming abroad
Upon the white rock. England, a female shadow, as deadly damps
Of the mines of Cornwall and Derbyshire, lays upon his bosom heavy,
Movèd by the wind in volumes of thick cloud returning, folding round
His loins and bosom, unremovable by swelling storms and loud rending
Of enragèd thunders. Around them the starry wheels of their giant sons
Revolve, and over them the furnaces of Los, and the immortal tomb, around
Erin sitting in the tomb, to watch them unceasing night and day:
And the body of Albion was closèd apart from all nations.

Over them the famish'd eagle screams on boney wings, and around
Them howls the wolf of famine: deep heaves the ocean black, thundering

Around the wormy garments of Albion, then pausing in deathlike silence.

Time was finished! The breath divine breathed over Albion

Beneath the furnaces and starry wheels and in the immortal tomb,

And England who is Britannia awoke from death on Albion's bosom.

She awoke pale and cold: she fainted seven times on the body of Albion.

'O piteous sleep! O piteous dream! O God, O God, awake! I have slain,

In dreams of chastity and moral law I have murdered Albion! Ah!

In Stonehenge and on London stone and in the oak groves of Malden

I have slain him in my sleep, with the knife of the Druid. O England,

O all ye nations of the earth, behold ye the jealous wife!

The eagle, and the wolf, and monkey, and owl, and the king, and priest were there!'

Her voice pierc'd Albion's clay-cold ear: he moved upon the rock.

The breath divine went forth upon the morning hills. Albion mov'd

Upon the rock: he open'd his eyelids in pain; in pain he mov'd

His stony members: he saw England. Ah! shall the dead live again?

The breath divine went forth over the morning hills. Albion rose

In anger, the wrath of God, breaking bright, flaming on all sides around

His awful limbs: into the heavens he walkèd, clothèd in flames
Loud thund'ring, with broad flashes of flaming lightning and pillars
Of fire, speaking the words of eternity in human forms, in direful
Revolutions of action and passion, thro' the four elements on all sides
Surrounding his awful members. Thou seest the sun in heavy clouds
Struggling to rise above the mountains; in his burning hand
He takes his bow, then chooses out his arrows of flaming gold;
Murmuring the bowstring breathes with ardour; clouds roll round the
Horns of the wide bow; loud-sounding winds sport on the mountain brows.
Compelling Urizen to his furrow, and Tharmas to his sheepfold,
And Luvah to his loom, Urthona he beheld, mighty, labouring at
His anvil, in the great spectre Los unwearied labouring and weeping.
Therefore the sons of Eden praise Urthona's spectre in songs,
Because he kept the divine vision in time of trouble.

As the sun and moon lead forward the visions of heaven and earth
England, who is Britannia, enter'd Albion's bosom rejoicing,
Rejoicing in his indignation, adoring his wrathful rebuke.

She who adores not your frowns will only loathe your smiles.

As the sun and moon lead forward the visions of heaven and earth
England, who is Britannia, entered Albion's bosom rejoicing.

Then Jesus appeared standing by Albion, as the Good Shepherd
By the lost sheep that he hath found: and Albion knew that it
Was the Lord, the Universal Humanity; and Albion saw his form
A man, and they conversed as man with man, in ages of eternity.
And the divine appearance was the likeness and similitude of Los.

Albion said, 'O Lord, what can I do! my selfhood cruel
Marches against thee, deceitful, from Sinai and from Edom
Into the wilderness of Judah to meet thee in his pride.
I behold the visions of my deadly sleep of six thousand years,
Dazzling around thy skirts like a serpent of precious stones and gold.
I know it is myself, O my Divine Creator and Redeemer!'

Jesus replied, 'Fear not, Albion: unless I die thou canst not live:
But if I die I shall arise again and thou with me.
This is friendship and brotherhood: without it man is not.'

So Jesus spoke: the covering cherub coming on in darkness
Overshadow'd them, and Jesus said, 'Thus do men in eternity,
One for another to put off by forgiveness every sin.'

Albion replied: 'Cannot man exist without mysterious
Offering of self for another? Is this friendship and brotherhood?
I see thee in the likeness and similitude of Los my friend.'

Jesus said: 'Wouldest thou love one who never died
For thee, or ever die for one who had not died for thee?
And if God dieth not for man, and giveth not himself
Eternally for man, man could not exist; for man is love,
As God is love: every kindness to another is a little death
In the divine image; nor can man exist but by brotherhood.'

So saying, the cloud overshadowing divided them asunder.
Albion stood in terror, not for himself but for his friend
Divine; and self was lost in the contemplation of faith
And wonder at the divine mercy and at Los's sublime honour.

'Do I sleep amidst danger to friends! O my cities and counties
Do you sleep! rouse up, rouse up, eternal death is abroad!'

So Albion spoke; and threw himself into the furnaces of affliction.
All was a vision, all a dream: the furnaces became
Fountains of living waters, flowing from the humanity divine.
And all the cities of Albion rose from their slumbers, and all
The sons and daughters of Albion on soft clouds, waking from sleep.
Soon all around remote the heavens burnt with flaming fires,
And Urizen and Luvah and Tharmas and Urthona arose into
Albion's bosom. Then Albion stood before Jesus in the clouds
Of heaven, fourfold among the visions of God in eternity.

'Awake, awake, Jerusalem! O lovely emanation of Albion,
Awake, and overspread all nations as in ancient time!
For lo! the night of death is past and the eternal day
Appears upon our hills. Awake, Jerusalem, and come away!'

So spake the vision of Albion, and in him so spake in my hearing
The universal Father.

THEY ARE NAMED JERUSALEM

All human forms identified, even tree, metal, earth, and stone; all
Human forms identified, living, going forth, and returning wearied

Into the planetary lives of years, months, days, and hours; reposing,
And then awaking into his bosom in the life of immortality.
And I heard the name of their emanations: they are namèd Jerusalem.

Verses from

THE GATES OF PARADISE

[PROLOGUE]

Mutual forgiveness of each vice,
Such are the gates of Paradise,
Against the accuser's chief desire,
Who walk'd among the stones of fire.
Jehovah's finger wrote the law;
Then wept; then rose in zeal and awe,
And the dead corpse, from Sinai's heat,
Buried beneath His mercy-seat.
O Christians! Christians! tell me why
You rear it on your altars high?

THE KEYS

The Caterpillar on the leaf
Reminds thee of thy mother's grief.

OF THE GATES

1. My eternal man set in repose,
   The female from his darkness rose;
   And she found me beneath a tree,
   A mandrake, and in her veil hid me.
   Serpent reasonings us entice
   Of good and evil, virtue and vice,
2. Doubt self-jealous, watery folly;
3. Struggling thro' earth's melancholy;
4. Naked in air, in shame and fear;
5. Blind in fire, with shield and spear;

Two-horn'd reasoning, cloven fiction,
In doubt, which is self-contradiction,
A dark hermaphrodite we stood—
Rational truth, root of evil and good.
Round me flew the flaming sword;
Round her snowy whirlwinds roar'd,
Freezing her veil, the mundane shell.

6. I rent the veil where the dead dwell:
When weary man enters his cave,
He meets his Saviour in the grave.
Some find a female garment there,
And some a male, woven with care;
Lest the sexual garments sweet
Should grow a devouring winding-sheet.

7. One dies! Alas! the living and dead!
One is slain! and one is fled!

8. In vainglory hatch'd and nurs'd,
By double spectres, self-accurs'd.
My son! my son! thou treatest me
But as I have instructed thee.

9. On the shadows of the moon,
Climbing thro' night's highest noon;

10. In time's ocean falling, drown'd;

11. In agèd ignorance profound,
Holy and cold, I clipp'd the wings
Of all sublunary things,

12. And in depths of my dungeons
Closed the father and the sons.

13. But when once I did descry
The immortal man that cannot die,

14. Thro' evening shades I haste away
To close the labours of my day.

15. The door of death I open found,
And the worm weaving in the ground:

16. Thou'rt my mother, from the womb;
Wife, sister, daughter, to the tomb;
Weaving to dreams the sexual strife,
And weeping over the web of life.

[EPILOGUE]

To the Accuser who is The God of this World

Truly, my Satan, thou art but a dunce,
And dost not know the garment from the man;
Every harlot was a virgin once,
Nor canst thou ever change Kate into Nan.

Tho' thou art worshipp'd by the names divine
Of Jesus and Jehovah, thou art still
The son of morn in weary night's decline,
The lost traveller's dream under the hill.

THE GHOST OF ABEL

A REVELATION IN THE VISIONS OF JEHOVAH SEEN BY WILLIAM BLAKE

TO LORD BYRON IN THE WILDERNESS:

WHAT doest thou here, Elijah?
Can a poet doubt the visions of Jehovah? Nature has no outline,
But imagination has. Nature has no tune, but imagination has.
Nature has no supernatural, and dissolves: imagination is eternity.

SCENE—*A rocky country.* EVE, *fainted, over the dead body of* ABEL, *which lays near a grave.* ADAM *kneels by her.* JEHOVAH *stands above.*

Jehovah. Adam!
Adam. I will not hear Thee more, Thou Spiritual Voice.
Is this death?
Jehovah. Adam!
Adam. It is in vain: I will not hear Thee
Henceforth. Is this Thy promise, that the woman's seed
Should bruise the serpent's head? Is this the serpent? Ah!
Seven times, O Eve! thou hast fainted over the dead. Ah! Ah!

EVE *revives.*

Eve. Is this the promise of Jehovah? O! it is all a vain delusion,

This death, and this life, and this Jehovah!

Jehovah. Woman, lift thine eyes!

A Voice is heard coming on.

Voice. O earth, cover not thou my blood! cover not thou my blood!

Enter the Ghost *of* Abel.

Eve. Thou visionary phantasm, thou art not the real Abel.

Abel. Among the Elohim, a human victim I wander: I am their house,

Prince of the air, and our dimensions compass zenith and nadir.

Vain is Thy covenant, O Jehovah! I am the accuser and avenger

Of blood. O earth! cover not thou the blood of Abel.

Jehovah. What vengeance dost thou require?

Abel. Life for life! Life for life!

Jehovah. He who shall take Cain's life must also die, O Abel!

And who is he? Adam, wilt thou, or Eve, thou do this?

Adam. It is all a vain delusion of the all-creative imagination.

Eve, come away, and let us not believe these vain delusions.

Abel is dead, and Cain slew him. We shall also die a death,

And then—what then? be, as poor Abel, a thought; or as

This? O! what shall I call Thee, Form Divine, Father of Mercies,

That appearest to my spiritual vision? Eve, seest thou also?

Eve. I see Him plainly with my mind's eye. I see also Abel living,
Tho' terribly afflicted, as we also are; yet Jehovah sees him
Alive and not dead. Were it not better to believe vision
With all our might and strength, tho' we are fallen and lost?

Adam. Eve, thou hast spoken truly: let us kneel before His feet.

They kneel before JEHOVAH.

Abel. Are these the sacrifices of eternity, O Jehovah —a broken spirit
And a contrite heart? O! I cannot forgive: the accuser hath
Enter'd into me as into his house, and I loathe Thy tabernacles.
As Thou hast said, so is it come to pass. My desire is unto Cain,
And he doth rule over me; therefore my soul in fumes of blood
Cries for vengeance, sacrifice on sacrifice, blood on blood!

Jehovah. Lo! I have given you a Lamb for an atonement, instead
Of the transgressor, or no flesh or spirit could ever live.

Abel. Compelled I cry, O earth! cover not the blood of Abel.

ABEL *sinks down into the grave, from which arises* SATAN, *armed in glittering scales, with a crown and a spear.*

Satan. I will have human blood, and not the blood of bulls or goats,

And no atonement, O Jehovah! The Elohim live on sacrifice
Of men: hence I am god of men! Thou human, O Jehovah!
By the rock and oak of the Druid, creeping mistletoe, and thorn,
Cain's city built with human blood, not blood of bulls and goats,
Thou shalt Thyself be sacrificed to me, thy God! on Calvary.

Jehovah. Such is my will—(*Thunders*)—that thou thyself go to eternal death
In self-annihilation, even till Satan, self-subdu'd, put off Satan
Into the bottomless abyss, whose torment arises for ever and ever.

On each side a Chorus of Angels, entering, sing the following:

The Elohim of the heathen swore vengeance for sin! Then Thou stood'st
Forth, O Elohim Jehovah! in the midst of the darkness of the oath, all clothèd
In Thy covenant of the forgiveness of sins. Death, O Holy! Is this brotherhood?
The Elohim saw their oath eternal fire: they rollèd apart, trembling, over the
Mercy-seat, each in his station fix'd in the firmament by peace, brotherhood, and love.

The curtain falls.

APPENDIX TO
THE PROPHETIC BOOKS

THERE IS NO NATURAL RELIGION

[Part the First]

THE ARGUMENT

MAN has no notion of moral fitness but from education. Naturally, he is only a natural organ, subject to sense.

I

Man cannot naturally perceive but through his natural or bodily organs.

II

Man, by his reasoning power, can only compare and judge of what he has already perceiv'd.

III

From a perception of only three senses, or three elements, none could deduce a fourth or fifth.

IV

None could have other than natural or organic thoughts if he had none but organic perceptions.

V

Man's desires are limited by his perceptions; none can desire what he has not perceiv'd.

VI

The desires and perceptions of man, untaught by anything but organs of sense, must be limited to objects of sense.

CONCLUSION

If it were not for the poetic or prophetic character, the philosophic and experimental would soon be at the ratio of all things; and stand still, unable to do other than repeat the same dull round over again.

[Part the Second]

I

Man's perceptions are not bounded by organs of perception; he perceives more than sense (tho' ever so acute) can discover.

II

Reason, or the ratio of all we have already known, is not the same that it shall be when we know more.

III

[*Deest*]

IV

The bounded is loathed by its possessor. The same dull round, even of a universe, would soon become a mill with complicated wheels.

V

If the many become the same as the few, when possess'd, 'More! More!' is the cry of a mistaken soul: less than all cannot satisfy man.

VI

If any could desire what he is incapable of possessing, despair must be his eternal lot.

VII

The desire of man being infinite, the possession is infinite, and himself infinite.

APPLICATION

He who sees the infinite in all things sees God. He who sees the ratio only, sees himself only.

THEREFORE

God becomes as we are, that we may be as He is.

ALL RELIGIONS ARE ONE

The voice of one crying in the wilderness

THE ARGUMENT

As the true method of knowledge is experiment, the true faculty of knowing must be the faculty which experiences. This faculty I treat of:

Principle 1

That the poetic genius is the true man, and that the body or outward form of man is derived from the poetic genius. Likewise that the forms of all things are derived from their genius, which by the ancients was call'd an angel and spirit and demon.

Principle 2

As all men are alike in outward form; so, and with the same infinite variety, all are alike in the poetic genius.

Principle 3

No man can think, write, or speak from his heart, but he must intend truth. Thus all sects of philosophy are from the poetic genius, adapted to the weaknesses of every individual.

Principle 4

As none by travelling over known lands can find out the unknown; so, from already acquired knowledge, man could not acquire more; therefore a universal poetic genius exists.

Principle 5

The religions of all nations are derived from each nation's different reception of the poetic genius, which is everywhere call'd the spirit of prophecy.

Principle 6

The Jewish and Christian Testaments are an original derivation from the poetic genius. This is necessary from the confined nature of bodily sensation.

Principle 7

As all men are alike, tho' infinitely various; so all religions: and as all similars have one source the true man is the source, he being the poetic genius.

[FROM BLAKE'S ENGRAVING OF THE LAOCOON]

To left of plate.

Spiritual war: Israel delivered from Egypt is art deliver'd from nature and imitation.

A poet, a painter, a musician, an architect; the man or woman who is not one of these is not a Christian.

You must leave fathers and mothers and houses and lands if they stand in the way of art.

The eternal body of man is the imagination; that is God Himself, the Divine Body, ישע Jesus; we are His members.

It manifests itself in His works of art: In eternity all is vision!

The true Christian charity not dependent on money, the life's blood of poor families; that is on Caesar or empire, or natural religion.

Money! which is the great Satan or reason, the root of good and evil, in the accusation of sin.

Prayer is the study of art.

Praise is the practice of art.

Fasting, &c., all relate to art.

The outward ceremony is antichrist.

Encircling the three figures.

Good and evil are riches and poverty, a tree of misery propagating generation and death.

The Gods of Priam are the Cherubim of Moses and Solomon, the hosts of Heaven.

Without unceasing practice nothing can be done: practice is art. If you leave off you are lost.

Hebrew art is called sin, by the Deist science.

All that we see is vision; from generated organs, gone as soon as come; permanent in the imagination; consider'd as nothing by the natural man.

Satan's wife, the goddess Nature, is war and misery, and Heroism a miser.

At head of plate.

Where any view of money exists, art cannot be carried on, but war only; by pretences to the two impossibilities, chastity and abstinence, gods of the heathen. (Read Matthew x. 9, 10.)

He repented that He had made Adam (of the female, the Adamah); and it grieved Him at His heart.

Art can never exist without naked beauty displayed.

The gods of Greece and Egypt were mathematical diagrams. (See Plato's Works.)

What can be created can be destroyed.

Adam is only the natural man, and not the soul or imagination.

Divine union deriding and denying immediate communion with God. The spoilers say: 'Where are His works that He did in the wilderness?' Lo! what are these? Whence came they? These are not the works of Egypt, nor Babylon, whose gods are the powers of this world, Goddess Nature; who first spoil and then destroy imaginative art, for their glory is war and dominion.

Empire against art. (See Virgil's *Aeneid*, Lib. VI, v. 848.)

To right of plate.

Jesus and His apostles and disciples were all artists. Their works were destroy'd by the seven angels of the seven churches in Asia, antichrist, science.

The Old and New Testaments are the great code of art.

The whole business of man is the arts, and all things, common.

No secrecy in art.

Art is the tree of life.

God is Jesus.

Science is the tree of death.

For every pleasure money is useless.

There are States in which all visionary men are accounted mad men: such are Greece and Rome, such is empire or tax. (See Luke ii. 1.)

The unproductive man is not a Christian, much less the destroyer.

What we call antique gems are the gems of Aaron's breast-plate.

Is not every vice possible to man described in the Bible openly?

All is not sin that Satan calls so—all the loves and graces of eternity.

Christianity is art and not money. Money is its curse.

At foot of plate.

If morality was Christianity, Socrates was the Saviour.

Art degraded, imagination denied, war governed the nations.

ON HOMER'S POETRY

EVERY poem must necessarily be a perfect unity, but why Homer's is peculiarly so I cannot tell: he has told the story of Bellerophon, and omitted the Judgement of Paris, which is not only a part but a principal part of Homer's subject.

But when a work has unity, it is as much in a part as in the whole. The torso is as much a unity as the Laocoon.

As unity is the cloak of folly, so goodness is the cloak of knavery. Those who will have unity exclusively in Homer come out with a moral like a sting in the tail. Aristotle says characters are either good or bad; now goodness or badness has nothing to do with character. An apple-tree, a pear-tree, a horse, a lion, are characters; but a good apple-tree or a bad is an apple-tree still: a horse is not more a lion for being a bad horse; that is its character: its goodness or badness is another consideration.

It is the same with the moral of a whole poem as with the moral goodness of its parts. Unity and morality are secondary considerations, and belong to philosophy, and not to poetry, to exception and

not to rule, to accident and not to substance. The ancients called it eating of the Tree of Good and Evil.

The classics! it is the classics, and not Goths nor monks, that desolate Europe with wars.

ON VIRGIL

Sacred Truth has pronounced that Greece and Rome, as Babylon and Egypt, so far from being parents of arts and sciences as they pretend, were destroyers of all art. Homer, Virgil, and Ovid confirm this opinion, and make us reverence the Word of God, the only light of antiquity that remains unperverted by war. Virgil in the *Aeneid*, Book vi, line 848, says, 'Let others study art: Rome has somewhat better to do, namely war and dominion'.

Rome and Greece swept art into their maw and destroyed it; a warlike State never can produce art. It will rob and plunder and accumulate into one place, and translate and copy and buy and sell and criticize, but not make. Grecian is mathematic form: Gothic is living form. Mathematic form is eternal in the reasoning memory: living form is eternal existence.

FROM BLAKE'S DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE

I

SIR GEFFREY CHAUCER AND THE NINE AND TWENTY PILGRIMS ON THEIR JOURNEY TO CANTERBURY

The time chosen is early morning, before sunrise, when the jolly company are just quitting the Tabarde Inn. The Knight and Squire with the Squire's Yeoman lead the procession; next follow the youthful Abbess, her Nun, and three Priests; her greyhounds attend her:

> 'Of small hounds had she that she fed
> With roast flesh, milk, and wastel bread.'

Next follow the Friar and Monk; then the Tapiser, the Pardoner, and the Sompnour and Manciple. After these 'Our Host', who occupies the centre of the cavalcade, directs them to the Knight as the person who would be likely to commence their task of each telling a tale in their order. After the Host follow the Shipman, the Haberdasher, the Dyer, the Franklin, the Physician, the Ploughman, the Lawyer, the Poor Parson, the Merchant, the Wife of Bath, the Miller, the Cook, the Oxford Scholar, Chaucer himself; and the Reeve comes as Chaucer has described:

> 'And ever he rode hinderest of the rout.'

These last are issuing from the gateway of the inn; the Cook and the Wife of Bath are both taking their

morning's draught of comfort. Spectators stand at the gateway of the inn, and are composed of an old man, a woman, and children.

The landscape is an eastward view of the country, from the Tabarde Inn in Southwark, as it may be supposed to have appeared in Chaucer's time, interspersed with cottages and villages. The first beams of the sun are seen above the horizon; some buildings and spires indicate the situation of the great city. The inn is a Gothic building, which Thynne in his Glossary says was the lodging of the Abbot of Hyde, by Winchester. On the inn is inscribed its title, and a proper advantage is taken of this circumstance to describe the subject of the picture. The words written over the gateway of the inn are as follow: 'The Tabarde Inn, by Henry Baillie, the lodgynge-house for Pilgrims who journey to Saint Thomas's Shrine at Canterbury.'

The characters of Chaucer's Pilgrims are the characters which compose all ages and nations. As one age falls, another rises, different to mortal sight, but to immortals only the same; for we see the same characters repeated again and again, in animals, vegetables, minerals, and in men. Nothing new occurs in identical existence; accident ever varies, substance can never suffer change nor decay.

Of Chaucer's characters, as described in his *Canterbury Tales*, some of the names or titles are altered by time, but the characters themselves for ever remain unaltered; and consequently they are the physiognomies or lineaments of universal human life, beyond which Nature never steps. Names alter, things never alter. I have known multitudes of those who would have been monks in the age of monkery, who in this

deistical age are deists. As Newton numbered the stars, and as Linnaeus numbered the plants, so Chaucer numbered the classes of men.

The Painter has consequently varied the heads and forms of his personages into all Nature's varieties; the horses he has also varied to accord to their riders; the costume is correct according to authentic monuments.

The Knight and Squire with the Squire's Yeoman lead the procession, as Chaucer has also placed them first in his Prologue. The Knight is a true hero, a good, great, and wise man; his whole-length portrait on horseback, as written by Chaucer, cannot be surpassed. He has spent his life in the field, has ever been a conqueror, and is that species of character which in every age stands as the guardian of man against the oppressor. His son is like him, with the germ of perhaps greater perfection still, as he blends literature and the arts with his warlike studies. Their dress and their horses are of the first rate, without ostentation, and with all the true grandeur that unaffected simplicity when in high rank always displays. The Squire's Yeoman is also a great character, a man perfectly knowing in his profession:

> 'And in his hand he bare a mighty bow.'

Chaucer describes here a mighty man, one who in war is the worthy attendant on noble heroes.

The Prioress follows these with her female Chaplain:

> 'Another Nonne also with her had she,
> That was her Chaplaine, and Priests three.'

This lady is described also as of the first rank, rich and honoured. She has certain peculiarities and little

delicate affectations, not unbecoming in her, being accompanied with what is truly grand and really polite; her person and face Chaucer has described with minuteness; it is very elegant, and was the beauty of our ancestors till after Elizabeth's time, when voluptuousness and folly began to be accounted beautiful.

Her companion and her three Priests were no doubt all perfectly delineated in those parts of Chaucer's work which are now lost; we ought to suppose them suitable attendants on rank and fashion.

The Monk follows these with the Friar. The Painter has also grouped with these the Pardoner and the Sompnour and the Manciple, and has here also introduced one of the rich citizens of London—characters likely to ride in company, all being above the common rank in life, or attendants on those who were so.

For the Monk is described by Chaucer, as a man of the first rank in society, noble, rich, and expensively attended; he is a leader of the age, with certain humorous accompaniments in his character, that do not degrade, but render him an object of dignified mirth, but also with other accompaniments not so respectable.

The Friar is a character of a mixed kind:

> 'A friar there was, a wanton and a merry;'

but in his office he is said to be a 'full solemn man'; eloquent, amorous, witty, and satirical; young, handsome, and rich; he is a complete rogue, with constitutional gaiety enough to make him a master of all the pleasures of the world:

> 'His neck was white as the flour de lis,
> Thereto strong he was as a champioun.'

It is necessary here to speak of Chaucer's own character, that I may set certain mistaken critics right in their conception of the humour and fun that occur on the journey. Chaucer is himself the great poetical observer of men, who in every age is born to record and eternize its acts. This he does as a master, as a father and superior, who looks down on their little follies from the Emperor to the Miller, sometimes with severity, oftener with joke and sport.

Accordingly Chaucer has made his Monk a great tragedian, one who studied poetical art. So much so that the generous Knight is, in the compassionate dictates of his soul, compelled to cry out:

> 'Ho,' quoth the Knyght, 'good Sir, no more of this;
> That ye have said is right ynough, I wis,
> And mokell more; for little heaviness
> Is right enough for much folk, as I guesse.
> I say, for me, it is a great disease,
> Whereas men have been in wealth and ease,
> To heare of their sudden fall, alas!
> And the contrary is joy and solas.'

The Monk's definition of tragedy in the proem to his tale is worth repeating:

> 'Tragedie is to tell a certain story,
> As old books us maken memory,
> Of hem that stood in great prosperity,
> And be fallen out of high degree,
> Into miserie, and ended wretchedly.'

Though a man of luxury, pride, and pleasure, he is a master of art and learning, though affecting to despise it. Those who can think that the proud huntsman and noble housekeeper, Chaucer's Monk, is intended for a buffoon or burlesque character, know little of Chaucer.

For the Host who follows this group, and holds the

centre of the cavalcade, is a first-rate character, and his jokes are no trifles; they are always, though uttered with audacity, and equally free with the Lord and the Peasant—they are always substantially and weightily expressive of knowledge and experience; Henry Baillie, the keeper of the greatest inn of the greatest city, for such was the Tabarde Inn in Southwark near London, our Host, was also a leader of the age.

By way of illustration I instance Shakespeare's witches in *Macbeth*. Those who dress them for the stage, consider them as wretched old women, and not, as Shakespeare intended, the goddesses of destiny; this shows how Chaucer has been misunderstood in his sublime work. Shakespeare's fairies also are the rulers of the vegetable world, and so are Chaucer's; let them be so considered, and then the poet will be understood, and not else.

But I have omitted to speak of a very prominent character, the Pardoner, the Age's Knave, who always commands and domineers over the high and low vulgar. This man is sent in every age for a rod and scourge, and for a blight, for a trial of men, to divide the classes of men; he is in the most holy sanctuary, and he is suffered by Providence for wise ends, and has also his great use, and his grand leading destiny.

His companion the Sompnour is also a Devil of the first magnitude, grand, terrific, rich, and honoured in the rank of which he holds the destiny. The uses to society are perhaps equal of the Devil and of the Angel; their sublimity who can dispute?

> 'In daunger had he at his own gise,
> The young girls of his diocese,
> And he knew well their counsel, &c.'

The principal figure in the next group is the Good Parson; an apostle, a real messenger of Heaven, sent in every age for its light and its warmth. This man is beloved and venerated by all, and neglected by all: he serves all, and is served by none. He is, according to Christ's definition, the greatest of his age: yet he is a Poor Parson of a town. Read Chaucer's description of the Good Parson, and bow the head and the knee to Him, Who in every age sends us such a burning and a shining light. Search, O ye rich and powerful, for these men and obey their counsel; then shall the golden age return. But alas! you will not easily distinguish him from the Friar or the Pardoner; they also are 'full solemn men', and their counsel you will continue to follow.

I have placed by his side the Sergeant-at-Lawe, who appears delighted to ride in his company, and between him and his brother the Ploughman; as I wish men of law would always ride with them, and take their counsel, especially in all difficult points. Chaucer's Lawyer is a character of great venerableness, a Judge and a real master of the jurisprudence of his age.

The Doctor of Physic is in this group; and the Franklin, the voluptuous country gentleman, contrasted with the Physician, and, on his other hand, with two Citizens of London. Chaucer's characters live age after age. Every age is a Canterbury Pilgrimage; we all pass on, each sustaining one of these characters; nor can a child be born who is not one or other of these characters of Chaucer. The Doctor of Physic is described as the first of his profession, perfect, learned, completely Master and Doctor in his art. Thus the reader will observe that Chaucer

makes every one of his characters perfect in his kind; every one is an antique statue, the image of a class and not of an imperfect individual.

This group also would furnish substantial matter, on which volumes might be written. The Franklin is one who keeps open table, who is the genius of eating and drinking, the Bacchus; as the Doctor of Physic is the Aesculapius, the Host is the Silenus, the Squire is the Apollo, the Miller is the Hercules, &c. Chaucer's characters are a description of the eternal principles that exist in all ages. The Franklin is voluptuousness itself, most nobly portrayed:

> 'It snewed in his house of meat and drink.'

The Ploughman is simplicity itself, with wisdom and strength for its stamina. Chaucer has divided the ancient character of Hercules between his Miller and his Ploughman. Benevolence is the Ploughman's great characteristic; he is thin with excessive labour, and not with old age as some have supposed:

> 'He would thresh, and thereto dike and delve,
> For Christe's sake, for every poore wight,
> Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.'

Visions of these eternal principles or characters of human life appear to poets in all ages; the Grecian gods were the ancient Cherubim of Phoenicia; but the Greeks, and since them the Moderns, have neglected to subdue the gods of Priam. These gods are visions of the eternal attributes, or divine names, which, when erected into gods, become destructive to humanity. They ought to be the servants, and not the masters of man or of society. They ought to be made to sacrifice to man, and not man compelled to sacrifice to them; for, when separated from man or

humanity, who is Jesus the Saviour, the Vine of Eternity? They are thieves and rebels, they are destroyers.

The Ploughman of Chaucer is Hercules in his supreme eternal state, divested of his spectrous shadow, which is the Miller, a terrible fellow, such as exists in all times and places for the trial of men, to astonish every neighbourhood with brutal strength and courage, to get rich and powerful, to curb the pride of man.

The Reeve and the Manciple are two characters of the most consummate worldly wisdom. The Shipman, or Sailor, is a similar genius of Ulyssean art, but with the highest courage superadded.

The Citizens and their Cook are each leaders of a class. Chaucer has been somehow made to number four citizens, which would make his whole company, himself included, thirty-one. But he says there was but nine-and-twenty in his company:

'Full nine and twenty in a company.'

The Webbe, or Weaver, and the Tapiser, or Tapestry Weaver, appear to me to be the same person; but this is only an opinion, for 'full nine and twenty' may signify one more or less. But I daresay that Chaucer wrote 'A Webbe Dyer', that is a Cloth Dyer:

'A Webbe Dyer and a Tapiser.'

The Merchant cannot be one of the Three Citizens, as his dress is different, and his character is more marked, whereas Chaucer says of his rich citizens:

'All were yclothed in o liverie.'

The characters of women Chaucer has divided into

two classes, the Lady Prioress and the Wife of Bath. Are not these leaders of the ages of men? The Lady Prioress in some ages predominates; and in some the Wife of Bath, in whose character Chaucer has been equally minute and exact; because she is also a scourge and a blight. I shall say no more of her, nor expose what Chaucer has left hidden; let the young reader study what he has said of her: it is useful as a scarecrow. There are of such characters born too many for the peace of the world.

I come at length to the Clerk of Oxenford. This character varies from that of Chaucer, as the contemplative philosopher varies from the poetical genius. There are always these two classes of learned sages, the poetical and the philosophical. The Painter has put them side by side, as if the youthful clerk had put himself under the tuition of the mature poet. Let the philosopher always be the servant and scholar of inspiration, and all will be happy.

Such are the characters that compose this picture, which was painted in self-defence against the insolent and envious imputation of unfitness for finished and scientific art, and this imputation most artfully and industriously endeavoured to be propagated among the public by ignorant hirelings. The Painter courts comparison with his competitors, who, having received fourteen hundred guineas and more from the profits of his designs in that well-known work, *Designs for Blair's Grave*, have left him to shift for himself; while others, more obedient to an employer's opinions and directions, are employed at a great expense to produce works in succession to his by which they acquired public patronage. This has hitherto been his lot—to get patronage for others and then to be left

and neglected, and his work, which gained that patronage, cried down as eccentricity and madness—as unfinished and neglected by the artist's violent temper: he is sure the works now exhibited will give the lie to such aspersions.

Those who say that men are led by interest are knaves. A knavish character will often say: 'Of what interest is it to me to do so-and-so?' I answer: 'Of none at all, but the contrary, as you well know. It is of malice and envy that you have done this; hence I am aware of you, because I know that you act not from interest but from malice, even to your own destruction.' It is therefore become a duty which Mr. B. owes to the public, who have always recognized him and patronized him, however hidden by artifices, that he should not suffer such things to be done, or be hindered from the public exhibition of his finished productions by any calumnies in future.

The character and expression in this picture could never have been produced with Rubens' light and shadow, or with Rembrandt's, or anything Venetian or Flemish. The Venetian and Flemish practice is broken lines, broken masses, and broken colours. Mr. B.'s practice is unbroken lines, unbroken masses, and unbroken colours. Their art is to lose form; his art is to find form, and to keep it. His arts are opposite to theirs in all things.

As there is a class of men whose whole delight is in the destruction of men, so there is a class of artists whose whole art and science is fabricated for the purpose of destroying art. Who these are is soon known: 'by their works ye shall know them.' All who endeavour to raise up a style against Raphael, Mich. Angelo, and the antique; those who separate

painting from drawing, who look if a picture is well drawn, and, if it is, immediately cry out that it cannot be well coloured—those are the men.

But to show the stupidity of this class of men, nothing need be done but to examine my rival's prospectus.

The two first characters in Chaucer, the Knight and the Squire, he has put among his rabble; and indeed his prospectus calls the Squire 'the fop of Chaucer's age'. Now hear Chaucer:

> 'Of his stature, he was of even length,
> And wonderly deliver, and of great strength;
> And he had be sometime in Chivauchy,
> In Flanders, in Artois, and in Picardy,
> And borne him well, as of so litele space.'

Was this a fop?

> 'Well could he sit a horse, and faire ride,
> He could songs make, and eke well indite,
> Just, and eke dance, pourtray, and well write.'

Was this a fop?

> 'Curteis he was, and meek, and serviceable,
> And kerft before his fader at the table.'

Was this a fop?

It is the same with all his characters; he has done all by chance, or perhaps his fortune, money, money. According to his prospectus he has three Monks: these he cannot find in Chaucer, who has only one Monk, and that no vulgar character, as he has endeavoured to make him. When men cannot read, they should not pretend to paint. To be sure Chaucer is a little difficult to him who has only blundered over novels and catchpenny trifles of booksellers; yet a little pains ought to be taken, even by the ignorant

and weak. He has put the Reeve, a vulgar fellow, between his Knight and Squire, as if he was resolved to go contrary in everything to Chaucer, who says of the Reeve:

> 'And ever he rode hinderest of the rout.'

In this manner he has jumbled his dumb dollies together, and is praised by his equals for it; for both himself and his friend are equally masters of Chaucer's language. They both think that the Wife of Bath is a young beautiful blooming damsel; and H—— says that she is the 'Fair Wife of Bath', and that 'the Spring appears in her cheeks'. Now hear what Chaucer has made her say of herself, who is no modest one:

> 'But Lord! when it remembereth me
> Upon my youth and on my jollity,
> It tickleth me about the heart root.
> Unto this day it doth my heart boot
> That I have had my world as in my time;
> But age, alas, that all will envenime,
> Hath me bireft, my beauty and my pith
> Let go; farewell! the devil go therewith!
> The flower is gone; there is no more to tell:
> The bran, as best I can, I now mote sell;
> And yet, to be right merry, will I fond
> Now forth to tell of my fourth husbond.'

She has had four husbands, a fit subject for this painter; yet the painter ought to be very much offended with his friend H——, who has called his 'a common scene', 'and very ordinary forms'; which is the truest part of all, for it is so, and very wretchedly so indeed. What merit can there be in a picture of which such words are spoken with truth?

But the prospectus says that the painter has repre-

sented Chaucer himself as a knave who thrusts himself among honest people to make game of, and laugh at them; though I must do justice to the painter, and say that he has made him look more like a fool than a knave. But it appears in all the writings of Chaucer, and particularly in his *Canterbury Tales*, that he was very devout, and paid respect to true enthusiastic superstition. He has laughed at his knaves and fools, as I do now; but he has respected his true Pilgrims, who are a majority of his company, and are not thrown together in the random manner that Mr. S—— has done. Chaucer has nowhere called the Ploughman old, worn out with 'age and labour', as the prospectus has represented him, and says that the picture has done so too. He is worn down with labour, but not with age. How spots of brown and yellow, smeared about at random, can be either young or old I cannot see. It may be an old man; it may be a young one; it may be anything that a prospectus pleases. But I know that where there are no lineaments there can be no character. And what connoisseurs call touch, I know by experience must be the destruction of all character and expression, as it is of every lineament.

The scene of Mr. S——'s picture is by Dulwich Hills, which was not the way to Canterbury; but perhaps the painter thought he would give them a ride round about, because they were a burlesque set of scarecrows, not worth any man's respect or care.

But the painter's thoughts being always upon gold, he has introduced a character that Chaucer has not—namely, a Goldsmith, for so the prospectus tells us. Why he has introduced a Goldsmith, and what is the wit of it, the prospectus does not explain. But it takes

care to mention the reserve and modesty of the painter. This makes a good epigram enough:

> 'The fox, the owl, the spider, and the mole,
> By sweet reserve and modesty get fat.'

But the prospectus tells us that the painter has introduced a 'Sea Captain'; Chaucer has a Shipman, a sailor, a trading master of a vessel, called by courtesy Captain, as every master of a boat is; but this does not make him a Sea Captain. Chaucer has purposely omitted such a personage, as it only exists in certain periods: it is the soldier by sea. He who would be a soldier in inland nations is a sea-captain in commercial nations.

All is misconceived, and its mis-execution is equal to its misconception. I have no objection to Rubens and Rembrandt being employed, or even to their living in a palace; but it shall not be at the expense of Raphael and Michael Angelo living in a cottage, and in contempt and derision. I have been scorned long enough by these fellows, who owe to me all that they have: it shall be so no longer.

> I found them blind, I taught them how to see;
> And now they know me not, nor yet themselves.

II

THE GOLDEN RULE

The great and golden rule of art, as well as of life, is this: That the more distinct, sharp, and wiry the bounding line, the more perfect the work of art; and the less keen and sharp, the greater is the evidence of weak imagination, plagiarism, and bungling. Great inventors in all ages knew this: Protogenes and

Apelles knew each other by this line. Raphael and Michael Angelo and Albert Durer are known by this and this alone. The want of this determinate and bounding form evidences the want of idea in the artist's mind, and the pretence of the plagiary in all its branches. How do we distinguish the oak from the beech, the horse from the ox, but by the bounding outline? How do we distinguish one face or countenance from another, but by the bounding line and its infinite inflexions and movements? What is it that builds a house and plants a garden, but the definite and determinate? What is it that distinguishes honesty from knavery, but the hard and wiry line of rectitude and certainty in the actions and intentions? Leave out this line, and you leave out life itself; all is chaos again, and the line of the almighty must be drawn out upon it before man or beast can exist.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

Jan. 10, 1802.

For that I cannot live without doing my duty to lay up treasures in heaven is certain and determined, and to this I have long made up my mind. And why this should be made an objection to me, while drunkenness, lewdness, gluttony, and even idleness itself, do not hurt other men, let Satan himself explain. The thing I have most at heart—more than life, or all that seems to make life comfortable without—is the interest of true religion and science. And whenever anything appears to affect that interest (especially if I myself omit any duty to my station as a soldier of Christ), it gives me the greatest of torments. I am not ashamed, afraid, or averse to tell you what ought to be told—that I am under the direction of messengers from Heaven, daily and nightly. But the nature of such things is not, as some suppose, without trouble or care. Temptations are on the right hand and on the left. Behind, the sea of time and space roars and follows swiftly. He who keeps not right onwards is lost; and if our footsteps slide in clay, how can we do otherwise than fear and tremble? But I should not have troubled you with this account of my spiritual state, unless it had been necessary in explaining the actual cause of my uneasiness, into which you are so kind as to inquire: for I never obtrude such things on others unless questioned, and then I never disguise the truth.

But if we fear to do the dictates of our angels, and

tremble at the tasks set before us; if we refuse to do spiritual acts because of natural fears or natural desires, who can describe the dismal torments of such a state!—I too well remember the threats I heard!—If you, who are organized by Divine Providence for spiritual communion, refuse, and bury your talent in the earth, even though you should want natural bread, sorrow and desperation pursue you through life, and after death shame and confusion of face to eternity. Every one in eternity will leave you, aghast at the man who was crownd with glory and honour by his brethren, and betrayd their cause to their enemies. You will be called the base Judas who betrayd his friend!—Such words would make any stout man tremble, and how then could I be at ease? But I am now no longer in that state, and now go on again with my task fearless, and though my path is difficult, I have no fear of stumbling while I keep it.

April 25, 1803.

And now, my dear Sir, congratulate me on my return to London with the full approbation of Mr. Hayley and with promise.—But alas! now I may say to you—what perhaps I should not dare to say to any one else—that I can alone carry on my visionary studies in London unannoyed, and that I may converse with my friends in eternity, see visions, dream dreams, and prophesy and speak parables, unobserved, and at liberty from the doubts of other mortals: perhaps doubts proceeding from kindness; but doubts are always pernicious, especially when we doubt our friends. Christ is very decided on this point: 'He who is not with Me is against Me.' There is no medium or middle state; and if a man is the enemy of

my spiritual life while he pretends to be the friend of my corporeal, he is a real enemy; but the man may be the friend of my spiritual life while he seems the enemy of my corporeal, though not vice versa.

What is very pleasant, every one who hears of my going to London again applauds it as the only course for the interest of all concerned in my works; observing that I ought not to be away from the opportunities London affords of seeing fine pictures, and the various improvements in works of art going on in London.

But none can know the spiritual acts of my three years slumber on the banks of the ocean, unless he has seen them in the spirit, or unless he should read my long Poem descriptive of those acts; for I have in these three years composed an immense number of verses on one grand theme, similar to Homer's *Iliad* or Milton's *Paradise Lost*; the persons and machinery entirely new to the inhabitants of earth (some of the persons excepted). I have written this poem from immediate dictation, twelve or sometimes twenty or thirty lines at a time, without premeditation, and even against my will. The time it has taken in writing was thus rendered non-existent, and an immense poem exists which seems to be the labour of a long life, all produced without labour or study. I mention this to show you what I think the grand reason of my being brought down here.

I have a thousand and ten thousand things to say to you. My heart is full of futurity. I perceive that the sore travail which has been given me these three years leads to glory and honour. I rejoice and tremble. 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made.' I had been reading the cxxxix Psalm a little before your

letter arrived. I take your advice. I see the face of my Heavenly Father: He lays His hand upon my head, and gives a blessing to all my work. Why should I be troubled? Why should my heart and flesh cry out? I will go on in the strength of the Lord; through Hell will I sing forth His praises: that the dragons of the deep may praise Him, and that those who dwell in darkness, and in the sea coasts may be gathered into His kingdom.

July 6, 1803.

Thus I hope that all our three years' trouble ends in good luck at last, and shall be forgot by my affections and only remembered by my understanding, to be a memento in time to come, and to speak to future generations by a sublime allegory, which is now perfectly completed into a grand Poem. I may praise it, since I dare not pretend to be any other than the secretary; the authors are in eternity. I consider it as the grandest Poem that this world contains. Allegory addressed to the intellectual powers, while it is altogether hidden from the corporeal understanding, is my definition of the most sublime Poetry. It is also somewhat in the same manner defined by Plato. This Poem shall, by Divine assistance, be progressively printed and ornamented with prints, and given to the Public. But of this work I take care to say little to Mr. H., since he is as much averse to my Poetry as he is to a chapter in the Bible. He knows that I have writ it, for I have shewn it to him, and he has read part by his own desire, and has looked with sufficient contempt to enhance my opinion of it. But I do not wish to irritate by seeming too obstinate in poetic pursuits. But if all the world should set

their faces against this, I have orders to set my face like a flint (Ezekiel iii c. 9 v.) against their faces, and my forehead against their foreheads.

23rd Oct., 1804.

. . . For now! O Glory! and O Delight! I have entirely reduced that spectrous Fiend to his station, whose annoyance has been the ruin of my labours for the last passed twenty years of my life. He is the enemy of conjugal love, and is the Jupiter of the Greeks, an iron-hearted tyrant, the ruiner of ancient Greece. I speak with perfect confidence and certainty of the fact which has passed upon me. Nebuchadnezzar had seven times passed over him. I have had twenty; thank God I was not altogether a beast as he was; but I was a slave bound in a mill among beasts and devils; these beasts and these devils are now, together with myself, become children of light and liberty, and my feet and my wife's feet are free from fetters. O lovely Felpham, parent of immortal friendship, to thee I am eternally indebted for my three years' rest from perturbation and the strength I now enjoy. Suddenly, on the day after visiting the Truchsessian Gallery of Pictures, I was again enlightened with the light I enjoyed in my youth, and which has for exactly twenty years been closed from me as by a door and by window-shutters. Consequently I can, with confidence, promise you ocular demonstration of my altered state on the plates I am now engraving after Romney, whose spiritual aid has not a little conduced to my restoration to the light of art. O the distress I have undergone, and my poor wife with me. Incessantly labouring and incessantly spoiling what I had done well. Every one of my friends

was astonished at my faults, and could not assign a reason; they knew my industry and abstinence from every pleasure for the sake of study, and yet—and yet—and yet there wanted the proofs of industry in my works. I thank God with entire confidence that it shall be so no longer:—he is become my servant who domineered over me, he is even as a brother who was my enemy. Dear Sir, excuse my enthusiasm or rather madness, for I am really drunk with intellectual vision whenever I take a pencil or graver into my hand, even as I used to be in my youth, and as I have not been for twenty dark, but very profitable, years. I thank God that I courageously pursued my course through darkness. In a short time I shall make my assertion good that I am become suddenly as I was at first, by producing the *Head of Romney* and the *Shipwreck* quite another thing from what you or I ever expected them to be. In short, I am now satisfied and proud of my work, which I have not been for the above long period.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

A flower was offer'd to me 64
A little black thing among the snow 69
A petty sneaking knave I knew 128
Abstinence sows sand all over 120
Ah ! weak and wide astray ! 238
Ah, Sun-flower ! weary of time 64
Albion cold lays on his rock ; storms and snows beat round him 259
All human forms identified, even tree, metal, earth, and stone 264
All the night in woe 58
All things acted on earth are seen in the bright sculptures 223
And did those feet in ancient time 188
And Los beheld his sons 222
And Los prayed and said 229
And this is the manner of the sons of Albion in their strength 217
And this is the song of Los, the song that he sings on his watch 256
Anger and wrath my bosom rends 126
Are not the joys of morning sweeter . . . 76
As I wander'd the forest 76
Awake, awake, my little boy ! 104

But here the affectionate touch of the tongue . 235
But the Divine Lamb stood beside Jerusalem . 245
But the spectre like a hoar-frost 243
But turning toward Ololon in terrible majesty . 208

Call that the public voice which is their error ! . 126
Can I see another's woe 50
Can there be anything more mean 125
Canaan is his portico. 244
Children of the future age 68
Come, O thou Lamb of God 239
Cr—— loves artists as he loves his meat . . 128
Cruelty has a human heart. 71

Daughters of Beulah ! Muses who inspire the poet's song 189
Dear mother, dear mother, the Church is cold . 60
Did Jesus teach doubt ? or did He . . . 93
Do what you will this life 's a fiction . . . 122
Does the Eagle know what is in the pit . . 130
Does the sun walk in glorious raiment on the secret floor 157

Earth rais'd up her head 53
England ! awake ! awake ! awake ! . . . 253

Father ! father ! where are you going ? . . 51
For the Commons convene in the Hall of the Nation 154
For Urizen beheld the terrors of the abyss . . 169
Fortune favours the brave, old proverbs say . . 128
Fresh from the dewy hill, the merry year . . 8

Golden Apollo, that thro' heaven wide . . . 9
Great things are done when men and mountains meet 120

He has observ'd the golden rule 128
He 's a blockhead who wants a proof of what he can't perceive 129
He stood trembling, and Enitharmon clung around his knees 167
He who bends to himself a Joy 121
He who would do good to another . . . 244
Hear the voice of the Bard ! 53
Here lies John Trot, the friend of all mankind . 129
His whole life is an epigram smart, smooth and neatly penn'd 128
How sweet I roam'd from field to field . . . 4
How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot ! . . 40

I also stood in Satan's bosom 205
I always take my judgement from a fool . . 127
I am made to sow the thistle for wheat, the nettle for a nourishing dainty 165
I am no Homer's hero you all know . . . 126
I am sure this Jesus will not do 98
I askèd a thief to steal me a peach . . . 73

I asked my dear friend Orator Prig . . . 123
I dreamt a dream ! what can it mean ? . . . 62
I give you the end of a golden string . . . 251
I have no name 40
I laid me down upon a bank 72
I love the jocund dance 6
I love to rise in a summer morn 66
I must create a system, or be enslav'd by another man's 218
I rose up at the dawn of day 85
I saw a Chapel all of gold 72
I saw a monk of Charlemaine (*Jerusalem*) . . 241
I saw a Monk of Charlemaine (*Rossetti MS.*) . 80
I stood among my valleys of the south . . . 252
I travell'd thro' a land of men 100
I walked abroad on a snowy day 120
I wander thro' each charter'd street . . . 67
I was angry with my friend 61
I went to the Garden of Love 65
I will lament over Milton in the lamentations of the afflicted 210
I wonder whether the girls are mad . . . 111
I write the rascal thanks, till he and I . . . 127
If you have form'd a circle to go into . . . 120
If you play a game of chance, know, before you begin 126
If you trap the moment before it 's ripe . . 121
In a dark and unknown night 224
In futurity 56
In great eternity, every particular form . . 242
In the Age of Gold 68
In Tyre and Sidon I saw Baal and Ashtaroth . 204
Is this a holy thing to see 61

Judge then of thy own self 212

Little Fly 55
Little Lamb, who made thee ? 39
London cover'd the whole earth 254
Los answer'd : ' Righteousness and justice I give thee ' 234
Los is by mortals nam'd Time 196
Love and harmony combine 5
Love seeketh not itself to please 60

Man is a worm 180
Memory, hither come 7
Merry, merry sparrow! 46
Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau . . 79
Mutual forgiveness of each vice 266
My eternal man set in repose 266
My mother bore me in the southern wild . . 41
My mother groan'd, my father wept . . . 66
My silks and fine array 5
My Spectre around me night and day . . . 77
My title as a genius thus is prov'd . . . 127

Nature and Art in this together suit . . . 125
Never seek to tell thy love 72
Nought loves another as itself 65
Now Albion's sleeping humanity began to turn upon his couch 194
Now Art has lost its mental charms . . . 85

O Autumn, laden with fruit, and stainèd . . 2
O dear Mother Outline! of wisdom most sage . 123
O for a voice like thunder, and a tongue . . 35
O holy virgin! clad in purest white . . . 4
O lapwing! thou fliest around the heath . . 121
'O Mystery!' fierce Tharmas cried . . . 181
O Rose, thou art sick! 63
O thou, to whose fury the nations are . . . 14
O thou who passest thro' our valleys in . . 1
O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down . . 1
O Winter! bar thine adamantine doors . . 3
Of H——'s birth this was the happy lot . . 126
Once a dream did weave a shade 49
Other daughters of Los, labouring at looms less fine 245

Piping down the valleys wild 38
Pity would be no more 70
Prepare, prepare the iron helm of war . . . 36

Raphael, sublime, majestic, graceful, wise . . 125
Reader! . . . of books . . . of heaven . . . 213
Remove away that black'ning church . . . 122
Rintrah roars, and shakes his fires in the burden'd air 138

Seeing the churches at their period in terror and despair 195
Seeing this False Christ, in fury and passion . . 98
She creates at her will 250
She rises among flowers and looks toward the eastern clearness 176
She sang o'er Los, reviving him to life . . . 164
Silent, silent Night 74
Since all the riches of this world 122
Sir Joshua praises Michael Angelo . . . 124
Sleep ! sleep ! beauty bright 73
Soft deceit and idleness 121
Some look to see the sweet outlines . . . 124
Sound the flute ! 42
Sweet dreams, form a shade 43
Sweet Mary, the first time she ever was there . 104

Terrified at the sublime wonder 218
Terrified Los sat to behold 258
The Angel that presided o'er my birth . . . 122
The bands of heaven flew thro' the air . . 159
The Caterpillar on the leaf 266
The Caverns of the Grave I've seen . . . 86
The countless gold of a merry heart . . . 122
The cripple every step drudges and labours . . 124
The daughters of [the] Seraphim led round their sunny flocks 130
The Door of Death is made of gold . . . 87
The fields from Islington to Marybone . . . 226
The Good are attracted by men's perceptions . 76
The Lamb of God has rent the veil of mystery . 172
The little boy lost in the lonely fen . . . 52
The look of love alarms 121
The Maiden caught me in the wild . . . 106
The modest Rose puts forth a thorn . . . 65
The only man that e'er I knew 128
The sun arises in the East 76
The sun descending in the west 48
The Sun does arise 38
The sword sung on the barren heath . . . 121
The Vision of Christ that thou dost see . . 88
The wild winds weep 7
Then left the sons of Urizen the plough . . 249

Then Los, who is Urthona 184
Then Milton rose up from the heavens of Albion ardorous 190
Then seiz'd the sons of Urizen the plough: they polish'd it 173
Then spoke the spectrous chaos 230
There is a smile of love 99
There souls of men are bought and sold . . 120
They know not why they love 223
They said this mystery never shall cease . . 120
They wept into the deeps a little space . . 236
This city and this country has brought forth many mayors 37
This song to the flower of Flaxman's joy . . 114
This theme calls me in sleep night after night, and ev'ry morn 215
This wine-press is call'd war on earth . . . 197
Thou fair-hair'd angel of the evening . . . 3
Thou hearest the nightingale begin the song of spring 202
Thou seest the constellations in the deep and wondrous night 199
Three Virgins at the break of day 99
Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache . 127
Tiger! Tiger! burning bright 55
To a lovely Myrtle bound 75
To Chloe's breast young Cupid slyly stole . . 129
To find the Western path 82
To forgive enemies H—— does pretend . . 126
To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love 47
To my friend Butts I write 114
To see a World in a grain of sand 107
Truly, my Satan, thou art but a dunce . . 268
Turning from universal love 231
'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean 45

Was Jesus born of a Virgin pure 93
Was Jesus chaste? or did He 95
Was Jesus gentle, or did He 88
Was Jesus humble? or did He 90
What doest thou here, Elijah? 269
What is it men in women do require? . . . 122

What shall I do? what could I do, if I could find these criminals? 230
Whate'er is born of mortal birth 63
When France got free, Europe, 'twixt fools and knaves 129
When H——y finds out what you cannot do. . . 127
When my mother died I was very young . . . 46
When nations grow old, the Arts grow cold . . 123
When silver snow decks Susan's clothes . . 11
When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy 42
When the voices of children are heard on the green (*Songs of Experience*) 54
When the voices of children are heard on the green (*Songs of Innocence*) 44
Where thou dwellest, in what grove 83
Whether on Ida's shady brow 9
Why does the raven cry aloud and no eye pities her? 158
Why should I care for the men of Thames . . 75
Why was Cupid a boy 84
Why wilt thou examine every little fibre of my soul 158
With Happiness stretch'd across the hills . . 117
Wondrous the gods, more wondrous are the men . 129

You don't believe—I won't attempt to make ye . 84
You must agree that Rubens was a fool . . 125
You say reserve and modesty he has . . . 127
You say their pictures well painted be . . . 124
Youth of delight, come hither 64

PRINTED IN ENGLAND AT THE
UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD
BY JOHN JOHNSON
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

The World's Classics

THE best recommendation of *The World's Classics* is the books themselves, which have earned unstinted praise from critics and all classes of the public. Nearly five million copies have been sold, and of the volumes already published very many have gone into a second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, or later impression. It is only possible to give so much for the money when large sales are certain. The clearness of the type, the quality of the paper, the size of the page, the printing, and the binding—from the cheapest to the best—cannot fail to commend themselves to all who love good literature presented in worthy form. That a high standard is insisted upon is proved by the list of books already published and of those on the eve of publication. Many of the volumes contain critical introductions written by leading authorities.

A NUMBER of the volumes are issued in the *Oxford Library of Standard Works*, the size and type as *The World's Classics*, but bound in antique leather, in Italian, thin boards, gilt design, gilt top, and in Suède, yapp edges, gilt top, each with bookmarker. These are specially recommended for presentation. (The volumes are obtainable only through the booksellers.)

Pocket size, $6 \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Large type, on thin opaque paper. Obtainable either in superfine art cloth or sultan-red leather.

LIST OF THE SERIES

The figures in parentheses denote the number of the book in the series

Aeschylus. The Seven Plays. Translated by LEWIS CAMPBELL. (117)

Ainsworth (W. Harrison). The Tower of London. (162)

À Kempis (Thomas). Of the Imitation of Christ. (49)

Aksakoff (Serghei). Trans. J. D. DUFF.
A Russian Gentleman. (241) Years of Childhood. (242)
A Russian Schoolboy. (261)

Apocrypha, The, in the Revised Version. (294)

Aristophanes. Frere's translation of the Acharnians, Knights, Birds, and Frogs. Introduction by W. W. MERRY. (134)

Arnold (Matthew). Poems. Intro. by Sir A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. (85)

Aurelius (Marcus). Thoughts. Trans. J. JACKSON. (60)

Austen (Jane). Emma. Introduction by E. V. LUCAS. (129)

Bacon. The Advancement of Learning, and the New Atlantis. Introduction by Professor CASE. (93) Essays. (24)

Barham. The Ingoldsby Legends. (9)

Barrow (Sir John). The Mutiny of the Bounty. (195)

Betham-Edwards (M.). The Lord of the Harvest. (194)

Blackmore (R. D.). Lorna Doone. Intro. by Sir H. WARREN. (171)

Borrow. The Bible in Spain. (75) Lavengro. (66)
The Romany Rye. (73) Wild Wales. (224)

Brontë Sisters.

Charlotte Brontë. Jane Eyre. (1) Shirley. (14) Villette. (47)
The Professor, and the Poems of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë. Introduction by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. (78)
Life of Charlotte Brontë, by E. C. GASKELL. (214)

Emily Brontë. Wuthering Heights. (10)

Anne Brontë. Agnes Grey. (141)
The Tenant of Wildfell Hall. (67)

Brown (Dr. John). Horae Subsecivae. Intro. by AUSTIN DOBSON. (118)

Browning (Elizabeth Barrett). Poems: A Selection. (176)

Browning (Robert). Poems and Plays, 1833–1842. (58)
Poems, 1842–1864. (137)

Buckle. The History of Civilization. 3 vols. (41, 48, 53)

Bunyan. The Pilgrim's Progress. (12)

Burke. 6 vols. Vol. I. General Introduction by Judge WILLIS and Preface by F. W. RAFFETY. (71)
Vols. II, IV, V, VI. Prefaces by F. W. RAFFETY. (81, 112–114)
Vol. III. Preface by F. H. WILLIS. (111)
Letters. Selected, with Introduction, by H. J. LASKI. (237)

Burns. Poems. (34)

Byron. Poems: A Selection. (180)

Carlyle. On Heroes and Hero-Worship. (62)
Past and Present. Introduction by G. K. CHESTERTON. (153)
Sartor Resartus. (19)
The French Revolution. Intro. C. R. L. FLETCHER. 2 vols. (125, 126)
The Life of John Sterling. Introduction by W. HALE WHITE. (144)

Cellini (Benvenuto). Memoirs, written by himself. (300)

Cervantes. Don Quixote. 2 vols. With a frontispiece. (130, 131)

Chaucer. The Works of. 3 vols. Vol. I (42); Vol. II (56); Vol. III, containing the whole of the Canterbury Tales (76)

Cobbold. Margaret Catchpole. Intro. by CLEMENT SHORTER. (119)

Coleridge. Poems. Introduction by Sir A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. (99)

Collins (Wilkie). The Woman in White. (226)

Congreve. The Comedies, with Introduction by BONAMY DOBRÉE. (276)
The Mourning Bride, and Miscellanies. (277)

Cooper (J. Fenimore). The Last of the Mohicans. (163)

Cowper. Letters. Selected, with Introduction, by E. V. LUCAS. (138)

Crime and Detection: Stories selected by E. M. WRONG. (301)

Czecho-Slovak Short Stories. Translated, with a preface, by MARIE BUSCH. (288)

Darwin. The Origin of Species. With a Note by GRANT ALLEN. (11)

Defoe. Captain Singleton. Intro. by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. (82)
Robinson Crusoe. (17)

De Quincey. Confessions of an English Opium-Eater. (23)

Dickens. Barnaby Rudge. (286) Christmas Books. (307)
Edwin Drood. (263) Great Expectations. 6 Illustrations. (128)
Hard Times. (264) Old Curiosity Shop. (270) Oliver Twist. 24 Ill. (8)
Pickwick Papers. With 43 Illustrations. 2 vols. (120, 121)
Tale of Two Cities. With 16 Illustrations by 'PHIZ'. (38)

Disraeli (Benjamin). Sybil. With an Introduction by WALTER SICHEL. (291)

Dobson (Austin). At Prior Park, &c. (259)
Eighteenth-Century Vignettes. Three Series. (245-7)
Four Frenchwomen. (248) Old Kensington Palace, &c. (258)
A Paladin of Philanthropy, &c. (256) Rosalba's Journal, &c. (260)
Selected Poems. (249) Side-walk Studies. (257)

Dufferin (Lord). Letters from High Latitudes. Illustrated. (158)

Eliot (George). Adam Bede. (63) Felix Holt. (179)
Romola. (178) Scenes of Clerical Life. (155)
Silas Marner, &c. (80) The Mill on the Floss. (31)

Emerson. English Traits, and Representative Men. (30)
Essays. Two Series. (6) Nature; and Miscellanies. (236)

English Critical Essays. (Nineteenth Century.) (206)
(Sixteenth to Eighteenth Centuries.) (240)

English Essays. Chosen and arranged by W. PEACOCK. (32)

English Essays, 1600-1900 (Book of). Chosen by S. V. MAKOWER and B. H. BLACKWELL. (172)

English Essays, Modern. Chosen by H. S MILFORD. (280)

English Letters. (Fifteenth to Nineteenth Centuries.) (192)
English Prose. Chosen and arranged by W. PEACOCK.
Mandeville to Ruskin. (45) Wycliffe to Clarendon. (219)
Milton to Gray. (220) Walpole to Lamb. (221)
Landor to Holmes. (222) Mrs. Gaskell to Henry James. (223)
English Prose: Narrative, Descriptive, and Dramatic. (204)
English Short Stories. Two Series. (193, 228)
English Songs and Ballads. Compiled by T. W. H. CROSLAND. (13)
English Speeches, from Burke to Gladstone. (191)
Fielding. Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon, &c. Intro. A. DOBSON. (142)
Francis (St.). The Little Flowers of St. Francis. In English Verse by J. RHOADES. (265)
Franklin (Benjamin). Autobiography. (250)
Froude (J. A.). Short Studies on Great Subjects. First Series. (269)
Galt (John). The Entail. Introduction by JOHN AYSCOUGH. (177)
Gaskell (Mrs.). Introductions by CLEMENT SHORTER.
Cousin Phillis, and Other Tales, &c. (168)
Cranford, The Cage at Cranford, and The Moorland Cottage. (110)
Lizzie Leigh, The Grey Woman, and Other Tales, &c. (175)
Mary Barton. (86) North and South. (154)
Right at Last, and Other Tales, &c. (203)
Round the Sofa. (190) Ruth. (88) Sylvia's Lovers. (156)
Wives and Daughters. (157) Life of Charlotte Brontë. (214)
Ghosts and Marvels: a Selection of Uncanny Tales made by V. H. COLLINS, with an Introduction by MONTAGUE R. JAMES. (284)
Gibbon. Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. With Maps. 7 vols. (35, 44, 51, 55, 64, 69, 74) Autobiography. (139)
Goethe. Faust, Part I (with Marlowe's Dr. Faustus). (135)
Goldsmith. Poems. (123) The Vicar of Wakefield. (4)
Gray (Thomas). Letters, selected by JOHN BERESFORD. (283)
Hawthorne. House of the Seven Gables. (273) The Scarlet Letter. (26)
Haydon (Benjamin Robert). Autobiography. With Introduction and Epilogue by EDMUND BLUNDEN. (313)
Hazlitt. Characters of Shakespeare's Plays. Introduction by Sir A. QUILLER-COUCH. (205)
Lectures on the English Comic Writers. Introduction by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. (124) Lectures on the English Poets. (255)
Memoirs of Thomas Holcroft. (302) Sketches and Essays. (15)
Spirit of the Age. (57) Table-Talk. (5) Winterslow. (25)
Herbert (George). Poems. Introduction by ARTHUR WAUGH. (109)
Herrick. Poems. (16)
Holcroft (Thomas). Memoirs, continued by W. HAZLITT. (302)
Holmes (Oliver Wendell). The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. (61)
The Poet at the Breakfast-Table. Intro. Sir W. R. NICOLL. (95)
The Professor at the Breakfast-Table. Intro. Sir W. R. NICOLL. (89)

Homer. Translated by POPE. Iliad. (18) Odyssey. (36)
Hood. Poems. Introduction by WALTER JERROLD. (87)
Horne (R. H.). A New Spirit of the Age. Intro. W. JERROLD. (127)
Hume. Essays. (33)
Hunt (Leigh). Essays and Sketches. Intro. R. B. JOHNSON. (115)
The Town. Introduction and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON. (132)
Irving (Washington). The Conquest of Granada. (150)
The Sketch-Book. Introduction by T. BALSTON. (173)
Johnson (Samuel). Letters, selected by R. W. CHAPMAN. (282)
Lives of the Poets. Intro. A. WAUGH. 2 vols. (83, 84)
Keats. Poems. (7)
Keble. The Christian Year. (181)
Kingsley (Henry). Geoffry Hamlyn. (271) Ravenshoe. (267)
Lamb. Essays of Elia, and The Last Essays of Elia. (2)
Landor. Imaginary Conversations. Selected, with Introduction, by Prof. E. DE SÉLINCOURT. (196)
Le Fanu (J. S.). Uncle Silas. With an Introduction by MONTAGUE R. JAMES. (306)
Lesage. Gil Blas. Ed. J. FITZMAURICE-KELLY. 2 vols. (151, 152)
Letters written in War Time. Selected by H. WRAGG. (202)
Longfellow. Evangeline, The Golden Legend, &c. (39)
Hiawatha, Miles Standish, Tales of a Wayside Inn, &c. (174)
Lytton. Harold. With 6 Illustrations by CHARLES BURTON. (165)
Macaulay. Lays of Ancient Rome; Ivry; The Armada. (27)
Machiavelli. The Prince. Translated by LUIGI RICCI. (43)
Marcus Aurelius. See Aurelius.
Marlowe. Dr. Faustus (with Goethe's Faust, Part I). (135)
Marryat. Mr. Midshipman Easy. (160)
Melville (Herman). Moby Dick. Intro. VIOLA MEYNELL. (225)
Typee. (274) Omoo. (275) White Jacket. Intro. C. VAN DOREN. (253)
Mill (John Stuart). On Liberty, &c. Intro. Mrs. FAWCETT. (170)
Autobiography. Intro. H. J. LASKI. (262)
Milton. The English Poems. (182)
Selected Prose. Intro. MALCOLM W. WALLACE. (293)
Montaigne. Essays. Translated by J. FLORIO. 3 vols. (65, 70, 77)
Morier (J. J.). Hajji Baba of Ispahan. With a Map. (238)
Hajji Baba in England. (285)
Moritz (C. P.). Anton Reiser. With Introduction by P. E. MATHESON. (299)
Morris (W.). The Defence of Guenevere, Jason, &c. (183)
Motley. Rise of the Dutch Republic. 3 vols. (96, 97, 98)
Nekrassov. Who can be happy and free in Russia? A Poem. Trans. by JULIET SOSKICE. (219)
Palgrave. The Golden Treasury. With additional Poems, including FITZGERALD'S translation of Omar Khayyám. (133)

Peacock (T. L.). Misfortunes of Elphin; and Crotchet Castle. Intro. by R. W. CHAPMAN. (244)

Peacock (W.). English Prose from Mandeville to Ruskin. (45)

English Prose. 5 vols. :—
Wycliffe to Clarendon. (219) Walpole to Lamb. (221)
Milton to Gray. (220) Landor to Holmes. (222)
Mrs. Gaskell to Henry James. (223)
Selected English Essays. (32)

Persian (From the). The Three Dervishes, and Other Stories. (254)

Poe (Edgar Allan). Tales of Mystery and Imagination. (21)

Polish Tales. Trans. by ELSE C. M. BENECKE and MARIE BUSCH. (230)

Prescott (W. H.). The Conquest of Mexico. 2 vols. (197, 198)

Reynolds (Sir Joshua). The Discourses, and the Letters to 'The Idler'. Introduction by AUSTIN DOBSON. (149)

Rossetti (Christina). Goblin Market, Prince's Progress, &c. (184)

Rossetti (D. G.). Poems and Translations, 1850–1870. (185)

Ruskin. (*Ruskin House Editions, by arrangement with Messrs. Allen and Unwin, Ltd.*)
'A Joy for Ever,' and The Two Paths. Illustrated. (147)
Sesame and Lilies, and Ethics of the Dust. (145)
Time and Tide, and The Crown of Wild Olive. (146)
Unto this Last, and Munera Pulveris. (148)

Russian Short Stories. Selected and translated by A. E. CHAMOT. (287)

Scott. Ivanhoe. (29) Lives of the Novelists. Intro. AUSTIN DOBSON. (94) Poems. A Selection. (186)

Selected English Short Stories. (Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries.) Two Series. (193, 228)

Selected Speeches and Documents on British Colonial Policy (1763–1917). Ed. A. B. KEITH. 2 vols. (215, 216)

Selected Speeches and Documents on Indian Policy (1756–1921). Edited, with Introduction, by Prof. A. B. KEITH. (231, 232)

Selected Speeches on British Foreign Policy (1738–1914). Edited by EDGAR R. JONES, M.P. (201)

Shakespeare. Plays and Poems. Preface by A. C. SWINBURNE. Introductions by EDWARD DOWDEN. 9 vols.
Comedies. 3 vols. (100, 101, 102)
Histories and Poems. 3 vols. (103, 104, 105)
Tragedies. 3 vols. (106, 107, 108)

Shakespeare's Contemporaries. Six Plays by BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, DEKKER, WEBSTER, and MASSINGER. Edited by C. B. WHEELER. (199)

Shakespearean Criticism. A Selection. Ed. D. N. SMITH. (212)

Shelley. Poems. A Selection. (187)

Sheridan. Plays. Introduction by JOSEPH KNIGHT. (79)

Smith (Adam). The Wealth of Nations. 2 vols. (54, 59)

Smith (Alexander). Dreamthorp, with Selections from Last Leaves. Introduction by Prof. HUGH WALKER. (200)

Smollett. Travels through France and Italy. Intro. T. SECCOMBE. (90) Humphry Clinker. With an Introduction by L. RICE-OXLEY. (290)

Sophocles. The Seven Plays. Trans. LEWIS CAMPBELL. (116)
Southey. Letters. Selected by M. H. FITZGERALD. (169)
Sterne. Tristram Shandy. (40)
Stevenson (R. L.). Treasure Island. (295) Virginibus Puerisque. (296) Kidnapped; and Catriona. (297)
Swift. Gulliver's Travels. (20)
Taylor (Meadows). Confessions of a Thug. (207)
Tennyson. Selected Poems. Introduction by Sir H. WARREN. (3)
Thackeray. Book of Snobs, Sketches and Travels in London, &c. (50) Henry Esmond. (28)
Thoreau. Walden. Introduction by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. (68)
Three Dervishes, The, &c. Stories from the Persian by R. LEVY. (254)
Tolstoy. Translated by LOUISE and AYLMER MAUDE.
A Confession, and What I Believe. (229)
Anna Karenina. 2 vols. (210, 211)
The Cossacks, &c. (208) Essays and Letters. (46)
The Kreutzer Sonata, &c. (266) Plays, complete. (243)
Resurrection. (209) Twenty-three Tales. (72)
War and Peace. 3 vols. (233–5) What then must we do? (281)
Tracts and Pamphlets, from John Knox to H. G. Wells. Edited by A. C. WARD. (304)
Trelawny (E. J.). Adventures of a Younger Son. With an Intro. by ETHEL COLBURNE MAYNE. (289)
Trollope. An Autobiography. Intro. by MICHAEL SADLEIR. (239)
Barchester Towers. (268) The Belton Estate. (251)
The Claverings. Intro. by G. S. STREET. (252) Doctor Thorne. (298)
Framley Parsonage. (305) Miss Mackenzie. (278) Rachel Ray. (279)
The Three Clerks. Intro. by W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. (140)
The Warden. (217) The Vicar of Bullhampton. (272)
Virgil. Trans. by DRYDEN. (37) Trans. by J. RHOADES. (227)
Walton (Izaak). Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, Sanderson. With an Introduction by GEORGE SAINTSBURY.
Watts-Dunton (Theodore). Aylwin. (52)
Wells (Charles). Joseph and his Brethren. With an Introduction by A. C. SWINBURNE, and a Note by T. WATTS-DUNTON. (143)
White (Gilbert). The Natural History of Selborne. (22)
Whitman. Leaves of Grass: A Selection. Introduction by E. DE SÉLINCOURT. (218)
Whittier. Poems: A Selection. (188)
Wordsworth. Poems: A Selection. (189)

Other Volumes in preparation.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
London Edinburgh Glasgow Copenhagen
New York Toronto Melbourne Cape Town
Bombay Calcutta Madras Shanghai
9/26 Humphrey Milford

The World's Classics

Some Recent and Forthcoming Volumes

RELIGION

The Apocrypha. Revised Version.
The Koran.

NINE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

Benvenuto Cellini.
Richard Cumberland.
Benjamin Franklin.
Benjamin Haydon.
Thomas Holcroft.
Leigh Hunt.
John Stuart Mill.
Trelawny (E. J.). Adventures of a Younger Son.
Anthony Trollope.

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

Austin Dobson. At Prior Park, &c.; XVIII Century Vignettes (three series); **Four Frenchwomen; Old Kensington Palace, &c.; A Paladin of Philanthropy, &c.; Rosalba's Journal, &c.; Side-Walk Studies.**
English Essays, Modern.
English Prose, in Five Volumes. (Wycliffe to Clarendon; Milton to Gray; Walpole to Lamb; Landor to Holmes; Mrs. Gaskell to H. James.)
Froude (J. A.). Short Studies on Great Subjects. First Series.
Hazlitt. The English Poets.
Milton. Selected Prose.
Stevenson (R. L.). Virginibus Puerisque and **Across the Plains.**
Tracts and Pamphlets, 1529-1907.
Walton (Izaak). Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, &c.

DRAMA AND POETRY

Blake (W.). Selected Poems.
Congreve. Two volumes.
Dobson (Austin). Selected Poems.
Eighteenth-Century Comedy. Five Plays.
English Verse. I. Chaucer to Shakespeare.
The Little Flowers of St. Francis. In English Verse, by J. RHOADES.
Restoration Tragedy. Five Plays.

THE WORLD'S CLASSICS

A Popular Selection

Adam Bede.
Anna Karenina (2 vols.).
Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.
Aylwin.
Barchester Towers.
Barnaby Rudge.
Benvenuto Cellini.
Bible in Spain.
Catriona.
Christian Year.
Claverings, The.
Confessions of a Thug.
Conquest of Granada.
Conquest of Mexico (2 vols.).
Cousin Phillis.
Cranford.
Don Quixote (2 vols.).
Edwin Drood.
Eighteenth Century Vignettes.
Emma.
Entail, The.
Esmond.
Essays of Elia.
Felix Holt.
Framley Parsonage.
Franklin's Autobiography.
Geoffry Hamlyn.
Gil Blas (2 vols.).
Golden Treasury.
Great Expectations.
Gulliver's Travels.
Hajji Baba.
Hajji Baba in England.
Hard Times.
Haydon's Autobiography.
History of Selborne.
House of the Seven Gables.
Humphry Clinker.
Imitation of Christ.
Ingoldsby Legends.
Jane Eyre.
Kidnapped.
Lavengro.
Lorna Doone.
Mary Barton.
Mill on the Floss, The.
Mill's Autobiography.
Moby-Dick
Moonstone, The.
Mutiny of the 'Bounty'.
North and South.
Old Curiosity Shop.
Oliver Twist.
Omoo.
Opium Eater, Confessions of an.
Pilgrim's Progress.
Poet at the Breakfast Table.
Professor at the Breakfast Table.
Ravenshoe.
Resurrection.
Robinson Crusoe.
Romany Rye.
Romola.
Ruth.
Sartor Resartus.
Scarlet Letter.
Scenes of Clerical Life.
Shirley.
Silas Marner, &c.
Sketch Book (W. Irving's).
Sylvia's Lovers.
Tale of Two Cities.
Tenant of Wildfell Hall.
The Three Clerks.
Treasure Island.
Tristram Shandy.
Trollope's Autobiography.
Typee.
Uncle Silas.
Vicar of Wakefield.
Villette.
Virginibus Puerisque.
Walden.
War and Peace (3 vols.).
Warden, The.
Wild Wales.
Winterslow.
Wives and Daughters.
Woman in White.
Wuthering Heights.

Complete List at the end of this Volume

KQ-043-947